"The spark shall kindle the flame."

Motto of Lenin's first newspaper, *Iskra* (*The Spark*)

MEMORIES OF THE FIGHT

HOW THE SPARK KINDLED THE FLAME

A. Shottman

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HOW THE SPARK KINDLED THE FLAME

By

A. SHOTTMAN

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PREFACE

A SHOTTMAN'S BOOK MAY SERVE as a valuable aid to the study of the history of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The author is a proletarian, of proletarian origin, a metal worker, who together with the Party traversed the long road leading from the days which witnessed the formation of the first Marxian circles—out of which arose the League of Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class created by Lenin—to the present time when socialism has triumphed in one-sixth of the territory of the globe. The author's class consciousness developed with the development of the class consciousness and revolutionary spirit of the Russian working class. The author depicts this development in a lively, simple and vivid manner.

It will be clear to every reader that this class consciousness did not evolve spontaneously; the great part played by the Party, its ability not only to work out correct revolutionary tactics, but to make these tactics the property of the masses, to bring them into the lives of the masses, is manifest throughout the book.

The author even before the revolution had risen from the ranks of the Party to become organizer of one of the most revolutionary and consistently Bolshevik districts of old St. Petersburg (Viborg), member of the St. Petersburg Committee, delegate to the Second Party Congress and member of a number of other underground committees of the Party. He took an active part in all three Russian revolutions—1905, February 1917 and October 1917.

When the split occurred in the Party at its Second Congress, Shottman instantly adopted Lenin's position; he may be therefore justly regarded as one of the founders of the Bolshevik Party. At no time during his long period of Party activity did Comrade Shottman deviate from the position he held at the Second Congress, and very often he worked under Lenin's immediate personal guidance. Since the October Revolution he has occupied important posts in the Party and Soviet government: he has been a member of the Central Control Commission of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, and is now a member of the Presidium of the Central Executive Committee of the R.S.F.S.R.

This book is interesting not only as an autobiography of an outstanding and worthy worker-Bolshevik, but also as a vivid description of how the Party of Lenin was created, developed and consolidated from the very first days of its existence to its victory in the October Revolution.

M. LYADOV

CHAPTER I. *CIRCLE WORK*

MY FIRST ACT of rebellion against the "existing order" in Russia before the revolution of October 25, 1917, occurred in 1887. I was then seven years old. It was in the village of Alexandrovskoye, just outside of St. Petersburg, beyond the Nevsky Gates, where I was born. My father at the time was working at the Obukhov Works as a fitter and I was attending the Finnish elementary school. It happened in this way.

One of the youngsters, a year or two older than I, had offended my sister who went to the same school. I saw that I would not be able to settle matters with the offender myself, so I persuaded another schoolmate to help me. The two of us, during recess, right there in the classroom, threw ourselves on the offender and began to thrash him. Absorbed in our task we did not notice the teacher approaching. He quickly put an end to the scuffle, ordered us into the corner on our knees and prepared to cane us. I had never been beaten before. Kneeling in the corner I firmly decided that I would not tolerate this, and as soon as the teacher turned to take the ruler, I dashed to the door, which luckily was close by, and ran out. My mother found me late at night in a field near the Jewish cemetery where I was admiringly watching a game of heads and tails.

At home I patiently suffered the whipping due me and I vowed then and there that I would never enter that school again, not even if I were to be flogged daily for it.

The next morning, after my mother had given me my usual

breakfast, a piece of bread, she sent my sister and me off to school. But true to my word I did not go to school. Instead, I went to the Neva River, where I dawdled all day watching the men unloading lumber from barges, gazing at the anglers fishing in the river and listening to the squabbling women rinsing their washing.

In the evening my mother found me again; this time she did not flog me, but quarrelled all evening with my father for some reason or other. Next morning I was not sent to school; it was then I learned that we were moving far away—to the other end of town.

In a few days we started on our journey. I sat in the van with my sister who held my younger brother in her arms, while my mother with my younger sister in her arms walked, sometimes alongside, sometimes behind the van, watching to see that nothing fell out. My father had gone a few days before us.

We moved to Krapivny Lane on the Viborg Side, where my father had got a job as a fitter in the Ludwig Nobel Works.

Thus, I emerged victorious from my very first battle with the "existing order." From this I drew the conclusion that in order to achieve one's aims one must, first, be stubborn and, second, not fear . . . even a thrashing.

Soon after we had moved I was placed in the second class of an elementary school which I finished in two years with fairly high marks. This completed my education.

From the age of nine to twelve my main occupations were: in the day, gathering chips at buildings under construction and coal which fell out of wheelbarrows being carted from barges to factories, also fighting with the boys from the neighbouring street, Rochensalmsky Lane. Evenings I went to the Pushkin Library

on Sampsoniyev Prospect where, unguided, indiscriminately, I devoured a tremendous number of books.

I delivered my first public speech in 1892. I had reached the ripe age of twelve. Although I did not as yet belong to any party, the speech I delivered was out and out monarchist. This is how it happened. In those days annual "People's Carnivals" were arranged at shrovetide in the Field of Mars; there were booths, merry-go-rounds, swings, mead, Berlin doughnuts and other attractions. In addition to this the public was also trained in sports—"truly" Russian sports of course. These "sports" included greased pole climbing, throwing a long stick into the opening of a specially designed bucket filled with water (the one who missed the mark received the contents of the bucket on his head), and balancing on a revolving beam arranged in such a way that the less agile "sportsmen" often broke an arm, or leg, and even their necks. The "winners" were awarded rather valuable prizes.

I managed to run back and forth along the revolving beam, for which I received a prize. But before I received the prize I had to deliver a "speech" from a high platform in the middle of the Field of Mars. The speech was dictated to me by the St. Petersburg City Governor, von Wahl, who was sitting on the platform back of the tribune and handing out the prizes. The "speech" ran as follows: "To the health of His Imperial Majesty Alexander Alexandrovich, hurrah! . . . To the health of His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince Nikolai Alexandrovich, hurrah! . . . To the health of the august family of His Imperial Majesty, hurrah! . . ." I was warned that I would have to shout at the top of my voice since the crowd was a very large one. This I did splendidly. Then von Wahl handed me a magnificent china tea-set on a decorated tray.

When I brought the prize home and told my father how I had gotten it he looked at me queerly, shook his head, but said nothing.

My street pastimes at this time assumed a turbulent character; the boys in the neighbourhood felt the effects of this, so did grown-ups, and so did the windows of the neighbouring houses.

With increasing frequency neighbours came to complain to my parents about my "exploits," and my father pondered more and more seriously on where to "place" me. Finally, through some influential people my father was able to secure a recommendation for me to the State Arsenal Trade School situated on Simbirsk Street. I prepared for the examinations thoroughly and passed well in all subjects, but I failed miserably in the Bible exam. We had thought that the Orthodox priest would not expect much from me, since I was a Lutheran, but the authorities decided differently, and I was not accepted.

The daily quantity of coal and chips I brought home greatly diminished at that time, and my "exploits" became more and more intolerable for the neighbours. One day they nearly ended fatally. I threw a heavy stick at a fleeing opponent, missed my target and struck an old woman who was passing by in the temple. The old woman almost died. My father's cup of patience was filled to overflowing and in desperation he took me to a shoemaker to serve as an apprentice. The shoemaker's workshop was located in our house, and although I was able to go home every day and live better than the other apprentices, who were country lads, this life seemed a terrible torture to me. I had to get up at five in the morning, I went to bed at ten and sometimes at twelve, particularly on Saturdays.

At last I could bear it no longer and I decided to run away. I chose Viborg in Finland, where my uncle, a tailor, lived. Running away alone was no fun, so I persuaded a new apprentice,

Petka, nicknamed "Nosey," to join me, and early one Sunday morning we started. We had gone about fifteen versts* along the Viborg Chaussée when, Petka began to snivel, complain of hunger and finally he burst out crying. In spite of all my eloquence I could not persuade him to continue the journey, so with a heavy heart I turned back with him, determined to find a sturdier companion to run away with next time. No one found out about our attempt to run away since we returned the same day, and we ourselves told no one about it. There were fourteen workers in the shoemaker's shop, five of whom were apprentices; but no one was willing to run away with me, no matter how much I tried to persuade them to do so.

The general atmosphere of the place, in particular the constant threat of the strap, subdued my spirit somewhat and little by little I became reconciled with my lot. Within six months I was not only able to make wax ends and sew the leggings of top boots, but to hammer on soles and put patches on. Within another six months I could sew new shoes and boots myself. I stayed in this shop a year and two months, but I did not finish my term of apprenticeship. My father succeeded in getting me into the draftsmen's office at Nobel's where he worked. I started work in this office as an errand boy. My main job was pasting the drawings onto folders and distributing them to the shops. I also made and served tea to the draftsmen twice a day. I devoted the rest of the time to studying drafting. The manager of the office, Engineer Hercke, noticed my diligence, my desire to master the art, and he began to help me; from time to time he even gave me simple designs to do. In a year I was able to do rather complicated jobs, and my father began to talk of my remaining at the office with the view to my entering a technical school later, through Engineer

* Verst—two-thirds of a mile.

Hercke's influence, and then "you'll see, you'll be an engineer," he said.

But work at a machine attracted me more. When I reached the age of fifteen—at which age the law permitted me to enter a machine shop as an apprentice, I was able, after long disputes with my father, to get him to have me transferred as an apprentice to the fitters' department, where he worked. Ludwig Nobel's Iron Foundry and Engineering Works* were situated on the Sampsoniyev Embankment, on the Viborg Side. They employed about six hundred workers at that time. Their principal lines were pumps and steam engines, but a great deal of experimental work was carried on with oil engines, which had just come into use. The majority of the skilled workers, the turners, fitters, pattern makers, founders, were Finns, and all the foremen, except for one in the fittings shop, were also Finns. The conditions of work were fair in comparison with other factories.

They fixed my "wages" at four kopeks an hour, which with the eleven-hour working day amounted to forty-four kopeks a day. The better workers received from two to two and a half rubles a day, which was considered a good wage at that time.

I worked under my father's guidance for about two months, then I was transferred to the marking table, where, owing to my knowledge of drafting, I was very soon entrusted with very responsible work. I worked as a marker for a little over a year, after which I was transferred to the main assembly shop and some time afterwards to the turning department where I learned the turning trade.

In 1896, while I was still a marker, an event occurred in the factory which left a deep impression on me. When I came to the factory one morning I was told confidentially that during the

* Now the "Russian Diesel" Works.

night some kind of leaflets had been scattered about the factory which called upon us to stop work and demand something or other from the employers. Try as I might I could not get hold of even one of these leaflets. Several days later the workers of the neighbouring weaving mills, Maltsev and Schau, stopped work, and a few days later work stopped at all the mills on the Viborg Side. Thus began the strike of the St. Petersburg textile workers, famous in the history of the Russian working class movement. At some factories the strike lasted three weeks.

So far as I remember, not one of the engineering works joined this strike then, although attempts to bring them in were made by the underground revolutionary organization and by individual mill workers. The most active agitators for a strike among the metal workers were the women textile workers, who constituted the enormous majority of the strikers. When we left the works at dinner time, or at the end of the day, the women's jeers and derision were interminable. This derision annoyed the young men particularly, for among the pickets they very often encountered "girl friends."

Deeply engraved on my memory is the first political arrest which I witnessed, particularly as the policeman who made the arrest lived in our flat. We had only two rooms and there were six of us in the family, but we had to let out one room because of the high rent. The policeman and his wife lived in this room. When he came home and took off his uniform he seemed to be the most good-naturated of men. But when I saw him arrest our worker, an unskilled labourer from the boiler shop, simply because the latter had pasted a leaflet on the fence calling us out on strike, I was furious. After that I stopped talking to our lodger and my father, too, found a pretext to give him notice to quit. We were all very much interested in the fate of this courageous boiler-

maker, and we finally learned that he had been exiled to the Archangel Gubernia. Unfortunately I cannot remember his name; I remember only that he was tall, dark, well-built and about twenty-five years of age. When the policeman led him away he tossed his head proudly and glanced at us with a light mocking smile as we left the gates at dinner time.

The agitation carried on by the women workers and the leaflets which appeared from time to time finally roused our workers to action as well. One day the rumour spread about the factory that after work we were to stop at the gates, call out the employer, Nobel himself, and demand a half day off on Saturdays.

Long before the end of the day we young workers were rushing about the shops urging the workers to stop at the gates, not to be afraid, to put their demands boldly, particularly since, as we had learned, the management of the neighbouring Lessner Works had already promised to concede the demand if it were conceded at Nobel's and at the other factories.

A few minutes before the bell rang (at the Nobel Works a small bell was rung instead of a siren), we ran out of the shop and began to stop the workers coming out into the yard. Not more than half the workers stopped to wait for the employer; the rest, despite our arguments, went home, away from trouble. We stood there waiting for the employer for about an hour; during this time another good half went home, so that when the employer finally came out there were only about a hundred or a hundred and fifty of us left.

When the employer stood at the top of the flight of steps, surrounded by engineers and foremen, and asked what we wanted, why we had called him out, no one was found among us bold enough to voice our one demand—to stop work at 2.30 p.m. on Saturdays and on the eve of holidays.

Seeing the hesitation, the silence, the look of scorn with which our employer surveyed us, how he shrugged his shoulders, I, a sixteen year old boy, decided to speak. I stepped forward boldly and began to set forth our demand to the employer in a loud voice. I spoke eloquently, earnestly, heatedly . . . but our employer did not so much as glance at me. He continued to survey the crowd with his piercing eyes and waited to see whether some older person would speak. I was terribly offended at this, particularly since the crowd began to pull at my blouse and drag me back. Finally, an old fitter, Lindström, who had worked at these works about twenty years, was pushed forward and forced to speak. In answer to his "speech," the employer briefly stated that if Lessner's and the other works introduced the half-day off on Saturdays, he would agree to this also. With this we dispersed.

And so my second appearance in public—my first as a revolutionary—led to nothing.

My father mildly scolded me, but I felt that deep in his heart he approved of my action and was even a bit proud of it. A neighbour of ours, N. D. Blokhin, dead long since, who worked as a turner at Baranov's and was a good friend of my father's, defended my behaviour very heatedly and, patting me on the back in a friendly manner, said: "Good boy, well done! If only I had a son like you!"

This Blokhin was a hunchback. He was burdened with a large family, a wife and six children, of whom the eldest was twelve years of age. This man greatly influenced my future destiny. On his advice and as a result of our discussions I began to read eagerly. Some of the books I borrowed from the Pushkin Library, others Blokhin brought. He enjoyed reading verses of Nekrasov and Nadson. Sometimes, after payday, he would drop in and my father and he would have a few drinks; then he would begin

to recite his favourite poets or to relate his reminiscences of the assassination of Alexander II and how fearful life had been at that time when there were arrests nearly every night and nothing more was ever heard of the arrested. At such times my father would always recall the time when the police came to arrest a worker of the Semyannikov Works and found him hanging in the garret; in his room they found a great many prohibited books.

Recalling these talks I come to the conclusion that Blokhin must have belonged to the revolutionary movement, if not at that time, then certainly at some earlier period; and if he did not take an active part in the growing workers' movement it was only because of his six small children. Peace to your ashes, good proletarian! You sowed the seeds of revolution in more than one soul, I am sure.

On the whole, my speech passed off with no dire consequences; a few acquaintances poked fun at me, and an old foreman advised my father to watch my conduct. The second textile strike in 1897 has left hardly any trace on my memory.

I worked at Nobel's until September 1899. At that time I quarreled with the foreman over my wages, left the job and started work at the neighbouring Lessner Works, not as an apprentice but as a full-fledged turner at a ruble a day.

I began work in this factory in a shop that is famous among the St. Petersburg turners, where the foreman was a celebrity in his own way. His name was Hellfors, his nickname "Sama." He was called "Sama" because when he was told anything he would say: "Don't tell me, I know it myself"; and speaking Russian badly (he was Finn), he said "sama" for "myself."* He was a tyrant who had worked at Lessner's many years and had

* *I.e.*, as a female would say it, instead of "sam," the masculine for "myself."—*Ed.*

attained the position of foreman with the aid of all sorts of trickery. The blood rushed to his head when he heard this nickname, and he lost all control of his temper. All day he would curse in bad Russian. Workers came to work for him only as a last resort, when no one else would take them. The turner's shop where he reigned supreme was called the "temporary barracks" for seldom could anyone work there more than six months at a stretch. Because of this the most disreputable, *i.e.*, the most restless, most troublesome people worked there, the sort of people who were usually discharged for brawling and quarrelling with the manager.

Several people there turned out to be acquaintances of mine who had formerly worked at Nobel's. Through them I quickly became acquainted with the others, and in a few days the first illegal pamphlet was handed to me. I remember the pamphlet very well, it was Dickstein's *How We Get Our Living.*

I read this first prohibited pamphlet at one sitting, having hidden myself for this purpose during the dinner hour in a large empty packing case standing in the factory yard. I remember that the pamphlet made a great impression on me, and after this I began to feel heads above the others. I had received it from a Finnish turner, Kettunen by name, who worked at the other end of the shop. As it turned out later, he was the treasurer of an illegal circle. I returned Dickstein to him the same day and next day received another pamphlet, entitled, if I remember correctly, *You Can Do Nothing With Us,* then a third, and so on. Besides the pamphlets, I read several numbers of the newspaper *Rabochaya Mysl** then publihsed in Belgium if I am not mistaken, and several leaflets. Comrade Kettunen considered me fully prepared for work in the secret circle, and he suggested that I join

* *Workers' Thought.—Ed.*

it. The tasks of this circle were, he said, to organize strikes, read and distribute prohibited literature, to fight tyrants like "Sama," and so forth. The only conditions of membership were the payment of dues, amounting to two kopeks on every ruble earned, and complete secrecy; besides this, there was to be no "squealing" in case of arrest, and I was to enlist new trustworthy members. I was ready and agreed gladly; after the next payday I paid my membership dues, sixty-six kopeks, for I had received thirty-three rubles for my two weeks' pay. Since Comrade Kettunen was a Finn, and so, very methodical, he gave me a receipt with a stamp: "The League of Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class." When I established contacts with the organizations at other factories, I learned that no receipts were given for dues as this was unwise owing to the conditions that prevailed at that time.

Naturally, I was very curious to know more about things and I put many questions to Comrade Kettunen, but he was unable to answer them, for, apparently, he knew no more than I; and so many unsettled questions and doubts accumulated in my mind. Kettunen spoke to me frequently of the "intellectuals"* who came to the circles and explained matters to us, read books with us, etc., but during my four months' stay in the "temporary barracks" I never saw an "intellectual." My activity in the secret circle, which met very seldom and usually broke up before any "intellectual" arrived, was confined to reading the prohibited literature, regularly paying membership dues, giving acquaintances the rarely published leaflets and pamphlets . . . and dreaming of the approaching strike.

I had two friends at Nobel's through whom I hoped to make

* This was the name given at that time to propagandists and agitators who visited the illegal circles.

connections at that factory; these were A. Schultz and R. Hagel. But the former categorically refused to distribute leaflets and pamphlets and called me a fool into the bargain; the latter did not understand a word of Russian, and I never met other workers from Nobel's whom I could trust.

As was to be expected, my work with "Sama" ended in a tremendous row, and I was discharged with a rapidity I had not expected from him. The quarrel even drowned the noise of the loose spindles and I fiercely waved a large spanner before "Sama's" nose. During the altercation a spry clerk rushed off to tell the manager and just as I was about to land into the tyrant, a watchman crept up from behind, seized and disarmed me. During the "argument" with "Sama" the spry clerk had also time to figure up the wages due to me, adding to it the two weeks' salary in advance, and when I was conducted to the office under guard, all I had to do was to sign "Received in full," after which I was convoyed to the gates by the same guards.

Having "got the gate" in this manner I was forced to look for another job. At about this time my father, too, quarrelled with his foreman at Nobel's and went to the Obukhov Ordnance Works; soon after he was able to get me a job there as well.

The Obukhov Works,* which belonged to the Naval Department, were situated on the Schlusselburg Highway, beyond the Nevsky Gates, about ten kilometres from town; they occupied a large area between the highway and the River Neva. They mainly manufactured guns, ranging from 47-millimetre quick-firing guns to 12-inch naval guns; besides that, gun-carriages, steel armour plate for battleships and Whitehead torpedoes were also manufactured. About six thousand workers were employed there at that time. Compared with the other works in St. Petersburg,

* Now the "Bolshevik" Works.

the working conditions and wages were good, and it was possible to get work there only through the very good recommendations of old workers.

Most of the workers were of a settled type who had worked at the place for years; some had worked there for twenty and even thirty years without interruption. Most of these old timers lived in "government houses," as they were called, which consisted of four or six apartments of two rooms and a kitchen. Many workers owned their own houses; some even owned several houses which they rented out. Naturally, it was futile to carry on agitation for overthrowing the existing order among this category of workers. The other section of workers, who were not so closely connected with the works, were also keen on keeping their jobs, because, as I have already said, the working conditions and wages were better than at other places, so that it was almost as hopeless carrying on agitation among them. Only the young workers, and of these only the newcomers, not the sons of old hands, were susceptible to the agitation which was conducted at the works by the League of Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class.

Evidently, at that time (beginning of 1900) the underground organization at the works was extremely weak; in the torpedo shop, where I got a job through some old hands, friends of my father, I found no organization whatever, and the Lessner circle could not recommend any one through whom I could make connections.

This shop was considered a privileged one, owing to the nature of the work it was engaged on (first class work, precision and the complicated processes requiring high skill), and because of the high wages paid in comparison with the other shops (I, for example, a twenty year old turner, earned up to a hundred

rubles a month, including overtime). This explained why the staff was composed exclusively of old hands and their sons.

After I had worked there some time, had looked around and made the acquaintance of several young fellow-workers, I became friendly with Anatole Ivanovich Yermakov,* with a young man of eighteen named Mann, and with Boris Vorobyov.** I watched them closely, and, strictly following Kettunen's advice, did not risk telling them openly that I was a member of a secret circle, particularly since I could not prove it to them if that were necessary, for I had lost all connection with Kettunen after I had left the Viborg Side. All my "underground work" therefore was limited to ordinary cautious conversations with them and to obscure hints about the existence of an underground organization.

From various hints they dropped I judged that they, too, had read underground literature, but evidently did not officially belong to the organization. Yermakov did hint at the dangerous acquaintances he had among the Semyannikov workers, where he had formerly worked, but he went no further than that.

Evidently, the League of Struggle was passing through a crisis at that time for even the circle members from Lessner's, whom I met sometimes on my rare trips to the Viborg Side, could give me no pamphlets or newspapers. When I did succeed occasionally in securing a tattered pamphlet I gave it only to Yermakov to read, for later on we became very friendly.

A few weeks after starting at the Obukhov Works I became acquainted with several comrades working in other shops. Generally speaking, there was almost no connection between the workers of the various shops of this enormous plant scattered over

* Now a member of the C.P.S.U.

** B. N. Vorobyov, now a well-known Soviet dirigible airship constructor.

a large territory, and there was actually a feeling of hostility between some shops, as for instance between the gun-carriage machine shop and the long-range naval gun shop. This was partly due to the fact that the workers in the machine shop were more temporary. The nature of their work did not require as much skill as in the gun shop and earnings were lower than in the other shops. The workers in the gun shop were exclusively old hands, and their earnings were relatively high. Because the workers there did not feel permanently attached to the Works, the machine shop played a decisive role in the events which occurred that year, which in the history of the working class movement became known as the "Obukhov Defence." But more of this later.

I made the acquaintance of several workers in both the shops I have mentioned. Of the workers in the machine shop I became friendly almost at the first meeting with a tall blond named Nikolai Nikolayevich Yunikov (in 1918 he was tortured to death by the counter-revolutionary supporters of the Constituent Assembly in the Samara Gubernia); and of the workers in the gun shop I became friendly with Sergei Vassilyevich Malyshev,* nicknamed "Fireman" because he belonged to the Volunteer Fire Brigade.

Later on I revealed my connections with the underground organization to Malyshev, Yunikov and to Yermakov, and the latter also revealed his association with the underground workers at Semyannikov's. But we went no further than the reading of prohibited pamphlets and newspapers, which fell into our hands now and again, and dreaming of the blissful future, for we did not succeed in making close connections with any organization.

With the approach of warm spring days I longed to get out of the shop into the open; I longed to be on the road, and after some

* Was Director of the annual Nizhni Fair until it was abolished.

hesitation I left my job and went to Finland. Again it was proved that I could not remain in one place for more than four months; however, this was the first and last time that I left a factory without a row or some other adventure.

The forty rubles that I took for my trip through Finland lasted exactly three weeks. I visited Tammerfors, Björneborg and Abo, and when I arrived in Helsingfors all I had in my pocket was eleven Finnish marks, which was not even sufficient to take me back to St. Petersburg. Whether I liked it or not I was forced to look for work. While I was standing at the gates of a shipbuilding yard, waiting to apply for a job, I met an acquaintance, who had worked as a turner at Lessner's. He had just started work at the shipyard and he managed to get me a job in the shop where he worked.

After the torpedo shop, the "Home For The Aged" as the Obukhov workers called it, work at the shipyard seemed like penal servitude. The exploitation of the workers here had been brought to high perfection, labour was speeded up to the utmost, and the earnings of even the best turner did not exceed five marks a day, while the cost of living was almost as high as in St. Petersburg. In addition to very hard work and low pay the treatment of the workers by the management was atrocious. We were fined mercilessly for the slightest violation of the "rules and regulations." Smoking in the shop was absolutely forbidden, whereas in the torpedo shop at the Obukhov Works we had smoked quite openly.

In a word, the situation in civilized Finland seemed to me to be considerably worse than in barbaric Russia. On the other hand, the Finnish workers had the right to organize openly in workers' unions and they even had their own legal workers' paper.

I, of course, hastened to join the Finnish Labour League, later to become the Finnish Social-Democratic Labour Party.

It cannot be said that the meetings of this league, several of which I attended, were very lively. Imagine a fairly large room, long benches arranged along the walls, the silent seated figures of phlegmatic Finns listening with amazing patience and imperturbability to the monotonous speeches of stuttering "orators" and you will get a picture of the business meetings of the Labour League of that time. Such revolutionary activity did not attract me in the least; I wanted a real struggle, a struggle accompanied by risks and dangers, and I longed to be back in my native St. Petersburg. Even the May First celebration did not impress me, although according to the Finns the demonstration with red banners that year was a very imposing one. Of course, it was pleasant to march, to demonstrate our unity, marching in close ranks with flying banners, marred, unfortunately, by the designs of cog wheels, planes, bread rolls and similar insignia of the various trades embroidered on them. Partly, these were put on for the purpose of distinguishing the trade union marching under the particular banner; but mainly it was done, as I was told, because the police forbade demonstrations with pure red banners, as being too strikingly revolutionary. The demonstrators marched along the main streets of the town and then gathered in a meadow in the suburbs; there, after listening to several speakers, they settled in groups on the grass, the middle-aged people sedately drinking coffee and the young people dancing until late in the night.

After I had been working in Helsingfors for five weeks, I received a letter saying that my father was at the point of death, and so I hastened to St. Petersburg. To my joy, the news proved to be false; my father recovered. I hung about the gates of several

factories for some days in the hope of getting a job and then applied to crazy "Sama," who agreed to take me back on the condition that I promise not to cause trouble.

This time I succeeded in making firm contacts with the underground League of Struggle. Kettunen no longer worked at this factory, but through a member of our old circle (unfortunately I do not remember his name) I met a fitter working in the machine shop, Taratynov by name, if my memory does not deceive me. Later I paid him membership dues and obtained illegal literature from him. He introduced me to several members of the secret circle and it was through him that I first met the intellectuals and later the organizer of the Viborg District, Comrade Vishnevsky, whom I saw two or three times. I do not know what happened to Vishnevsky; I remember indistinct rumours that he had been arrested somewhere in the Polyustrov District.

During this period (the summer of 1900), thanks to Taratynov, I received illegal literature regularly. I read it with great gusto, as they say, and finally got Arthur Schultz to read it. He had to resign himself to this, for we lived together at the time, and there was often nothing but illegal literature in the house. In addition to pamphlets, Taratynov quite regularly secured the *Rabochaya Mysl* and the journals, *Rabocheye Dyelo** and *Rabotnik*,** which were published abroad at that time. From these we learned of the existence of secret circles at other factories in St. Petersburg and in other cities.

At this time intellectuals did occasionally come to the meetings of our circle. Our circle consisted of five or six people, including Taratynov. We met most often in Taratynov's apartment, sometimes at my house, ignoring Schultz's presence, although he

* *Workers' Cause.—Ed.*
** *The Worker.—Ed.*

usually called me an idiot after these meetings. Once or twice, I remember, we hired row boats, rowed out in the direction of the islands and then, dropping our oars and drifting with the tide, we listened to the talk of the intellectual. Regular studies were not conducted in our circles, since it rarely happened that the same intellectual (usually students of the St. Petersburg colleges) came twice in succession. Usually the intellectual talked to us about the life of workers abroad, their struggle against capital and about the revolutions that had taken place in Europe; he answered the questions which were bothering us, and then we dispersed. Sometimes the propagandist brought a bundle of literature which we divided on the spot; we were asked to distribute it among our fellow-workers. If they were leaflets we had to slip them into drawers or by some other means distribute them among a large circle of workers. Sometimes the intellectual did not come and Taratynov himself led the discussion. He did this quite well.

As we acquired knowledge we wanted to spread it as widely as possible and to make connections with factories where, as far as we knew, there were as yet no secret circles. Several members of our circle had reliable friends at factories in other districts of St. Petersburg, to whom they later introduced the intellectuals who came to us.

Besides the Obukhov workers and Schultz at Nobel's, whom I trained to distribute leaflets at the factory, I became friendly with V. Lindström who worked at the Crichton shipbuilding yard on the Okhta.

On a visit to him one Sunday I told him of the existence of the secret organization. I urged him to organize a circle at his factory similar to the one to which I belonged. I promised to bring an intellectual to him if he organized a circle of five or six people.

Several days after Lindström informed me that he had suc-

ceeded in organizing a circle of nine people which would meet the next Sunday—we would have to get an intellectual. I told Taratynov of this and asked him to see to the matter. However, he was unable to obtain an intellectual at such short notice, and so we decided to go there without one.

The meeting was arranged in a room at a cheap tea-house in a back-street off the river Okhta. All nine people came. They were all workers employed at the Crichton shipyard. We ordered tea with jam and began discussing the work of the new circle. After that we gave them some illegal literature and a receipt book for collecting membership dues, promised to bring a propagandist to the next meeting and left.

The Crichton workers had friends at other factories and works in the Okhta District, and illegal circles were organized there as well. Taratynov and I, through Lindström, supplied them first with prohibited literature and then with propagandists.

Thus, from factory to factory, from district to district, was spread the activity of the League of Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class, the principal inspirer and organizer of which was Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, who led the Russian working class to victory over capitalism.

While I worked at Lessner's, and with the enthusiasm of a novice established contacts at the factories of the neighbouring districts, I did not forget my Obukhov friends and continued to supply them with the new illegal literature I received. I was so zealous in my efforts to enlist new members for the circle that soon nearly every turner in the "temporary barracks" knew that I was a member of a secret circle. And despite this, during the four or five months that I worked there, not one of the "disreputable" turners working at "Sama's" betrayed me.

At that time the entire atmosphere of the shop seemed to be

charged with a revolutionary spirit: pamphlets were read almost openly during working hours, and even "Sama" himself seemed to have been infected with this virus against which one would have thought him to be entirely immune. He himself collected subscriptions for the Finnish Social-Democratic newspaper *Työmies** which was published in Helsingfors. Thanks to his able agitation nearly all the Finns working in his shop subscribed to this paper; I subscribed as well, of course. But, alas, "Sama's" love for the newspaper was not long lived! In one of the numbers a stinging article appeared which lashed out against "Sama's" tyranny. We read it demonstratively when he passed by and then laid the paper with the article marked in red pencil on his desk in the office. The article was written by Hämäläinen, who worked at the machine next to mine. Unaware of the author's identity, "Sama" complained to him bitterly of human ingratitude, meanness, and so on. He conceived such a hatred for the paper after this that a mere glimpse of it in someone's hands was enough to cause him to yell like one possessed.

I had to leave the factory again, and although there was no fight this time—I kept the promise I had made on starting work—there was the same loud altercation as on the first occasion, and I was put out just as precipitously. This time I was unemployed for more than a month. Through my father's connections I again succeeded in getting work at the Obukhov Works, not in the torpedo shop, but in the field artillery department, the "field" as it was usually called.

At that time (February 1901) there was an underground circle in nearly every shop at the Obukhov Works; the supply of literature was adequate, particularly leaflets, and it was distributed among the workers almost openly. The circle I joined consisted

* *The Worker.—Ed.*

of six or seven men, of whom I remember only Mann, Yunikov, Dmitry Veresov and Vladimir Pernafort. Comrade Mann, a young turner in the torpedo shop, was the leader of the circle, and he had direct connections with the district organization.

Our circle met seldom, the intellectuals came to our meetings even more seldom, so that our meetings were taken up mainly with the joint reading of prohibited literature: sometimes we read legal literature, principally the works of Saltykov-Shchedrin* and Pisarev.** We met most often at Nikolai Yunikov's, sometimes at my house and sometimes at Karamazo's. The latter did not want to join the secret circle officially, but he gladly placed his apartment at our disposal and was allowed to be present at our meetings. As it became warmer we preferred to hold our meetings in the grounds of the Preobrazhensky Cemetery.

Literature was brought from town to Mann's home. He lived with his parents in a house belonging to a playing-card factory where his father worked. Mann's activity in the underground

* M. E. Saltykov, the *nom-de-plume* of Shchedrin (1826-89), a great Russian satirical writer of the sixties and eighties of the last century, editor of the radical journal *Otechestvenniye Zapiski* (*Notes of the Fatherland*). His writings scathingly criticized the customs and life of the feudal nobility and the monarchy, and the bureaucracy and corruption of the tsarist officials. He depicted striking types like the Pompadours, the "native" concessionaires, government contractors, kulaks, innkeepers, types like "Razuvayev" and "Kolupayev." With biting wit he ridiculed the bourgeois builders of the Third French Republic without republicans, and the Prussian Junkers. With no less scorn he derided the spineless and cowardly opposition of the Russian liberals.

** D. I. Pisarev (1840-68), a radical critic and publicist of the 'sixties, whose articles greatly influenced the formulation of the revolutionary ideology of the intelligentsia of the 'sixties (Nihilism—the denial of all authority except that of science). He was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Peter and Paul Fortress in 1862. Soon after his release he was drowned.

organization had to be concealed very carefully from his father. When the latter finally got wind of his son's activity and began to question him we had to change our meeting place.

Later on, the task of bringing the literature was entrusted to me, and I had to go to the village of Smolenskoye to get it. The literature was distributed among our comrades in a small square on Palevsk Prospect. At the appointed hour the representatives of the factories in the Nevsky Gate district (Semyannikov, Chugin, Obukhov, Pal, Muskwell and others) met and while waiting for the arrival of the "postman" they discussed conditions at the various factories.

Usually the literature was brought to the square by a middle-aged woman who worked, if I am not mistaken, at the Vargunin factory. When there was a great deal of it she brought it in a bag or a basket, but usually she carried it in her apron. Here, in this small square, on a bench opposite the windows of an apartment where (as we later learned) a police inspector lived, we divided the leaflets and the pamphlets according to the number of workers at the respective factories and then quietly dispersed. I learned later, when we had to replace Mann, that the majority of the comrades who came for literature were the members of a sort of district committeee. Of the members of this "committee" I remember only Afanasyev and Golubyev, who I believe worked at the Vargunin factory.

The League of Struggle became particularly active towards the end of February when preparations were made for a big demonstration to be held in town on March 4. The need for this demonstration was spoken of openly at the factory.

The organization's connections with the Viborg Side were evidently broken at that time, for I remember very well with what joy they seized upon my proposal that the intellectual "Ivan

Ivanovich" who visited us become acquainted with the Lessner and Crichton circles.

We agreed to meet "Ivan Ivanovich" one Sunday at Lindström's apartment on Sampsoniyev Prospect. From there we went to the place agreed upon, a field behind the Moscow Barracks, where representatives not only of Lessner's and Crichton's but of other factories as well, were already waiting for us. From this time on I began to visit the Viborg Side often and exchanged literature with them.

I was not present at the beginning of the demonstration on Kazan Square on March 4,* having had to go to the village of Smolenskoye in the morning for leaflets, part of which I brought over to the Viborg Side. When I arrived on the Nevsky Prospect, Kazan Square had already been "cleared" by the Cossacks. Near the Duma I met a group of Obukhov workers who had miraculously escaped arrest during the melée on the square which ensued when a girl student who had been beaten unmercifully was freed.

After this "student" demonstration, as it was then called, we began to make intensive preparations for the May First Demonstration.

About this time (March 1901) a split took place in our organization. The newspaper *Iskra*,** which came out abroad in Dec-

* A big students' demonstration at which many students and workers were beaten up and arrested; one of a series of student demonstrations against the reactionary government held in all parts of Russia in that period. These demonstrations were supported by the workers and marked the rise of the revolutionary movement which culminated in the 1905 Revolution.

** *Spark*. Immediately after his return from exile, Lenin began preparations for the publication of a general Party newspaper, *Iskra*. This paper was to lead the ever-growing workers' movement, to give it a consistently revolutionary class character, to prepare the Russian working class for leadership, for "hegemony," in the approaching revolution. Simultaneously,

ember 1900, was the cause of the split, and it called forth heated disputes in our midst. Our circle, as well as most of the other circles, without much hesitation adopted the correct position taken by *Iskra*. The difference between the position of *Rabochaya Mysl* and *Rabocheye Dyelo*, on the one hand, and *Iskra*, on the other, was particularly clear to us after the affray on Kazan Square. At that time *Rabocheye Dyelo*, and to an even greater extent *Rabochaya Mysl*, called upon the workers to fight exclusively for economic improvements, *viz.*, for an increase in wages, proper ventilation in the shops, hot water in the shops during working hours, etc.

Iskra, of course, did not ignore the fight for improved conditions at the factories, on the railways, ships, etc. In every number *Iskra* published articles and correspondence from all parts of Russia calling upon the workers to fight for higher wages, reduction of the working day, etc. But unlike the *Rabocheye Dyelo*-ists, or the "Economists" as they were then called, *Iskra*, while calling upon the workers to fight for economic demands, at the same time emphasized the need for the political struggle and from the very start showed that economic improvements cannot be durable unless the working class wins political rights for itself.

The appearance of *Iskra* greatly stimulated illegal work at the Obukhov Works. Leaflets and other literature began to appear more frequently and regularly, and the propagandists began to attend our meetings more regularly.

Besides the League of Struggle, which became almost entirely

Lenin advanced and fulfilled the task of creating a firm, consistently Marxian party around *Iskra*. The first number of *Iskra* appeared in December 1900, the last, under Lenin's editorship (No. 51), in October 1903. After this, *Iskra* fell into the hands of the Mensheviks.

Iskra-ist, another organization, a "Group of Twenty," as it called itself, carried on work among the Obukhov workers. We knew very little about this group, but as far as we could ascertain it was composed of fragments of various disrupted organizations. Anatole Yermakov was the only one of the illegal workers I knew who had connections with it.

CHAPTER II. *FROM CIRCLE TO PARTY*

IT WAS FIRST DECIDED to celebrate May First this year, 1901, according to the new calendar;* but as our organization did not feel certain that the St. Petersburg workers would stop work on this day, which was April 18, old style, and a week-day, it was decided to hold the celebration on the first Sunday in May (April 22, old style). A day or two before that date, an enormous number of leaflets for those days was distributed in the St. Petersburg factories calling upon the workers to demonstrate their readiness to fight for political rights and to show the tsarist autocracy and the bourgeoisie their organized might. The demonstration was called for 12 o'clock noon on the Nevsky Prospect.

Long before the appointed hour Nevsky Prospect had changed in appearance. The broad sidewalks along both sides of the Prospect, from Ekaterin Canal to Sadovaya Street, were thronged with workers, who had come from all parts of the city. Waiting for the signal, we strolled along as if we had come out for a walk, keeping our standard-bearers in full view all the time. Our standard-bearers, Yermakov and Ivanov, had our banners concealed under their coats for the time being. A few minutes before the signal something unforeseen occurred to Ivanov. Our group was then near the *Gostinni Dvor*,** close by the City Hall, almost opposite the Roman Catholic Church. The banner hid-

* Before the revolution the old Gregorian Calendar was in use, the dates of which were thirteen days behind the calendar in the western world.

** *Merchant's Row*, a shopping quarter in St. Petersburg.

den under Ivanov's coat began to slip down. He made frantic efforts to put it back again under his coat, but too late. The detectives who were prowling around saw him, they fell upon him from all sides, seized him and put him in a cab in a twinkling. In the confusion that ensued we tried to rescue him, but in vain. The detectives explained to the crowd of curious people who had gathered round and had not noticed the red banner (it all happened so quickly) that a pickpocket had been caught and arrested. They took him away immediately, first to the police station and then to the detention prison.

This unfortunate incident put a stop to the demonstration, of course. However, we decided to organize a stoppage of work on May First, old style, but without a demonstration.

Although enough leaflets were being distributed in the factories at that time, I felt that the workers in the "field" shop were reacting rather passively to our general explanations of the hard lot of the working class. I wanted to get leaflets especially written for them. Since the intellectuals who came to us had often proposed that we workers write the leaflets ourselves, which they promised to print in an underground printing press, I decided to try to write a leaflet for the workers in the "field" shop. I came home and eagerly sat down to write my first manifesto. Having written it I read it that very evening to my father and mother and Yermakov who had dropped in. They liked it very much. Since this was my first literary effort the opening and closing words stand out vividly in my memory: "Comrades-Workers! Look around you—surely you see what a tyrant our foreman Lev Lavrentyevich Meyer is!" I wrote about the outrageous way we were treated, the low wages, the absence of hot water in the shop, etc., and ended: "Down with foreman Meyer! Hail the First of May!" Thus, little by little, we proceeded from hot

water and Meyer to political slogans. This manifesto was printed in four hundred copies. When I received it in print and again read it to my father, he decided that it had been better in the original. This pleased me very much.

I distributed two hundred copies in my shop, the rest were sent to other shops.

By this time the atmosphere was so charged with revolutionary excitement that we felt no restraint whatsoever. Manifestoes were distributed in the shops quite openly and when the manager, wishing to put a stop to these "outrages," sent watchmen to the shops to gather up the manifestoes lying around the machines, we pinned them to their backs, and they, unaware of the decorations, walked about the shops in this way to everyone's amusement.

On the First of May, 1,200 of the 6,000 workers employed at the Obukhov Works stayed away from work. I went to the Viborg Side in the morning; here too the workers of most of the factories had stayed away. A slight skirmish occurred on Sampsoniyev Prospect, near the Segal Column, when a company of mounted police attempted to disperse a rather large crowd of men and women strikers.

Next day the rumour was spread in the shop that all the workers who had struck were to be discharged. In retaliation, we decided to declare a strike, and we carried on agitation directed to this end. In two or three days we heard that the strikers would be discharged gradually, that ninety-six were to be paid off in a few days. This was enough to rouse the entire works. Three days went by with endless conferences and rushing from shop to shop. Finally, a delegation of two was sent to the director to declare that if even one man were sacked a strike would be called.

The director's answer was that all those who were absent on the First of May "without good reason" would be discharged.

On receiving such a reply an impromptu meeting of the shop representatives was called at which it was decided to call a strike for the seventh of May. We decided that all the members of our organization, about two hundred we figured, were to meet next day, which was the seventh, in the yard behind the "field" shop and from there proceed to the machine shop, which was regarded as the most revolutionary shop, and call out the men. Then we were to go on to the other shops until we had all the workers out and hold a demonstration in the street outside the works.

But instead of the two hundred we had expected, only fifteen to twenty workers turned up next morning. After waiting for a half an hour in the back yard where the works officials could easily have seen us, we decided to try to stop the workers as they were returning from dinner and induce them to come out on strike.

Up to this time we had not known how many organized workers there were at the works, for no definite connection was maintained between the circles and there was no centre to keep in touch with all the circles. Partly because of this and partly because so many manifestoes and pamphlets had been distributed, and also because 1,200 workers had struck work on May day, we had overestimated the number of workers organized in circles. This meeting, which marked the beginning of the mass armed struggle of the Russian working class against the autocratic-capitalist system, revealed to us how weak our organization at the factory was.

Long before the after-dinner whistle, our small group was at the factory gates. Our plan was as follows: one part of the group was to go inside the factory gates and, on various pretexts,

stop the workers as they were coming in; the other section of the group was to do the same outside the gates. So, with quips and jests, not venturing to communicate our real object in stopping them, we succeeded in detaining a fairly large crowd of workers both outside the gates and in the yard. When the last siren sounded, Karamazo, who had a powerful voice, jumped on to a box and began to harangue the crowd. Many of the workers had stopped out of curiosity; among these were some "old hands," who were hostile to any "disorders"; these rushed back to their shops; the rest, about two or three hundred, began to call for the manager. We waited several minutes and then decided to send a delegation to the office. We sent the same men who had gone to the office the day before, Shurupov and Karamazo. Neither belonged to our organizations, although we knew Karamazo well; we had met at his apartment and had given him illegal material to conceal in his home. As for Shurupov, none of us had known him before.

While waiting for the delegation to return the members of our organization carried on vigorous agitation among the men, cheered up the timid ones and urged them all to stand firm. A small group, about five or six, got together to draw up our demands. This alone shows how unprepared we were for the strike which was almost upon us. When we had agreed upon the demands to be advanced we decided to put them in writing. One worker produced a scrap of paper, another a pencil, and the demands were put down. When the delegation returned, followed by the assistant manager, Colonel Ivanov, we had merely to read him our demands. I should note that, of all the works officials, we hated Colonel Ivanov most, and when he appeared we surrounded him in a solid ring and, instead of stating our demands immediately, began jeering at him. Alexander Kalinin

particularly distinguished himself in this respect, and the measures he proposed for dealing with Ivanov were radical indeed.

When we had had our fill of this and had unburdened our hearts, as it were, we began to put our demands to him. Our demands were divided into about ten points, the most important of which were: that henceforth the May Day holiday be legalized, the eight-hour day be introduced, that Colonel Ivanov be discharged immediately; then followed the usual demands: hot water, ventilation, courteous treatment, higher wages, etc. Ivanov was especially enraged by the demand for his discharge. "Next you will be demanding the discharge of the Tsar's Ministers, I suppose!"—he exclaimed in an infuriated voice. "Not only the Ministers, but the tsar as well!"—I cried amidst general approval.

Shurupov, the most level-headed among us, then began to discuss our demands with Ivanov in a business-like manner. The discussion was continually interrupted by the impatient workers standing about, particularly by the excitable Kalinin.

We saw that nothing would come of this discussion, for Ivanov answered all our questions evasively, and we began to insist that the manager himself, Major-General Vlassyev, come out. Ivanov felt that the atmosphere was charged, and, obviously fearing an outbreak, agreed to go for the manager. With the departure of Ivanov our ranks began to thin and, fearing that the majority would disperse, we wanted to go to the machine shop for assistance in stopping the shops which had already started work. But just then the manager himself appeared, clad in full regalia, with all his orders. The middle-aged imposing figure of the general evidently overawed the more "sensible" workers who had remained, and our ranks were still further depleted. The general, noticing this and surrounded as he was by reliable guards, adopted

a firm, although not arrogant tone, and rejected all our demands. He said he would give them his consideration, however, and ordered us to disperse.

There were thirty or forty of us left, and we endeavoured to persuade Vlassyev to satisfy our demands; I even tried to show him the injustice of the existing order, based on the exploitation of the working class, and so forth, but in the end we were compelled to go away empty handed. As I entered my shop, which was working full speed, I was followed by derisive and even hostile glances. I went to my machine but did not start working. Only five workers joined me in this action although there were three hundred workers in the shop. Some of them, mainly the "old hands," began whispering, saying that we should be thrown out of the shop immediately; others were non-committal; but we observed that the majority sympathized with us. Our last effort to persuade them to stop work was unsuccessful, and we were all about to leave the shop and go home, expecting our discharge and perhaps arrest next day when we heard a shout in the yard. We ran to the window and saw that the strike had begun. A group of machine shop men, headed by Nikolai Yunikov, had not only succeeded in stopping work in their own shop, but had led their workers out into the yard, stopped the torpedo and other shops, and were now coming toward our shop. As soon as we saw this crowd approaching we shouted to our men to down tools. We snatched up some sticks and threatened to make it hot for those who did not stop work. When I dashed into my father's department I found that he had already put away his tools and was preparing to leave; but several of the other workers still dallied and I had to threaten them with the stick. When I was convinced that all the workers of the shop had gone out into the yard I joined the group which was leading the large crowd to the

gun shop. Yunikov walked, almost ran ahead. Tall, well-built, with sparkling blue eyes, fair, curly hair, sleeves rolled up, and a tremendous stick in his hands, he was indescribably handsome at this moment, and involuntarily the crowd was drawn after him.

We entered this shop, where the most inveterate "old hands" worked and we began stopping the machines and switching off the driving belts. Yunikov, I and another man, I don't remember who, dashed into the engine room to stop the engine. But in spite of our threats, the engine minder would not stop the engine himself and would only agree to show us how to do it. We followed his instructions, the engine was stopped.

When all the shops had been stopped, a huge crowd of six thousand men poured out to the gates. There we were met by a detachment of about twenty police, headed by the police inspector. The latter was evidently a fool, for he attempted to stop the crowd; he paid dearly for it. As soon as he stepped forward and began speaking, a small group of workers threw themselves upon him, and before the eyes of the police, who remained rooted to the spot, snatched his sword and revolver from him, beat him up thoroughly and threw him into the gutter.

Triumphant and rejoicing, the crowd marched on the Berd Works, a large factory nearby where my friend, A. Schultz, worked. They stopped work at this place and then departed for their homes.

At home I washed up, put on my Sunday clothes and went to Yermakov's house which was right across the street from where I lived. In a little while, the members of our circle as well as representatives of other circles got together. The first question that arose was, what to do next? It was necessary to issue a leaflet explaining what had happened and indicating how we were to act now; we had to think out a way of safeguarding ourselves, and

non-members who had been conspicuous, from the danger of persecution, etc. It should be noted that during this whole week we did not see a single intellectual, and, generally, no contact was maintained with the centre.

After some discussion and after various decisions had been adopted, we started in a body for the Schlusselburg Highway where, we had heard, a considerable force of mounted and foot police had been called out. On our arrival we witnessed an unusual sight for this district: across almost the entire width of the highway, or prospect, as Schlusselburg Highway is now called, from the card factory to the barriers of the Berd Works, mounted police and gendarmes were drawn up in serried ranks. All the foot police in the village of Alexandrovskoye had also been mobilized. Crowds of strikers, clad in holiday attire, and "young ladies" who had just finished work at the card factory were sauntering along the broad pavements on both sides of the prospect. There was nothing to foreshadow the bloody conflict that was to break out a few minutes later. It began in this way. Small detachments of mounted police had taken their stand around each of the four big barriers which closed the road across the factory railway-track on the approach of trains. Some young workers grouped themselves around the gate and began taunting the police with cat-calls. Several mounted police tried to ride under the barriers in the direction of the Obukhov Works, whereupon the fellows deliberately let down the heavy gates. One of the police was badly bruised. The jeers and derision hurled at them and this last insult caused the police to lose patience and the command was issued: "Swords out!" And the whole horde, brandishing their swords, with whoops and cries, swooped down on the group at the gates, and then attacked the people walking along the prospect. Panic ensued, there was a rush for the gates of the nearby houses, and

only the wayside ditch prevented the mounted police from carrying out their intentions to the full. Our group was passing the barriers at this moment. Like the others, we too were taken by surprise and dashed for shelter to the houses nearby. The mounted police pursued us some distance, but we managed to reach a wicket gate between the two brick houses belonging to the card factory and reach safety by dashing into the yard, which was fenced off from the prospect by a wooden fence. In the yard we found some loose cobblestones, with which we immediately proceeded to fend off the police. One of the cobblestones I threw struck the head of a mounted policeman riding by. He dropped in an unnatural position on the neck of his horse and, hardly able to keep in his saddle, he rode away in the direction of the Obukhov Works. I was terribly upset by this at first and ran into the corridor of a nearby house; but soon I realized that I could be caught much more easily here if the police managed to break into the yard and so I ran out again. The crowd, though not a large one, was still beating off the police; I again took to the cobblestones and with greater gusto than before began throwing them at the attacking foe.

The latter, seeing that they could not come to close quarters with us, opened fire with their revolvers. The foot police shot from the opposite side of the prospect, near the railing around the Troitsky Church. Several attempts of the police to take us by storm under cover of fire failed, for we not only stuck to our ground, despite the firing, but intensified our bombardment. Only three of our men had been wounded, and the wounds were slight ones: one was shot in the arm just below the elbow, another almost had his big toe shot off; I don't remember where the third was injured. Martha Yakovlev, a woman worker employed in the card factory, who had been passing us the stones, now per-

formed the functions of a Red Cross nurse and began bandaging the wounds. We were so infuriated at the police for opening fire that we jumped on top of the fence and, baring our chests, cried: "Shoot, you bastards, you can't win anyway!" By my side, keeping pace with me stone for stone, fought my old friend Schultz, who but a year ago had called me a fool and an idiot for reading and distributing illegal literature.

We would probably have been taken by the police in the end, for we were quite fatigued and the stones had all been used up; but at this point a shower of stones unexpectedly rained down upon the police from the railing around the Troitsky Church and forced them to beat a hasty retreat. We took this opportunity to leave the yard and joined the others in chasing all the policemen into a lane near the Obukhov Works. As far as I remember, the only weapons the workers had were the cobblestones, two or three hunting rifles and a few revolvers. The police were armed with revolvers, which seemed to us to be of astonishingly large calibre. Intoxicated with our victory, we approached quite close to the lane where the police with their wounded Chief were hiding, but we were soon driven back by a volley fired at us by a troop of sailors who suddenly appeared upon the scene. These sailors, forty in number, had been sent to the works by the Admiralty some time before the outbreak of the strike to supervise the carrying out of their orders, and also as learner artificers. Before the strike we had frequently talked with these sailors and they had struck us as being jolly good fellows. And now, suddenly, these jolly good fellows were shooting at us. We were enraged. But we soon observed that while appearing to shoot at us, they were not aiming at us, but at the roof of the house across the street. Next day we saw the bullet holes in the cornice of the wall. Indeed, despite the heavy firing, only three were killed on

our side, and two of these, a boy of thirteen and a middle-aged worker, were hit by stray bullets far from the scene of battle.

The fighting lasted about three hours, from six till nine in the evening. Weary, but proud that we had been able to repel the police and gendarmes, we gathered at the steam trolley car stop. Among us were Malyshev, Yermakov, Yunikov and two or three other comrades whose names I cannot now recall. We did not want to go home for we felt an urgent need to share our impressions and discuss matters, but the pubs and tea-houses where we met occasionally had not yet opened for the evening. We therefore went to the neighbouring village of Mikhail-Archangel where we found an inn in which we drank beer and talked until 11 o'clock. The streets were deserted when we started for home, except for the military patrols who now and again beat a drum for some reason or other. As we passed the card factory houses, we saw two policemen on the other side of the road and a man walking toward them from the opposite direction. They shouted to him to step off the sidewalk, but the man was a deaf-mute—we recognized him as one of the workers in the machine shop—and naturally he continued on his way. The policemen thereupon rushed at him with their knouts, beat him unmercifully and threw him into the gutter. We could not stand this and began attacking the brutes with stones. The police shamefully took to their heels, but just at that moment a squad of mounted police rode up with drawn swords. The arrival of these reinforcements compelled us to run this time. One of the mounted men caught up to Yermakov just as he was clambering on to the porch of a house and slashed out at him. Yermakov's coat was ripped clean in half, but he himself was unhurt. I dived through the gates of a nearby house, jumped two fences and then almost bumped into a group of policemen standing

near a fence opposite a police station. I jerked back, waited in the yard for a while, and then retraced my steps. I reached the street in safety and got home without further adventure.

Thus ended May 7, 1901, the day famous in the history of the Russian working class movement as the Obukhov Defence. When we arrived at work next day we missed many of our comrades. We learned that after we had left the yard of the card factory houses, soldiers had arrived from town and that, with the police, they had broken into the houses and wrecked the apartments. They seized every man they found there—many of whom had taken no part in the strike, let alone in the fight—and beat them with the butts of their rifles, then bound them, dragged them to the River Neva and threw them from the parapet on to the barges below. The police who remained in the apartments conducted a "search," that is, they tore and smashed everything they laid hands on, except for the more valuable articles which they tucked away in their pockets. More than a hundred men were arrested in these houses alone; the searches and arrests continued in other houses in the village all that night and throughout the next day and night.

The workers were stunned when they heard of all these events and became dejected. The "old hands" particularly scowled at us, the ringleaders. Two days later, Yermakov was arrested, but was released the same day. This was followed by the arrest of Mashistov, Sitnikov, Veresov, Kalinin and many others. As soon as Yermakov was released we urged him to go into hiding immediately, for we felt that his release was due to some error and that he would soon be re-arrested. He refused to listen to us, however, and insisted on going back to work. A few days later he was called to the police station and soon after he was removed to the detention prison.

Notwithstanding the wholesale arrests, very few of our members, not more than five or six, were caught. This was probably due to the fact that stool-pigeons had not yet managed to penetrate the ranks of the workers, as they did later. I continued working at the shop for the next two or three weeks, disregarding the constantly growing hostility shown towards me. I soon realized, however, that I would have to change my job, for the arrests steadily continued, and the women in the card factory houses, which we had to pass daily on our way to and from work, loudly abused us as being responsible for the arrest of their husbands and brothers. Finally, Yermakov's sister Vera came to see me after visiting her brother in prison and informed me that the Public Prosecutor had been inquiring about me. This decided me, and I hastened the preparations for my departure from Alexandrovskoye.

I decided that the quickest way to get discharged would be to cause a row. One morning, instead of dropping my time-check into the box, I slipped a note in containing the most insolent remarks about the manager. The trick worked. I had barely taken ten steps from the time-keeper's office when the watchman overtook me and ordered me to return. Back in the office I used even stronger language than in my note, and this considerably hastened my discharge; by dinner time I was free. That very day I registered my departure in the house register and went to look for a job on the Viborg Side. I returned to the house two days later and spent the night with my parents. Next morning I was told that the police had visited the house the night before, but on being informed by the janitor that I had "registered out," they had left without troubling to make further inquiries.

After this visit of the police I gave up all thought of looking for work in St. Petersburg, for it was evident that I would be

arrested very soon. I decided to go abroad. I had no money for the journey and so decided to get a job on a ship, as a stoker if necessary. But then came the question of a passport. All my efforts to secure one failed, although I even made a trip to Viborg for the purpose. A certificate from the police in the district where I had lived was needed, and this I could not obtain. Finally I succeeded in buying a passport from a Finn for five rubles.

For about a month I hung around the wharves on the Vassilyev and Gutuyev Islands seeking work on a foreign ship. At last I succeeded in getting a job on a Finnish sailing boat; it happened quite simply. I was sitting beside the river on Vassilyevsky Ostrov one day with an unemployed iron moulder I knew, who was also looking for a chance to go abroad. A burly, foreign-looking chap approached us and asked whether we would take jobs on his ship, which was soon leaving for England—he needed a cook and a ship's boy. We readily agreed and at once decided on the job each of us was to take. The iron moulder took the cook's job which seemed to be more closely allied to his trade, while I, as a metal turner, considered that I would make a capital ship's boy.

The captain—the "burly chap" turned out to be the captain—tried our muscles, examined our papers and then took us to a notary public close by. There we signed a two-year contract at the miserably low pay of twenty-five Finnish marks per month. From the notary public's we went straight to the ship, and as soon as we got there, straight off the bat, as it were, I was given the task of cleaning stinking toilets that had apparently not been cleaned for months. We spent six weeks unloading gypsum and then went across to Kronstadt to take on a load of sawn timber.

During this period I only managed to go home once, and when I got there I learned that several hundred workers had been

arrested and that in retaliation to this persecution the Obukhov workers had organized another strike. This time, however, there had been no shooting.

We set sail for England at the end of August. From the very first day at sea I regretted having fled from the prison that awaited me. Although I had never been in prison I felt that it would have been much easier than this; and so it proved to be when I actually got to know prison life two years later.

Misfortune followed us from the moment we set sail on this "floating coffin," as we nicknamed this ancient three-master. The third day out, as we were passing Reval, one of the sailors, an Esthonian who had been taken on at the same time as we were, turned out to be mad and attempted to jump overboard with his kit. We pulled him back; he became violent and had to be tied up. When we arrived in Copenhagen we took him to the hospital.

The ship was so overloaded that it could hardly move through the water, and although we were under full sail, it took us a week and a half to reach Copenhagen. The quickness to learn and agility I displayed in my very first lessons in climbing the mast made our fierce captain well-disposed toward me. He expressed his satisfaction with me more than once while watching me climbing into the rigging like a monkey hot on the heels of the older sailors who taught me.

On the fifth or sixth day he put me to the steering-wheel and showed me how to follow the compass. While the sun shone and a light, favourable wind blew I kept to course. But an autumn drizzle quickly ruined my reputation as a steersman and disclosed my secret to the captain—I was near-sighted. As long as the sun lit up the compass, which was about two feet away from me, I could distinguish the points, but when it became darker and the

glass of the compass was blurred with rain, I could not see anything distinctly.

Standing at the wheel trying to steer by the compass, and seeing nothing, I instinctively felt that I was steering our "floating coffin" in an entirely wrong direction. The mate was in the poop and none of the sailors, who might have helped me out of my difficulty, were near at hand. So, I stood in solitude at the wheel, turning it now to the right, now to the left, longing for a change of watch. I did not know then that the captain had a control compass in his cabin, by which he could follow the ship's course.

But the captain must have got into a towering rage as he watched the "coffin's" course shifting aimlessly from west to south and from south to north, for a few minutes later he rushed out of his cabin, dashed up to me and furiously shouted something at me that I did not catch. But seeing me standing at the wheel and intently turning it this way and that, he calmed down and began watching my movements. Finally, he asked me in all seriousness whether I was blind. I had to admit then that although I was not completely sightless, I was very near-sighted.

On hearing this unpleasant fact, the captain lost his temper completely. He roared at me like a madman and even threatened to throw me overboard. Then he began bewailing his fate to the mate who had just come up, cursed Russia and particularly St. Petersburg which had supplied him with a crew of blind men and madmen.

On our arrival in Copenhagen, the captain took me to town and bought me a pair of spectacles. But to the captain's and my great regret, they were smashed in the first storm we encountered in the North Sea.

Our captain, an old sea-dog, was hard and stingy, nay, even

avaricious. Being half-owner of the ship he economized on everything. The food was terrible—they served us salt-horseflesh which was supposed to be American corned beef; the ship's biscuits were of the worst and cheapest sort, the sugar was grey in colour and not sweet to the taste, and the margarine stank of soap. As if urged on by the same mania for economy he mercilessly drove us up into the rigging at the slightest change in the wind, forcing us to furl and unfurl sails almost continuously. The work was terribly fatiguing and even the hardened sailors could barely stand on their feet with weariness at the end of their watch. Our conditions were made still worse by the fact that our ship was undermanned; instead of a crew of eleven we had only eight. For that reason the watch below had to be called up from their rest whenever it was necessary to alter sail. Bad as the captain was we did not hate him as much as we hated the mate. Although the captain was a hard taskmaster and drove us up and down the masts, he always did it for some purpose. But the mate, a villainous and heartless wretch, drove us up and down for no reason at all, and seemed to derive pleasure from seeing us sweat.

On our arrival in England I determined to desert the ship. It took us more than a month to unload the cargo of timber and to take another cargo of gypsum at another port. We had to do the loading and unloading ourselves. All this time the captain did not give us a penny of our pay and so I had to keep putting off my escape. It was not until the morning of the day that we were to set sail that the captain gave me eight shillings for small purchases. With this money in my pocket I began to persuade my iron-moulder cook to come with me; he had received ten shillings. The ship was to leave in the evening at high tide. About two hours before that we stole off the ship. We started out from

Fowey near Plymouth, where our ship was lying, and made for Cardiff, hoping to find work there at our trades, for we decided that we would never make good sailors.

We walked all night and during the day we rested in a small wood. We continued our journey next night, but we did not seem to be getting any nearer to our destination. Not knowing a word of English, all we got in reply to our repeated enquiries was a shrug of the shoulders. Finally we gave it up in disgust and returned to the port from which we had fled. We determined to go back to that place because we were certain that the captain had found other men to replace us and had put to sea. Besides, we understood that according to English law deserters could not be arrested after their ship had left, and so we felt quite safe.

We arrived in town, found a water fountain where we took a drink, and sat down on a bench to rest. Very soon a policeman approached us and addressed us by name. We vigorously protested that the names he mentioned were not our names, but while we were "explaining" matters to the policeman and to the curious crowd that had gathered we, to our horror, saw our captain approaching. He greeted us quite courteously, asked after our health and taking us by the arm he led us to the shore accompanied by the policeman. There, a little way off, we saw our clumsy "floating coffin." A boat manned by our sailors was waiting on the beach to take us back to the ship. The policeman went with us to get his reward for catching us—our two months' pay.

The mate was waiting for us as we came on board; he had a spiteful smile on his face and in his hands he swung two pairs of manacles which he had got ready for us. But the policeman took these out of his hands and hastily glancing at them threw them to the deck and kicked them aside with an angry murmur. Later on we were told that the policeman had ordered the mate not

to use these manacles because they were rusty and might do us an injury. We went into raptures over this evidence of the "high culture" of the English.

It seems that the departure of our ship had been delayed because there happened to be no unemployed cooks or sailors in port at the time and the captain, not being certain that we would be caught, had wired to Cardiff to get some men and was waiting for them to turn up.

To prevent us from running away again the captain ordered us to be put in the hold and there the cook and I slept the night. When we were released in the morning the sailors gleefully informed us that two other men had stolen a boat and had deserted. The captain had already sent a telegram to Cardiff cancelling his request for men and now that two others had deserted and the ship's departure was again delayed he and the mate flew into such a frenzy that it was terrible to look at them.

Infuriated though he was, the mate kept his head, and remembering the admonitions of the policeman, he gave us some emery paper and ordered us to clean the manacles . . . for the two deserters if they were caught! But these two were more experienced than we were and were not caught. The captain's second telegram cancelling the request for men did not reach its destination in time and so in the evening the new sailor and cook arrived. We now had two cooks and one had to take the job of a sailor. We waited three days for a favourable wind before we set sail, this time bound for Genoa. The voyage took us five weeks; steamers usually make the distance from Fowey to Genoa in four or five days.

In the Bay of Biscay we were struck by heavy seas which loosened the masts and caused us to spring a leak. The leak was in the hold and we spent days and nights at the pumps keeping

the water out. These five weeks were the hardest I ever spent in my life. In addition to our arduous toil we were constantly tormented by the mate who drove us up and down the masts on the slightest pretext even during the heaviest seas. My hatred for him increased tenfold and I vowed I would give the brute a hiding when we reached port.

When at last we anchored at Genoa I waited for the opportunity to carry out my vow. I took advantage of an insulting remark the mate made to me to pick a quarrel with him. I answered him very sharply and on hearing what I said he made a quick rush at me. We were in the prow standing amidst heavy chains scattered about the deck. Not expecting this lightning attack I was sent sprawling on my back among the chains at the first blow. The mate at once dropped down on me with his knee on my chest and proceeded to give me a thorough beating, tearing my shirt to shreds in the process. The sailors at last managed to tear the infuriated mate away from me and, not even giving me time to wash the blood from my face, they bundled me into a huge chest where I lay until next morning.

Meanwhile our ship was made fast to the wharf and next day we had to set about unloading the chalk from the hold in baskets. For a whole week we laboured at this cursed cargo and all the time I watched for an opportunity to avenge myself on the mate.

In Genoa I found a letter that had been waiting for me for more than a month from A. Schultz. From this letter I learned the verdict and sentences on those who had been arrested for the Obukhov Defence. It seemed that the trial had taken place in September and twenty-nine men had been convicted. Two, Yermakov and Gavrilov, were sentenced to five and six years' penal servitude respectively. Twenty others received no less severe sentences—four to five years' penal servitude. Among the

latter were: Alexander Kalinin, Semen Mashistov, Dmitri Sitnikov, Dmitri Veresov and Nikolai Chirkov, all workers at the Obukhov Works, and many others employed at other factories. Seven were sentenced to imprisonment for terms ranging from eighteen months to four years without loss of rights. Among the latter was Martha Yakovlev, who was sentenced to three years.

The news of these harsh sentences only strengthened me in my determination to escape from this cursed ship. I longed to be back in Russia to continue the fight against the barbarous regime which condemned people to horrible suffering, merely for demanding human conditions of life and labour.

Sunday, our day off, came at last. The captain went ashore in the morning. The sailors who had money to spend were dressed up in their best, ready to do the same. Only the cook and I remained on board, as we had no money to spend. According to the captain, our pay had gone to the policeman in Fowey to cover the expenses incurred in searching for us when we deserted the ship.

I told the cook of my intention to desert again and asked him to go with me, but he refused, and I decided to go alone. Just then the mate came out of his cabin all dressed up to go ashore. I went up to him and asked him to replace the shirt he had torn. He told me to go to hell, whereupon I punched him in the jaw as hard as I possibly could. He started running towards his cabin, probably to get a weapon, but I caught up with him, tripped him up and pushed him over a hatchway grating protruding from the deck. Before he could recover I pinned him down and administered to him the same medicine he had given me a week before. I tore his starched shirt to ribbons, and I beat him with such fury that not a sound spot was left on his body. The other sailors stood around watching me beating up our common enemy

and addressing the mate in tones of mock reproach, said: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, you, a first mate, fighting with a ship's boy." Not a finger was raised to help the mate extricate himself from my clutches.

When I thought the mate had had enough I filled my pockets with ship's biscuits, bade a friendly farewell to each of the sailors, went ashore and took a westward course, along the shores of the Mediterranean in the direction of Nice. Ignorant of the language, with not a cent in my pocket, I walked for four and a half days until I reached Nice. During the first half of the journey I walked only at night, hiding in the daytime in the bushes, or in an empty barrel when I found one. On the second day, after falling asleep under a bush, I awoke to find myself drenched to the skin by a pouring rain, and my one article of food, the ship's biscuits, had been turned into a pasty dough in my pockets.

For almost three days I had nothing to eat. I tried eating the unripe lemons I found growing in the wayside orchards, but I got nothing out of that except colic; my craving for food could not be appeased by that. I was afraid to appeal for help to passers-by for I had heard that begging was an offence punishable with imprisonment. For the same reason I did not ask for a night's lodging, but there was not much need for that because, although this was December, the nights were warm enough to stay out. But even here accidents would happen. Once I fell asleep in an empty barrel I found in a street near a fence. I was awakened by a rumbling clattering noise and a queer sensation. Frightened to death and half asleep, I wondered what had happened. What had happened was this: during the night a sirocco—a strong wind similar to our Novorossiisk north-easters—sprang up, caught up my barrel with me inside it and rolled it along the uneven flag-stones of the pavement in an unknown direction. With great

difficulty I managed to extricate myself from my strange lodging, or rather, I was pitched out on to the wet flagstones. Another time I fell asleep on the steps of a cottage in some village. I was awakened by a stab of pain and a terrified cry over my head. In the dark a peasant had stumbled over my prostrate body and was apparently as terror-stricken as I. I shot off the steps like a bullet and flew down the street followed by the peasant's terrified yells, and did not stop running for half an hour for fear of being caught.

My feet, chafed raw by my heavy sea boots, and my gnawing stomach prevented me from fully enjoying the beauty of the places I passed on my journey. The coast from Genoa to Nice, a distance of about 225 kilometres, is a continuous orchard and garden. The villages, while not looking very prosperous, were spotlessly clean. The suburbs of the towns, of which I can recall only Savona, Mentone, Monte-Carlo with its famous Casino, and Nice, consist of luxurious villas almost submerged in trees and flowers. Everything in these innumerable gardens is clipped and trimmed to the point of nausea. Every flower seems to have been ordered to grow in a definite shape and to give off a definite fragrance; and every fruit tree to give fruit of a certain size and weight. All this beauty struck me as being unnatural, artificial, like the back drop of a theatre scene. But it may simply have been my weariness and hunger that caused this unfavourable impression.

I spent two days in Nice. There I chanced upon some Russians who helped me out of my plight. They gave me ten francs, bought me a railway ticket to Marseilles, put me on the train, and wished me good luck.

As I was in Nice as a vagrant and not as a tourist I was able to see the other side of this town of millionaires; I saw poverty-stricken homes such as I have not seen anywhere, even in the

notorious slum district of St. Petersburg, sarcastically called "Vyazemsky Abbey." I doubt whether any other town in the world but Nice can boast of such contrasts of the riotous luxury of the sated millionaires and billionaires and the terrible hopeless poverty of the proletarians crowded in hovels which have not even the semblance of human habitations.

I arrived in Marseilles a few days before Christmas. At the harbour I came upon some unemployed Finnish sailors. They were overjoyed at meeting a fellow countryman and they insisted on taking me to one of the innumerable sailors' inns and there . . . we drank up my last eight francs. My companions expressed regret on discovering this and promised to fix me up at a sailors' home; but I never saw them again.

The Russian Consul, to whom I applied, found me a lodging in a hostel belonging to some monastic order, and he gave me a franc a day for meals. I hung around the streets and wharves of Marseilles for nine days searching for a job, but I found none. Then I met a Russian sailor who was also looking for work. The two of us decided to go to England; but as we could not get a berth on a ship and so get there by direct sea route, we resolved to go north *via* Havre. We had no money for the fare, but that did not deter us. On my journey from Marseilles I had noticed that there were no ticket inspectors on the train and that tickets were inspected as the passengers passed the barrier to the platform and were collected at the exits at the place of destination. We slipped on to the platform by a side door, and so avoided the ticket inspector at the barrier, and got into the train.

We were not interfered with until we got to the terminus at Havre, at the other end of France. When we left the train and were making for the station exit we were stopped and asked for our tickets. We had no tickets, of course, and we were arrested.

In a few minutes we found ourselves in a police patrol waggon and then in prison. Next day we were charged before a magistrate who was particularly interested in knowing how we had managed to get into the train. We told him that we had got into it in the same way as the other passengers, but he would not believe us. Our plea was that we had no intention of evading payment of the railway fare and in proof we told him that we had the money to pay it—which was true in part as we had forty-eight francs between us; my companion had not had time to spend the money he had received when he was paid off. We said that in Russia tickets were bought on the train and that we were wondering all the time why nobody came to ask us for the fare. When we got off the train, we said, we were looking for a ticket office to pay for the journey, but we were arrested. The magistrate ordered us to pay ninety-six francs, twice the amount we had in our possession. We expressed regret that the French people had to pay so much for railway travel. In Russia, we said, railway travel was ever so much cheaper. Evidently the magistrate was still in doubt, for he adjourned the case so that a Russian priest could be called to act as our interpreter. Probably he thought that although Russian sailors might lie to him they would not do so to their priest, for "it is common knowledge that Orthodox Russians are extremely pious."

We were brought up again a week later and found the priest in court. We repeated our story, which the priest interpreted for the magistrate, and this time he appeared to have been convinced that we were telling the truth, for he discharged us. The costs were charged to the railway adminstration on the ground that their system of control was faulty. Our forty-eight francs, which had been taken from us on our arrest, were returned to us. Had it been proved that we had knowingly entered the train with the

intention of not paying the fare we could have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and then deported.

We stayed in Havre and looked for a steady job there for over a month, with no success. We ate at a small café; in return for our scanty meals we carried water, washed dishes and bottled wine for the owner, a Russian who had deserted from a warship.

I finally managed to stow away on a Russian steamer bound from Vladivostok to Reval. I got as far as Copenhagen and there I received permission from the Russian Consul to return to Russia. I continued my journey to Reval on the same ship, this time legally.

In Reval I found a group of Obukhov workers who had been summarily deported after the strike. They told me that more than five hundred Obukhov workers had been deported. My appearance on landing in Reval was not prepossessing. I was covered from head to foot with lice, for during the four-day journey from Havre to Copenhagen I had been concealed in a clothes locker where the sailors threw their dirty linen.

The Obukhov workers, in particular Robert Schultz (Arthur's brother), gave me a little money and I managed to get to St. Petersburg. I arrived on March 4, 1902, with exactly fifteen kopeks in my pocket, just enough for trolley fare to Alexandrovskoye. The first familiar face I encountered on leaving the trolley was that of Sergey Malyshev. We embraced each other, right there in the middle of the street, and then looked each other over from head to foot. We found that our appearances were very similar. It seemed that he too had just that very day returned from a long journey; he had been in Odessa where life had been very hard; and he too had risked being caught and put in prison by travelling back to St. Petersburg without paying his fare.

Пролетаріи всѣхъ странъ, соединяйтесь!

ИСКРА

Центральный Органъ Россійской Соціальдемократической Рабочей Партіи.

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Facsimile of Page 1 of the First Issue of "Iskra," December 1900

My mother hardly recognized me when I got home. My father was in the hospital with a fatal disease. This time I was unemployed for only two weeks; I started work at Nobel's as a turner in the shop where I had once worked as an apprentice. The first thing I did was to set about re-establishing my revolutionary connections. Through some old acquaintances at Lessner's I became acquainted with a Lessner fitter named Israel Sternin, nicknamed "Grisha." He was an intelligent, exceedingly energetic and devoted comrade (he died during the retreat from Astrakhan in 1918). Through him I made connections with Ilya Tarayev, organizer of the Viborg District at that time; he was arrested shortly afterwards. "Grisha" at this time was organizer of the Petersburg Side where he lived and where he had extensive connections. Owing to his wide knowledge and his skill as a speaker he, later on, often visited circles as an "intellectual." I became very friendly with him and we worked together for a whole year, seeing each other almost every day.

My father died a week after I started work at the Obukhov Works. He was buried in the Preobrazhensky Cemetery. Soon after that I brought my mother and crippled brother over to the Viborg Side and we settled in a house on the corner of Rochesalmsky Lane and the Viborg Embankment. This apartment, in which we had one small room, later served for a whole year as the base for the Viborg District to which young girl-students brought bundles of pamphlets and leaflets.

When Tarayev was arrested, Ivan Belyanchikov was made organizer of the Viborg District. I worked with the latter only two months. He was a remarkably well educated proletarian who in his spare time read serious scientific books and knew Marx almost by heart. Evidently he was an unskilled labourer,

he had no trade. When I met him four years later, however, he had learned the turning trade; later on he became a chauffeur.

It was during the period that he worked on the Viborg Side that the Zubatov * organization arose. We had received instructions to conduct agitation against the Zubatovists and we proceeded to do so with great success; in a fairly short time the Zubatov organization had vanished from the horizon of the Viborg Side. The Zubatovists usually met in the "Viborg Inn" on Finland Prospect. I happened to be there several times with Belyanchikov. He spoke several times there, concealing the fact that he was a socialist, of course. It was probably there that a detective caught on to him, for soon afterwards he was arrested in his room on Orenburg Street. He rented a room there, but his own apartment was somewhere in the Polyustrov District. Two days after his arrest I was almost arrested outside his room in which the detectives had set a trap. I managed to escape thanks to my familiarity with all the backyards and alleys of the Viborg Side. Two men who did not belong to our *Iskra* organization, *viz.*, I. I. Yegorov (Nil) and Fedor and Yakovlev, also spoke at the Zubatov meetings.

After Belyanchikov's arrest I was made organizer of the Viborg District and I worked in this capacity for about a year, till May 1903. From the summer of 1902 to the summer of

* Zubatov, Chief of Secret Police in Moscow. He attempted to divert the workers from the revolutionary movement by organizing workers' meetings at which his agents tried to prove that the manufacturers and factory owners, and not the tsarist government, were responsible for the miserable condition of the working class, and that they must be fought only by means of economic strikes. When, in response to these speeches of the Zubatov agents, the workers began organizing big strikes, the government became frightened, shut down these organizations, arrested some of the agents and forced Zubatov to resign.

1903 the St. Petersburg Committee (*Iskra*-ist) developed its underground work to unprecedented dimensions and distributed an enormous quantity of leaflets. When I took Belyanchikov's place there were contacts and circles at almost every factory, not only on the Viborg Side and in the adjoining Sampsoniyev Prospect District, but also in the Polyustrov District, right up to the Okhta District. The St. Petersburg Committee's printing press worked magnificently and literally flooded the St. Petersburg factories with manifestoes. My room served as one of the chief bases where literature was brought for the Viborg District, and my mother performed the duties of a dispatcher. She tied up the leaflets and newspapers in packages of various sizes, corresponding to the number of workers at the various factories. Good and methodical Finn that she was, my mother distributed the leaflets with the utmost care and fairness. We could be certain that every factory would receive the number of leaflets due to it. When there was an extra supply of leaflets, or when the nature of the leaflets required that they be distributed outside the factory, a better distributor than my mother could not be found. In order to get the leaflets into people's apartments without being perceived she made a large hole in the pocket of her skirt, folded the leaflets in a certain way, put them in her skirt pocket, gained admission to the apartment on some pretext or other, and on leaving she would imperceptibly drop the leaflet from under her skirt.

Literature was brought to us most frequently by a very beautiful and intelligent woman named Olga Viktorovna. Olga did not confine herself to delivering literature; often, when she found me at home, she would stop and discuss topical political questions with me and kept me informed about the political life of the country. For some time after I was appointed organizer of the

district, she was the only connection I had with the St. Petersburg Committee. She introduced me to Olga Mikhailovna Henkin, a medical student. Subsequently, in 1905, the latter was arrested by gendarmes at the railway station in Ivanovo-Voznesensk and was beaten to death before their very eyes by a brutal mob engaged in a pogrom. It was at her apartment on Shiroki Street on the Petersburg Side that I first saw a large storehouse of illegal literature. My eyes were dazzled at the sight of such a mass, and such a variety, of illegal pamphlets and newspapers. Olga Mikhailovna was an ideal revolutionary, who displayed selfless devotion to the cause of the working class. In discussions with comrades I have always compared her to Sophia Perovskaya. *

Olga Mikhailovna had just started her revolutionary activity and her work consisted mainly of storing and distributing illegal literature. I remember the admiration mingled with respect that she showed for us revolutionaries, real workers, straight from the factory. When I met her again in 1905 she was already a prominent revolutionary.

For a very short time I communicated with the St. Petersburg Committee through a member of the committee who visited me. We called him Peter, I do not remember his surname. He was an illegitimate child and had been brought up by some peasants who lived on the outskirts of St. Petersburg. He had worked in St. Petersburg factories and later served a long period in the detention prison for his political activities.

* Sophia Perovskaya, member of the Executive Committee of *Narodnaya Volya* (*People's Will*), a revolutionary organization which fought against the tsarist autocracy mainly by means of terror. Together with Zhelyabov, the worker Mikhailov and other revolutionary heroes, was hung on April 3, 1881 for organizing the assassination of Alexander II.

There he declared a fourteen-day hunger strike, after which he began to suffer from epilepsy. The disease greatly hindered his underground work, for very severe attacks sometimes seized him on the street. I have not seen him since that time.

As I have already said, we had connections at almost every factory and works on the Viborg Side. At Nobel's our organization consisted of ten or twelve workers, most of them Finns. The Lessner circle, which I organized, consisted of workers from other factories as well. I remember that Adolph Taimi,* who in 1918, during the Finnish revolution, was People's Plenipotentiary (Commissar) of Military Affairs, belonged to this circle. Then there was Alexander Haapanen, who later served four years' penal servitude for serving in the Finnish Red Army. I had firm contacts with the weaving mills, spinning mills, thread mills and similar factories through Ephim Izotov, whom we called "Muzhik." At that time he was organizer of the Voronin Factory where he worked as a labourer and occasionally oiled the machines. The literature for distribution usually passed through his hands, for he had a large circle of personal acquaintances at the factories. An amusing thing happened to him once. By this time he had become so absorbed in the distribution of manifestoes and the different methods of doing it that he threw caution almost completely to the winds. One day in the factory he climbed up to the ceiling ostensibly to oil the transmission gear, but really for the purpose of scattering a batch of leaflets from his perch. This he did, but some of the leaflets fell on the head of the manager, an Englishman who happened to be standing below. Flustered by this he immediately climbed down. The manager, wishing to show that he had paid no attention to the greaser's trick,

* Now serving a term of fifteen years' penal servitude in Finland for underground revolutionary activity.

asked him in a friendly tone: "Well Izotov, have you done your job?" "Done it is, sir," answered Izotov, ironically, saluting naval fashion.

Contact with the circles in the Polyustrov sub-district was maintained and literature was distributed by Alexander Erkk. The brothers Paul and Ilya Sudakov carried on most of the work connected with the Okhta sub-district, where the underground work was centred in the Crichton shipbuilding yards.

In the Black Creek District, near New Village, we had rather small circles at the engineering works of Isidor Goldberg, Eckwall Bros., and particularly at the Baranov Works, at the Struck Emery Mill, and at Cheshire's big textile mill, which became famous in the history of the revolutionary movement in 1880. The largest circle was that at the Cheshire Mills. At the head of this circle, composed almost entirely of men, although women predominated in the mill, was a middle-aged worker whose name, unfortunately, I do not remember. He was an interesting type of worker-revolutionary. He looked about forty years old. His slightly stooping figure, clothed in a cotton blouse and white duck pants bagging at the knees, his sunken, lustreless eyes, and his melancholy face did not distinguish him from the usual type of mill worker who spent his life from childhood on, standing at the loom breathing the pernicious dust that filled the air in the mill. And yet he was the best educated of all the workers I knew in our organization. The studies in his circle were conducted more regularly and more seriously than in all other workers' *Iskra* circles on the Viborg Side; and when the intellectual could not come he himself explained difficult passages from Marx to the members of the circle. When I last saw him, in 1903, he was living in Nayshlotsky Lane. He had a "corner" of a room in one of the crowded little factory houses.

There was hardly enough room in his "corner" for his small library, which consisted almost entirely of books on philosophy. I believe it was in this apartment that he was arrested later in the year. Ephim Izotov, hail and hearty to this day and living in Leningrad, could give further details about this interesting worker-revolutionary.

Conditions for underground revolutionary work on the Viborg Side were on the whole very favourable at this time. Quite a large number of prominent underground workers, including Lenin and Babushkin,* whom I once saw in 1900 or 1901 at a small gathering in the Polyustrov District, had prepared the district well.

Although there was no underground organization at Nobel's before I started work there, or to be more exact, at the time I started work there, there were many workers there to whom illegal literature and leaflets were no novelty.

Despite all my attempts to keep my work a secret I was not particularly successful. Within a month, many workers at the factory knew that I was almost the chief "instigator" of sedition. Once, to my surprise, the foreman of the fitters' shop, Lindquist, an old friend of my father, approached my machine just after I had distributed a fairly large number of leaflets and warned me

* Ivan Babushkin, a metal worker, who together with Vasili Shelgunov and Lenin organized the League of Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class in 1894-95. He was an educated theoretician and an excellent practical worker in the Russian working class movement. As organizer, propagandist and agitator he visited all the important industrial districts in Russia preaching revolutionary Social-Democracy to the workers and organizing them for the fight. On a number of occasions he was arrested and imprisoned in various parts of the country. In 1905 he was captured and shot in Siberia on the order of General Rennenkampf, chief of the punitive expedition sent by the tsarist government to suppress the revolutionary movement.

in a fatherly way to be more careful, there might be spies at the factory. Nevertheless I was able to work there for over a year without any arrests taking place.

Not only the factory, but all of the Viborg Side seemed to have been infected with the revolutionary spirit at that time, even the vagrants. Anyone who has worked or lived on the Viborg Side will remember the famous vagrant Petka Ribak,* for there was not a single big street fight in the district that he did not take part in. When Ribak joined in a fight the police and janitors got it particularly hot, for he could not stand the sight of them and they were a bit afraid of him. He could play on the accordion magnificently, and he sang revolutionary songs just as magnificently. On summer evenings, as we were leaving work at the end of the day, we would find him with his accordion sitting on some logs piled on the embankment, waiting for our "orders." We always ordered revolutionary songs and the "fee" was usually a bottle of vodka. One of his best songs was about Savva Morozov ** sung to the tune of "Kamarinskaya." Unfortunately, I do not remember all the words, but it was a skit on Morozov's piety and his desire to collect funds, to which his sweated employees were to contribute, to build a church to dope the workers and keep them submissive to his exploitation. But the workers' time would come. They would smelt all the church bells and cast a great gun from which they would blow all the exploiters and priests to the heaven they were always chanting about. Another song he sang was entitled "The Priest and the Devil," which was not flattering to the priest. He usually ended his "concert" with a song entitled "Cossack Song," also sung to the tune of a popular folk song. Before he began to sing this

* Peter the fisherman.—*Ed.*

** One of the biggset textile mill owners of that day.

song he would look round to see whether the policeman was out of earshot. I have not heard this song sung since then, and I have not seen it in any song book, but I remember that it was very typical of the times, for it dealt with the demonstration on Kazan Square in St. Petersburg on March 4, 1901. In it a Cossack laments the fact that he and his comrades had been called out to help the police to disperse the demonstrators on that memorable day. They had not been given anything to eat, but they had had plenty of vodka. That explains why they had carried out the dirty work assigned to them by the Governor of St. Petersburg. On their way back to their barracks the Cossacks regret what they had done and they say: "The soldier is a hefty lad, but to beat the people down is a job that he can be induced to do only when he is drunk."

Sometimes the policeman would steal up quietly while Petya was singing and pushing his way towards him would say in a stern voice:

"At it again, Ribak, singing about Morozov?"

And Petya would reply:

"Not at all, sir, listen."

And amidst general mirth he would strike up some ribald ditty.

"Look out Ribak, we'll catch you some day and you won't get out of it easily," the policeman would say threateningly in order to hide his confusion; and to show that he was a zealous guardian of "law and order" he would begin to hustle the crowd that had gathered and say: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, pass along please, you are not allowed to assemble in crowds." And then he would go back to his beat.

Petya was actually caught soon afterwards when he was arrested on suspicion of having killed someone in a fight; he was

released owing to lack of evidence against him. Later on it was reported that he was drowned while on a drunken spree.

At the end of the summer of 1902, about six weeks after I had been appointed organizer of the Viborg District, "Grisha" Sternin and I were co-opted to the St. Petersburg Committee of the *Iskra* group. Of course I was very proud of this distinction, but my work and worries trebled. Up to this time I had spent all my free evenings and Sundays visiting the circles in this huge district; but now I had to ask the foreman to let me off in the afternoon, sometimes twice a week, in order to attend the meetings of the Committee. And as Helene Stassova, then secretary of the St. Petersburg Committee,* often contrived to arrange the committee meetings in the most bourgeois of houses I had to spend a great deal of money to clothe myself respectably.

The St. Petersburg Committee at that time consisted of Helene Stassova, "Nina Lvovna," who was also known as "Zver," Anatole Avdeyevich Divilkovsky, "Bur," von Essen, "Olga Petrovna," ** and another comrade, I think, whom I don't remember. It must have been for the purpose of investing me with greater prestige that they christened me "Sergey Sergeyevich," but Sternin, notwithstanding the high rank of "committee member" remained plain "Grisha."

Helene Stassova was always the first to appear at the meetings which, as I have said before, frequently took place at very bourgeois apartments, and she scolded us roundly for coming late. Perhaps this is why she was nicknamed "General." Besides the latter nickname, she was also called "Absolute," I don't know why. It is not to her discredit to say that I feared her exceedingly

* In 1917 was Secretary of the Central Committee of the R.C.P.; now President of the International Labour Defence.

** The names in quotation marks are revolutionary pseudonyms.

and prepared my reports on the work in the district with great care, preferring to understate the number of members in the circles and the number of meetings that took place rather than exaggerate them so as not to cause her to suspect that I was trying to make the state of affairs in my district appear better than they were. Nevertheless, the figures given by the comrade in charge of the distribution of literature showed that the Viborg District took the largest quantity, owing to the trustworthiness of the members of the circles there and the efficient distributing apparatus we had organized.

The St. Petersburg printing press (I heard in passing that there was more than one) worked excellently. We were particularly proud of our machine, which was not a bit worse than that of any legal press. It was either in 1902 or 1903, I don't remember exactly, that our First of May manifesto came out with an excellent portrait of Marx, which particularly astonished the workers.

No significant event in the political life of Russia or of Europe ever occurred at that time to which the St. Petersburg Committee did not react in its manifestoes. The Committee exercised a great deal of influence on the intelligentsia as well as on the workers, and special manifestoes were printed for them. These manifestoes were not widely distributed at the factories, but were given to members of the circles only. They were sent by post to addresses selected from the postal directory and they were also distributed in theatres.

For the latter purpose, groups of three, one from each of three circles, were formed. They procured tickets for the balconies and various corners of the theatre chosen for operations and just before the curtain rose and the house was dark they threw the manifestoes, which were conveniently folded, into the auditor-

ium into which they fluttered in all directions. Sometimes the comrades accompanied this with a fervent shout of "Down with the Autocracy!"

Nobel's, where I worked, always received more literature than other factories, for most of the leaflets were delivered to my home. Not infrequently 300 manifestoes were distributed among the 600 workers employed at the factory. The leaflets were distributed at our factory very quickly and dexterously by a young Esthonian turner named Julius Tilte. It took him not more than half-an-hour during work time to strew every shop with leaflets, and then he would innocently begin reading a manifesto that he himself had just pasted on the wall. I regret to say that later when he was arrested, he funked and blabbed everything he knew to the gendarmes.

Once, on the day of the two-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing in Russia, we had to distribute manifestoes in the city as well. This was in the spring of 1903, if I am not mistaken. "Olga Viktorovna" dropped in at the factory during the dinner hour and asked me to assign two comrades to the task of distributing the leaflets on the streets of St. Petersburg that day. I promised and decided to be one of them, although I knew that if Helene Stassova found out she would scold me roundly for it. I chose Tilte to accompany me.

Tilte and I left the factory about two hours before stopping time, went to the place agreed upon, received about three hundred leaflets from "Olga Viktorovna" and proceeded to Nevsky Prospect. When we reached the corner of Nevsky and Liteyni, Tilte pulled part of the manifestoes, about one hundred or one hundred and fifty (I had the rest), out of his pockets, put them all in his left hand quite openly, just as touts do in distributing advertisements, and started up Liteyni Prospect shouting: "The Bi-

centenary of Printing," meanwhile pushing the leaflets into the hands of passers-by.

I walked five or six steps behind him and observed how the public reacted. Some glanced over the leaflet, their eyes boggled with astonishment; they shrugged their shoulders, folded up the leaflet carefully and concealed it in their pockets. Others glanced at the leaflet nervously, crumpled it up in a frightened manner and furtively threw it away. We got as far as Furshtadt Street. Here a suspicious looking individual glanced at the leaflet he had received, turned round and rapidly followed Tilte. I suspected he was a detective and hurried my steps. I came up to Tilte and in passing him whispered: "There's a 'tec behind us." We called a drozhky standing alone nearby and both of us got in it. We promised him a good tip if he hurried and he whipped up his horse. We drove rapidly over the Liteyni Bridge to the Viborg Side. We looked back to see whether we were being pursued, and when we had assured ourselves that we were not, I pulled out the leaflets I had (Tilte had managed to give out almost all of his) and we began throwing them out on to the street from the drozhky. When I gave Helene Stassova an account of the affair I received a "general's" reprimand.

At the end of 1902 the *Iskra*-ists predominated in all the workers' districts both ideologically and organizationally. There were almost no disputes about whether the political struggle was necessary as well as the economic struggle. One could not but be convinced of the need for a political struggle at that time, when the whole of Russia was beginning to seethe, and when the cry "Down with the Autocracy" was being heard louder and louder in all corners of this immense country. A wave of strikes and demonstrations swept over Russia on May 1, 1902, followed by police persecution and the shooting down of demonstrators.

Workers were deported for taking part in the demonstrations in Sormovo and Saratov. Workers organized a demonstration at Tikhoretsk to protest against the rape and murder of an arrested woman teacher by the gendarmes, and the Cossacks opened fire on them. The Batum demonstration was broken up by soldiers firing into the crowd. Finally, the enormous demonstrations at Rostov-on-Don, in which 30,000 people took part and at which political demands were put forward, definitely opened the eyes of even the mouldiest pettifogging "Economists."

The only disputes I remember as the last dying echoes of the struggle against the "Economists" *Rabocheye Dyelo*-ists were those concerning organizational questions.

We *Iskra*-ists argued that under the autocracy an underground organization could function only if it maintained strict and consistent organizational centralism, iron discipline in committees and the utmost secrecy; but all this should not by any means hinder the spreading of revolutionary, Marxian ideas widely among the masses. We were of the opinion that the principle of electing party officials should be postponed to more favourable times when organization was legal. The "Economists" on the other hand, argued that even in the conditions existing at the time it was possible to introduce "democratic control," and the elective principle, even if it were inconsistently indirect and on a two-stage basis. To this day I do not understand how it could have been carried out in practice.

The appearance in 1902 of Lenin's book *What Is To Be Done?* put an end to all these arguments. In it the conclusions to be drawn from the ideological and organizational disputes were summed up and in a sharp, clear and precise manner Lenin showed how revolutionary Marxian work was to be carried on in the future.

The book created a powerful impression on us, and while there may have been a few who were sometimes perplexed by the arguments advanced by "Economist" workers against the "Generals" on the *Iskra*-ist Committees, all doubts vanished after a perusal of this book.

In May 1903 I was sent as delegate to the Second Congress of the Party.

CHAPTER III.
THE SECOND PARTY CONGRESS

I LEARNED that I was to go abroad to attend the Second Party Congress in the middle of April. The news took me somewhat by surprise. The journey did not worry me, for I had been abroad before and was now able to travel quite legally, but going to the Party Congress as a delegate did worry me exceedingly. I confided my doubts to Helene Stassova, but she explained to me that it was necessary to send workers to the Congress, especially from St. Petersburg. I was the most fitting person to be sent, for I was a member of the Committee, worked at a factory and was the organizer of a big district like Viborg. I did not dispute her. There were three underground Social-Democratic organizations working in St. Petersburg at that time and all three claimed the right to send their own delegates. Two of these organizations called themselves the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party, and both had their St. Petersburg Committee. I do not remember what disagreements in principle there were between these two organizations, but I do know that our organization had connections at almost all the factories and that we were the only organization that distributed literature, particularly leaflets, among the broad masses of the workers; the other organization had no connections whatever among the workers and only a few among the students.

The third organization had no committee and called itself the St. Petersburg Group of Russian Social-Democrats. This was

A Group of Bolshevik Delegates to the Second Party Congress
Standing from left to right: Shottman, Stepanov, Ulyanov. Seated from left to right: Stopany, Krassikov, Krupskaya, Zemlyachka and Lyadov

the group of *Rabocheye Dyelo* led by Akimov-Makhnovets and Martynov.*

Since all three organizations demanded a mandate to the Congress, and since the Organization Committee which was especially set up to prepare and convene the Congress had decided that like other districts, St. Petersburg was to have only two mandates, members of the Organization Committee had to visit us several times to settle the question. After protracted discussions, disputes and investigations the Organization Committee decided provisionally, subject to the final decision of the Congress, to allow our organization two mandates, both with voting powers, and another mandate to the St. Petersburg Group, also with voting power.

After this decision we called a meeting of our St. Petersburg Committee at which we discussed the nomination of delegates. My nomination was not objected to as I was a worker, and working at a factory at that, and it was endorsed without discussion; but a prolonged debate arose on the second nomination. The most suitable candidate was Helene Stassova. At first there were no objections to her being elected; but the question arose

* The *Rabocheye Dyelo* began publication abroad in 1898. The *Rabocheye Dyelo-ists* were "Economists" and advanced the theory of "stages." According to this theory Social-Democracy was at all times to express the mood of the most backward section of the masses; for that reason they were called "khvostists" ("tail-ists"), *i.e.*, those who dragged at the tail of the masses instead of leading them. *Iskra* fought fiercely against *Rabocheye Dyelo.*

V. P. Makhnovets-Akimov, representative of "Economism," was a delegate to the Second Congress, after which he joined the extreme Right wing of the Mensheviks.

A. S. Martynov, outstanding representative of "Economism," editor of *Rabocheye Dyelo,* after the Second Congress became leader of the Mensheviks. Gradually broke away from the Mensheviks after the October Revolution. Joined the C.P.S.U. in 1923. Died June 1935.

of finding someone to fill her place as secretary, while she was away, and all unanimously declared that there was no one to replace her at the moment. Indeed it was due to her energy, her wide connections with all strata of the population in St. Petersburg, her ability to select the right people, that the *Iskra*-ist St. Petersburg Committee of the R.S.D.L.P. displayed such a wide range of activity, solidarity and firmness.

The numerous arrests that had taken place in our organization not long before this made it necessary to rally all forces to continue the struggle and to weld the organization more firmly together. It was therefore finally decided that I alone was to be sent to represent the Committee and that the second mandate be given to Gorev-Goldman, a member of the Organization Committee who was present at the meeting. With this we dispersed.

The Congress had been called for July 1903; but I had told the Committee even at the meeting that I was not prepared for such a responsible mission; besides, the First of May was approaching which meant an increase in arrests. The St. Petersburg Committee and the representatives of the Organization Committee therefore decided to send me abroad immediately so that I might have time to read revolutionary literature, become acquainted and talk with the Party leaders, make myself familiar with the state of affairs in our Party, and in addition, be safeguarded from the First of May arrests.

I was working at the Ludwig Nobel Iron Works on the Viborg Side at the time. I had to give two weeks' notice of my leaving and this I did. It was decided that I was to go abroad legally for it would be easy for me, as a native of Finland, to get a legal passport.

I continued to work at the factory for the two weeks, and

during this time I put in the necessary applications for a passport which meant my visiting the police and the Finnish passport office. I had to get the passport in Viborg and I decided to go there after I had received my discharge papers from the factory. Besides this I had to finish the preparations for the First of May, train my substitute as organizer and finish up a number of other tasks connected with my underground work. I was then living with my mother and my crippled brother on the Viborg Embankment. My brother did no work and my mother kept house, so that both depended on me for support and I had to see that my mother was taken care of while I was abroad. Helene Stassova obtained a hundred rubles for me which I gave to my mother together with the wages I received when I left the factory. This had to last her for three months.

Before I left I went to see "Adel"* and we took a long walk, first along the Neva Embankment near the Botanical Gardens, and then we went into the gardens. There we sat down on a bench and he gave me all the details of my journey, Potresov-Starover's address in Geneva, the password and money for the journey. We bade each other farewell and arranged to meet in Geneva.

After that I had to go to the police headquarters on Sampsoniyev Prospect for some sort of certificate. While I was sitting in the corridor together with the other visitors, a policeman dashed in panting, and ignoring the presence of strangers, he reported to the inspector that the workers of the Voronin Mills had stopped work before the gong and were leaving the gates shouting and singing. This information startled me, the district organizer, more than the police. I barely waited to receive the certificate I needed and almost ran out of the police station to dig up Comrade Izotov,

* Gorev-Goldman.

"Muzhik," who worked at Voronin's and was organizer there. When I found him he told me that he had not been able to restrain the workers and it was now urgently necessary to call a meeting of the circle. The circle met in the evening; I do not remember what decisions were made at the meeting. This happened several days before the First of May.

At my suggestion N. N. Yunikov, a fitter at a factory in the Viborg District, now deceased, had been appointed district organizer in my stead. I wound up all my affairs, tucked my small bundle of clothes under my arm and left on the eve of the First of May. I went to Viborg first, got my passport the same day and then started on my journey. I told no one except my mother where and why I was going, and on my return from the Congress it turned out to have been a very wise move on my part.

I bought a ticket in Helsingfors for Lubeck, got on board without mishap and arrived safely two days later. From Lubeck I went by rail to Hamburg, spent the night there and then bought a ticket for Geneva. A slight incident occurred at the station. Standing at the platform barrier where tickets are checked I noticed that only three minutes were left before the departure of my train. A train was already drawn up at the platform. I showed my ticket to the inspector, but he shook his head and barred my way. The train was beginning to move, so I pushed past the inspector, dashed to the moving train and hopped on one of the cars. I glanced back and saw the inspector pointing in my direction and shouting something. In the train the conductor looked at my ticket and said something to me which I did not understand. When we reached the first big station two men in uniform approached me and told me to follow them. I began protesting, but they disregarded my protests, picked up the small

suitcase I had bought in Helsingfors, and moved out toward the platform with it.

I of course followed them, convinced that I was arrested. They led me down some stairs and under a bridge to another platform and motioned me to stand there, putting my suitcase down beside me. In a little while a train came in, and a minute later a man in uniform ran up to me, took my suitcase and started for the train, beckoning to me to follow him. In the train he put my suitcase on the luggage rack, pointed to an empty seat, smiled, clapped me heartily on the back and said. "Nach Genf, gut," and waved in the direction the train was going. Only then did I realize that I had boarded the wrong train in Hamburg. I had not had the patience to wait three minutes for the train that was really going to Geneva. This was my first visit to Germany (I had been to England, Italy and France) and such punctuality and organization amazed me.

I continued my journey without futher adventure and arrived at Geneva early in the morning. On the street I showed the scrap of paper with Potresov's address on it to passers-by from time to time and found his house quite easily. Potresov himself opened the door for me. I showed him the address, gave him the password and was invited in. Potresov was overjoyed at my arrival; I believe I was the first of the Congress delegates to arrive. He arranged for me to wash and clean up, as I was very dusty from the journey, and while I was thus engaged he over and over again expressed his pleasure at my coming. Over our tea he began questioning me, but not about St. Petersburg and his acquaintances there as I had expected, but about my journey, how I had travelled, and so on. Later, however, he remarked that he was putting off the other questions until Y. O. Martov arrived and that he had already sent for him.

A few minutes later Martov arrived and then they bombarded me with questions. Both were highly gratified at what I told them of the development of the labour movement in Russia with which, of course, they were generally familiar. But they were interested in every detail concerning the life of the underground organizations, particularly the factory organizations. We discovered that we had mutual acquaintances whom I had seen but a week ago. Again a string of questions: how they were getting on, were they not in danger of arrest, were they in good health, what messages had they sent, and so on and so forth.

I took a great liking to both; like nice, big, overgrown children, they exulted at the tiniest bit of progress or success I told them about; they wondered how I had managed to work a whole year as district organizer without being arrested. I saw a great deal of them subsequently, particularly Martov, and found a number of negative qualities in them, especially at the Congress, but my first meeting with them and our two-hour cordial conversation are deeply engraved in my memory.

I knew both, particularly Martov, from our illegal literature, and I looked on them at that time as people set apart, especially since I had never met a famous writer before, much less a revolutionary writer, although by that time I had been working in the revolutionary movement for more than three years. I remember how astonished I was at Martov's appearance. Potresov looked like a real European; he had broad shoulders, a tinge of pink in his cheeks and a carefully trimmed beard and was well-dressed. Martov, however, resembled an impecunious Russian intellectual. His face was pale, his cheeks hollow, his beard wispy and unkempt, his pince-nez were always on the point of fallng off his nose, his clothes hung on him as on a hook, newspapers, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc., stuck out of his pockets. He was terribly

round shouldered, one shoulder was higher than the other, and as a final touch, he stuttered. An unattractive exterior. But when one began to talk to him or heard him speaking, all these disfigurements seemed to disappear and one saw only his great erudition, his sharp wit and his fanatical devotion to the cause of the working class.

What a pity a great intellect like that deserted the working class and began to fight it the moment it had achieved the very thing he had called upon it to aspire to at the outset of his revolutionary activity.

A meeting of the *Iskra*-ists had been called for that day which all the leaders of the Party were to attend. Martov and Potresov invited me to go with them and, naturally, I gladly accepted their invitation. When we had talked our fill Martov rose and left us to keep an appointment; I remained with Potresov. And now I became the questioner and he the answerer. We talked for an hour and then got ready to go to the meeting. Potresov told me that I would see Plekhanov, Lenin, Zasulich and other famous revolutionaries, and my heart beat fast in anticipation; I felt elated.

We walked a short way through the streets of Geneva, Potresov frequently bowing to passing acquaintances, and entered a small house. We were shown into a small room lined with books and were greeted cordially by a grey-haired man who looked like a professor. Potresov introduced us but I did not catch his name, nor was I particularly interested, for I assumed from his appearance that he was a liberal sympathizer who had placed his apartment at the disposal of revolutionaries for a meeting, as often occurred in Russia. I waited expectantly for Plekhanov, Lenin, Axelrod, Vera Zasulich and other Party leaders.

Martov came in a few minutes later, and soon after him Ple-

khanov, whom I recognized immediately from the photographs I had seen of him. He greeted me very cordially and asked about my journey. I shook hands with him in awe, and when he had seated himself on the edge of a large table I gazed at him, unable to tear my eyes away, in a sort of moon-calf ecstasy. I could not believe that I was sitting in the same room with Plekhanov, of whom I had heard and read so much. He sat next to Martov and, turning to him, showed him some papers covered with writing and began talking to him quietly but earnestly. A few minutes later two women and a bald-headed man came in. They gave me a slight nod, seated themselves at the other end of the room and began talking quietly to each other. I pointed to one of the newcomers, a grey-haired, rather poorly dressed woman and asked Potresov in a whisper who she was. He whispered that that was Vera Zasulich. I had expected the heroine who had tried to assassinate the tsarist satrap Trepov in 1878 to look different. She sat there for a few minutes with the woman she had come with, then jumped up briskly, went over to Plekhanov and whispered something in his ear; the latter smiled in reply; she then approached Martov, asked him for a cigarette, lit it and sat down beside me. She smiled at me and began questioning me about my journey, how I felt, how Helene Stassova was, and so on. I felt at ease with her, but answered at random, for all my attention was taken up with the new arrivals and the people already there. Potresov introduced a few other newcomers to me, but I did not get their names. I waited impatiently for Lenin, Axelrod and Deutsch to arrive.

Potresov opened the meeting. I still did not know what sort of meeting this was, and I do not remember now what they talked about. I do remember that it was a quiet meeting, that

Plekhanov spoke more than the others and that Martov was a good second. The woman who had come with the bald-headed man took the minutes. The meeting lasted only about an hour and then broke up without any leavetaking. I remained alone with our grey-headed host. I pointed to a large portrait hanging on the wall and asked who it was.

"That is Kravchinsky," he replied.

I began recalling with delight the remarkable terrorist act of 1878 that had taken place in broad daylight in the centre of the city when Chief of Gendarmes Mezentsov was assassinated. My old host (even at that time he impressed me as being an old man) was highly pleased with my admiration of Kravchinsky.

"He is my best friend," he exclaimed. "And do you know me?" he asked.

"No, I don't."

"I am Deutsch,"* he said with a slight smile.

This was so unexpected, I was so astounded and glad that I rushed up to him and embraced him heartily.

Who of our young revolutionaries at that time did not go into raptures over the heroes of "Narodnaya Volya"? Who of us had not read those marvellous stories of Kravchinsky-Stepnyak, *The Little House on the Volga, The Stundist Paul Rudenko,* and others? We went into transports, we simply devoured Deutsch's stories of his escapes from prison. It was not surprisng that I went into such ecstasies on meeting in person one of the heroes who,

* Leo Deutsch took part in the revolutionary movement of the 'seventies, first as a Narodnik, then in the organization of the "Emancipation of Labour" Group. Arrested in Germany in 1884, was extradited to Russia and sentenced to sixteen years' penal servitude, described by him in his book *Sixteen Years in Siberia.* He escaped abroad and was a delegate to the Second Congress at which he sided with the Mensheviks.

aided by Frolenko, had so daringly escaped from Kiev prison with Stefanovich.

When Deutsch had recovered somewhat from my unexpected transports of joy, we sat down and had a long talk on various topics. He questioned me in great detail about underground work in St. Petersburg and told me of the interesting life abroad. Before I left for the room they had found for me in the suburbs, I asked him about the people who had been at the meeting. I confessed that I had not caught half the names when they were introduced.

The man with the reddish beard and bald head who had come with Zasulich and had sat silently in the corner of the room during the entire meeting was Lenin, and the woman with him was Nadezhda Krupskaya. Only then did I remember that Plekhanov and Martov had occasionally appealed to him as if for confirmation of their ideas, and he had now and again nodded his head in agreement.

I do not know whether Lenin was in a bad humour that day or whether the questions discussed at the meeting had all been settled beforehand; I only remember him at this meeting as a silent and rather stern figure.

Gradually the Congress delegates began to arrive. Sergey Gusev, the Rostov delegate, arrived and we became friends from the very start. He had barely escaped hanging after the famous strikes in Rostov-on-Don in 1902, where for the first time in Russia a committee of our Party organized meetings of several thousands. In addition to being a good revolutionary, Gusev was a good and cheerful comrade. He was well-informed about all the meetings and the decisions of the leaders and he told us, the worker-delegates, about them. We sometimes went for long walks in the outskirts of Geneva and there, out of earshot of the

snobbish Geneva townsfolk, we sang stirring Russian songs. Sergey Gusev always started the singing.

Other organizers and participants of the Rostov strikes had arrived in Geneva not long before I came, and the Russian girl students living in Geneva flocked around them and worshipped them like heroes. A conspicuous figure among the Rostov arrivals was Ivan Stavsky, the leader of the Rostov events, and with him was "Afanasy" Mochalov, who had written a fairly detailed account of the events. A third, who had arrived with them, was "Zeka" Mikhailov who later turned out to be a provocateur. For purposes of secrecy we were warned to keep away from them, and also not to mingle with the political exiles living in Geneva with the exception of a very small circle of comrades recommended by Lenin or by another comrade of the Editorial Board of *Iskra*.

We were present at nearly all the meetings which took place almost every day. Nevertheless the worker-delegates were rather isolated from the rest. I have only a very vague recollection of what the disputes of these meetings were about; I remember only that sometimes they became very heated.

Although Lenin was silent at the first meeting at which I met him, that cannot be said to have been the case at the subsequent meetings. I do not remember exactly what the dispute was about at the next meeting, where I first heard Lenin speak, but I do remember that he spoke so simply, clearly and convincingly that I sided with him entirely after hearing his first speeches.

I enjoyed Plekhanov's eloquence and his wonderfully apt witticisms, but when Lenin opposed him I supported Lenin. I cannot explain why this was, but that is what always happened, and it was the same with other worker-delegates, like Stepanov and "Andrey." When the three of us met together at my house or

at "Andrey's" after these meetings we always expressed our admiration of Lenin's practical mind, his knowledge and the particular gift he had for expounding his views. Occasionally, after a meeting, Lenin invited us to take a stroll with him and have a heart to heart talk. On leaving him after these talks we were still more charmed with him, although he never thrust his views on us, and never spoke against those who differed with him. He always said what he thought on a given question in a very clear and particularly comradely manner.

As more and more delegates arrived, the meetings became more frequent. Sometimes the members of the Editorial Board of *Iskra* did not attend, but we worker-delegates were always invited and we were very glad of this, for we wanted conscientiously to examine every disagreement and shade of difference existing among the delegates. I remember very clearly the disputes that arose on the question of whether a popular newspaper was necessary for our Party in addition to *Iskra*. At that time a group of Ekaterinoslav comrades were publishing a popular newspaper, called *Yuzhny Rabochy* (*The Southern Worker*). I had seen copies of this newspaper in St. Petersburg, and I must admit that I liked it, for its views were those of *Iskra* and its language could be understood by the broad masses of the workers, whereas somewhat more training was required to understand *Iskra*. At least, so it seemed to me. But when a dispute arose between Lenin and Plekhanov on the expediency of publishing two newspapers, and Lenin, with his characteristic firmness and persistence argued that it would be useless publishing a popular newspaper parallel with *Iskra*, I wanted to hear both sides of the question in greater detail.

Several fairly stormy meetings were devoted to the discussion of this controversial question. The arguments of both sides were convincing and we worker-delegates found it difficult at first to

decide which side to take; we liked the *Southern Worker's* popular exposition of the tasks of the Party; but on the other hand we felt in our hearts that two central organs, one published abroad and the other in Russia, would probably cause complications.

At one of our meetings I met P. B. Axelrod.* He won my heart immediately with his benign, somewhat fatherly manner. He had long talks with us, sometimes all together, sometimes with each of us separately. He was overjoyed when we told him that the pamphlets of the Emancipation of Labour Group were passed from my hand and read over and over again by the workers until they were worn to tatters. We became very friendly with him and had long discussions on every topic under the sun. Who would have thought then that twenty years later this man would be in the ranks of the worst enemies of the working class, that he would be fighting against the very worker whom he had taught to fight against oppression and the oppressors and who had achieved what his teacher, now his betrayer, once taught him!

Once, I do not remember on what occasion, I was invited to tea at Plekhanov's home. I had heard that Plekhanov lived somewhat apart from the rest of the political exiles and invitations to visit him were very rare. I do not know to what I owed this honour. I remember that Martov, Zasulich, Deutsch and Potresov were there that evening. Our host was evidently out of sorts, for conversation lagged somewhat. I felt rather embarrassed in this company on this occasion; I sat there fidgeting, I did not know what to do with my hands, and so on. It may have been the luxurious surroundings that oppressed me, or the presence of Plekhanov's daughters, who could not speak Russian, I was

* A prominent Menshevik and Liquidator. Deserted abroad after the October Revolution; a bitter enemy of the Soviet Union.

told, and spoke to their mother in French while I was there; or it may have been something else that made me feel so uncomfortable that evening. Happily, my "visit" was not a long one and I breathed a sigh of relief as I emerged into the street.

I felt very much at home at Lenin's house. I came there first as the result of a chance meeting in the street. Lenin was riding a bicycle and when he saw Lyadov and me he jumped off, locked his arm in mine and took us to his apartment. There we found simple proletarian surroundings, a hearty welcome, friendly conversation over a glass of tea, followed sometimes by a walk in the country. But these visits were very rare, because Lenin was hard at work from morning till late at night, mainly on the preparations for the Congress. In the intervals between conferences Stepanov and I went to the *Iskra* despatch office and helped the comrades there to send off literature to Russia. There I made the acquaintance of Litvinov, now our Commissar of Foreign Affairs, who for some reason was called "Papasha."* "Papasha" explained to us all the intricacies of the secret despatch of large quantities of illegal pamphlets and newspapers to Russia. The despatch office occupied fairly large premises on the Rue de Carouge in which the literature was stored. In one of the rooms some comrades were engaged in packing this literature in a particular way, carefully wrapping it in water-proof packing material; for the literature was smuggled into Russia with the aid of smugglers and there was always the danger of the packages getting wet.

In another room "Papasha" and Bloomfield, the manager of the *Iskra* printing press, were testing a method, which had just been invented, of printing the newspaper from zinc plates. A printed sheet of newspaper was laid on a highly polished zinc plate

* Daddy.—*Ed.*

smeared with some substance—the paper was printed with a special sort of brown ink—then it was carefully smoothed over and after a time it was slowly pulled off. The print of the newspaper was then found to have been transferred to the zinc plate. After this, the zinc plate was gone over with a rubber roller smeared with printers' ink and then a clean sheet of news print was laid on the plate, gone over with a clean rubber roller and then carefully pulled off. The result was a clean printed sheet. This was a special sort of stereotype from which an infinite number of copies could be obtained. This invention caused quite a stir at that time because it was believed that it would be possible to use it in many of the large centres in Russia not only to produce *Iskra*, but also pamphlets. It would only be necessary to send from abroad the original copy and the special ink. I do not know why this invention was not used in this way. It would be a good thing if Comrade Litvinov gave us a detailed account of the technique employed by *Iskra* at that time.

At this period the Socialist-Revolutionary Party was at the height of its glory. The assassination and attempts at assassination of tsarist ministers, gendarmes and governors followed, one after another. This concentration on acts of terror alone might have had a bad effect upon mass agitation and propaganda among the broad strata of the working class precisely at this time when a huge wave of mass strikes and demonstrations was sweeping Russia and the slogan: "Down with the Autocracy!" was heard more and more frequently at these demonstrations. *Iskra* took note of this danger, started an energetic campaign against this one-sidedness and called upon the masses to organize their ranks and prepare to storm the fortress of autocracy in an organized mass fashion.

This gave rise to a heated controversy between *Iskra* and

Revolutionary Russia, the organ of the Socialist-Revolutionaries. After a clever and biting article by Martov, entitled "The Tartuffes of Revolutionary Morality," had appeared in *Iskra*, the Socialist-Revolutionary colony in Geneva, joined by the Anarchists, summoned *Iskra* before a comrades court, challenged it to a duel, as it were. *Iskra* accepted the challenge and it was decided to arrange a joint meeting with the Socialist-Revolutionaries on the next holiday and to give them battle, a battle of words of course. Nearly the whole of the Russian colony in Geneva attended this meeting. For some reason the Socialist-Revolutionaries were late and we waited for them for more than an hour. Finally we decided not to wait any longer and open the meeting without them. Plekhanov got up on the platform, took the chairman's seat, rang his bell and declared the meeting open. Immediately, a howl was raised from the back seats. No one could make out what the people were shouting, although they shouted at the top of their voices. This hullabaloo, it turned out, was raised by the Anarchists who had gathered in fairly large numbers.

Plekhanov waited calmly for the noise to subside; but it did not subside. We *Iskra*-ists, who occupied the front seats, tried to restrain ourselves and kept silent. But a remark uttered by Plekhanov acted like a bombshell on the Anarchists and they rushed towards the platform with raised fists; some of them waved chairs and even revolvers over the heads of the panic-stricken people in the hall. The situation became dangerous and many rushed to the doors. I can clearly picture to myself now a well-known Caucasian Anarchist, with a lame leg and wild rolling eyes, holding a chair above his head, forcing his way through the crowd to the platform. I could not restrain myself any longer; I seized a chair and pushed my way to the platform to protect Plekhanov and our other leaders who were on the platform. But they

were already surrounded by our friends and gazed calmly at the surging group of Anarchists. However, I continued to push my way through the crowd to the doors in order to get at the lame Anarchist, but both he and I were swept to different parts of the hall. The Socialist-Revolutionaries failed to turn up after all, and so this rather curious debate did not take place.

Altogether, I lived in Geneva about six weeks. By the end of July, nearly all the delegates had arrived; some of the delegates did not come to Geneva, however, but went straight on to Brussels where it had been decided to hold the Congress. At the numerous conferences at which all the items of the agenda of the forthcoming Congress were preliminarily discussed, it was revealed that all the *Iskra* delegates were in complete agreement. It seemed as if the Congress would be a short and harmonious one. It was in this expectation that the delegates began to depart in small groups in order to meet in Brussels. We worker-delegates, there were only three of us,* decided to travel together. We were joined by S. I. Gusev and, I think, by Tsaryev, the delegate from the Don Committee. Our departure had to be arranged secretly so as to prevent the place of the Congress from leaking out and so we left in small groups at intervals of a few days. Railway tickets were bought beforehand, each one went to the station separately, but we sat together in the train, pretending however that we did not know each other. But soon after we crossed the frontier into Germany, we forgot about the rules of secrecy and conversed together quite openly.

On arrival at Brussels we went to a hotel; a day or two after, rooms were found for us in private apartments. We three workers

* The Minutes of the Second Congress show that a fourth worker-delegate was present, named Muravyev, known abroad by the name of "Petyukhov." He represented the Ufa Committee.

were put into one large room. A few days later, another newly arrived delegate was put into a small room next to ours. There was no need for aliens to register in Belgium at that time, and nobody asked us who we were. The arrangements for our meals were excellent. A Belgian Socialist who owned a fairly large restaurant placed it at the disposal of the Congress, for a tidy sum, of course. We gathered at this restaurant twice a day and there met the newly arrived delegates. Seated at the tables we continued the discussions and arguments we had started in Geneva. Sometimes, "concerts" were arranged after supper at which the principal entertainer was S. I. Gusev, who had an excellent voice. I do not know whether it was these "concerts" that drew the attention of the Belgian police toward us, but a few days after our Congress opened, we were put under surveillance.

At last, all the delegates arrived, except two or three who had been arrested in Russia. Among the latter, we learned, was "Adel" Goldman, the third delegate from St. Petersburg, the man who had made the arrangements for my departure to Geneva. He was arrested just as he was crossing the frontier.

Premises for the Congress were provided by the Belgian comrades, mainly the trade unions. One of those who assisted us at that time was the present Belgian Cabinet Minister, Emil Vandervelde. For reasons of secrecy the meetings of the Congress were held in different parts of the city, mainly in the working class districts. I do not remember whether it was at the opening of the Congress or at one of its first meetings, but one day we had to suspend our session for totally unforeseen reasons. We had gathered in a rather gloomy hall with hardly any windows, in fact it was more like a garret. We had to sit on rough benches as there were only enough chairs for the members of the presidium and they, too, sat at a table hastily made up of rough boards. As soon

as the session opened the delegates began to behave in a strange manner; they wriggled and looked nervously around them. The members of the presidium also began to look around them and then to whisper to each other. In a few minutes all the delegates, one after another, sprang up, nervously twitching their shoulders, and looking around guiltily, made for the door. When nearly half the delegates had left the "hall" in this manner, one of those who remained proposed that the meeting be suspended and that everyone disperse as it was impossible to remain in the place because of . . . fleas! As soon as the cause of this "nervous tension" was revealed, the meeting was immediately suspended and everybody rushed for the door scratching themselves as they went. It transpired afterwards that these premises, which had been provided for us by the Belgian comrades, had been used as a warehouse for wool or something of the kind, which provided an excellent breeding ground for fleas.

We were not able to meet under the protection of the Belgian Constitution for long. As far as I remember we managed to hold four or five meetings during which we only succeeded in adopting the agenda and setting up the various committees. One not very fine day the Belgian police ordered four of our delegates, Comrades Zemlyachka, Gusev, Kuniyantz and Zubarov, to leave the country within twenty-four hours. No one knew why. We went to complain to Vandervelde about it, but he did not know the reason for the order of deportation and promsed to enquire into the matter. Nothing came of it, however, and the four comrades were compelled to gather up their possessions and wipe the dust of "free" Belgium from their feet. I think they were allowed to remain a day or two longer. This incident alone dislocated the work of the Congress and the question arose of adjourning to another place. Later on it was discovered that all the other dele-

gates had been placed under police surveillance and so it was decided to suspend the Congress immediately.

The general opinion was that London was a more suitable place in which to continue the Congress. There could be no thought of continuing it in Brussels because the detectives watching us became positively insolent in their attentions. We, who were accustomed to being watched by detectives in Russia, laughed at the clumsiness displayed by the Belgian detectives; they walked behind us without in the least concealing the fact that they were following us and sometimes, when we wanted to tease them and hired a cab and rode away, they literally ran after us. They followed us very closely on our way to the restaurant and back again. One morning some plain clothes policemen came to our house and demanded to know who we were. As we could not speak French we were rather embarrassed, but we were saved by Pavlovich-Krassikov and "Martin" Rozanov who came in just then. They could speak French. Krassikov came to visit us now and again and kept us informed about the inner workings of the Congress as he was a member of the presidium.

The policemen ordered us to fill up a questionnaire. It came into my head to suggest that all three of us describe ourselves as Swedish students. I knew a few Swedish words, and I also knew that the Swedes were known to be law abiding people and did not stir up revolutions; I thought, therefore, that if we described ourselves as Swedes the police would leave us in peace. In filling up the questionnaires I invented the names of Sundström, Vikström and Carlson, one born in Stockholm, the other in Uppsala and the third, in Gothenburg; occupation, students. We handed the questionnaires to the policemen, who bowed to us politely and departed. Stepanov and Andrey shrugged their shoulders with

astonishment at their sudden transformation into Swedish students.

Next morning a police official arrived and asked us to go and see the Chief of Police. We were accompanied to police headquarters by Krassikov or Rozanov, I do not remember which. The Chief of Police received us very politely in his large office in which several police officials were seated. He asked which of us was Sundström, Carlson and Vikström. And here an unfortunate thing occurred: we forgot which was which; but the Chief himself helped us out of the difficulty. He addressed us in Swedish, but in broken Swedish, and asked us whether we spoke the language. I at once realized that he knew as much Swedish as I did, and perhaps even less. I hastened to answer him in Swedish and put some questions to him. His reply was quite beside the mark. Then he asked me something and I answered at random, because I did not understand what he had asked me. In short, we had a "nice talk." From the proud way in which he looked at his subordinates, I gathered that he was very pleased at the opportunity of showing off his knowledge of Swedish, of which, probably, he boasted a great deal to his friends. After this "conversation" everything went off in perfect order and we departed in the friendliest way. Next day we left for London.

Several of us started out for London in the same train. First we went to Ostend, from there to Dover by boat and from Dover to London by train. Timely arrangements for rooms had been made by Alexeyev and Tachtarev, who lived in London, and everything went off smoothly. Gusev, Stepanov, Krassikov, Andrey and I went straight to Alexeyev's apartment situated somewhere in King's Cross. Comrade Alexeyev had lived in London for many years, spoke English well, and made himself indispensable to us. He informed us of the habits and customs of

the people and showed us the sights of London. He lived in a small room on the third floor "like a student." His room looked as if he had just moved into it and was about to leave within a few days. One would have thought that he lived entirely on canned food, as empty cans were heaped in all the corners of the room. As the London correspondent of *Russkiye Vedomosti* and other important Russian newspapers, he could have gone to the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, but he did not do so because he had not a decent suit of clothes to go in.

Stepanov and I found lodgings with a "quiet English family" living not far from Alexeyev. Several of us often gathered in Alexeyev's room and "debated" the numerous speeches made at the Congress.

The Congress was resumed on the day after our arrival. As was the case in Brussels, we held our meetings in different parts of the town. Premises were provided for us by the trade unions. One day, soon after our arrival, some street urchins began to throw rotten potatoes, wads of dirty paper and other rubbish at us as we were leaving the meeting. I do not know who instigated this. Perhaps the English people were annoyed at the queer, mixed crowd coming out of the meeting place, violently gesticulating and continuing in the street the heated controversies of the Congress. Our crowd was indeed a mixed one. What nationalities and customs were not represented among us! Picture to yourself, for example, "Rashid Bek" (Arshak Gerasimovich Zubarov) giving reign to his Caucasian temperament in the street in heated argument with his opponents. When we left the building next day we found a burly policeman guarding the door. It transpired that he had been stationed there at the request of the trade unions.

Meetings of the Congress were held every day, from morning until evening, with a short recess for dinner. The Congress lasted

nearly six weeks. Of the thirty-seven meetings that were held I remember distinctly only about ten. Owing to inexperience, or some other reason, the debates on some, even insignificant questions, were inordinately long and seemed interminable. In these cases some of us, and I confess I among them, slipped out of the hall and walked about the bright streets watching the life of this great European city. I think the only delegate who did not miss a single meeting, nor even a single word uttered by any of the speakers, was V. I. Lenin.

Indeed, as we now know, had not Lenin watched the work of the Congress so closely and taken almost verbatim notes of the speeches, much of the history of our Party would have been lost. It was only thanks to Lenin that a number of questions which seemed unimportant to the delegates at first were raised to a high level of principle, and that in the debates on these questions the profound disagreements between the future Bolsheviks and Mensheviks were revealed. Did many of the delegates attach important significance to the controversy Lenin and Plekhanov conducted against Potresov and Martov over the question of our Party's attitude towards the liberals? Many of us were surprised at the heat Lenin displayed over what then seemed to some of the delegates to be a "trifling" difference in the formulation of the resolutions proposed on this question. Unfortunately, the Congress was unable to devote the attention to this question that it deserved, as it was the last item on the agenda and the Congress had been long drawn out. I remember that the voting on the resolution took place with all the delegates on their feet ready to leave the hall. In the end, both resolutions were adopted with an equal number of votes.

But before two years had passed after the adoption of these two resolutions with their "trifling difference" in formulation,

practical experience, in 1905-1907, showed that the formula proposed by Lenin and Plekhanov was absolutely correct and that the difference in the formulas was not at all trifling. Broadly speaking, the resolution proposed by Lenin and Plekhanov was as follows: we were to utilize the liberal bourgeoisie in the fight against the autocracy, but at the same time we were to explain to the working class that after the autocracy was overthrown, the bourgeoisie would exploit the working class and would try to keep them under their iron heel.

Potresov, supported by Martov and other future Mensheviks, argued in this way: in the fight against the autocracy we must march side by side with the liberal bourgeoisie, and in order to prevent them from deceiving us we must make it a condition that they include in their program the demand for universal suffrage and refrain from putting forward any demands that would run counter to the interests of the working class and democracy and dull their class consciousness.

It was only after Lenin's pamphlet *One Step Forward, Two Steps Backward* appeared in 1904, which I read after I was released from prison in 1905, that I understood what an important difference there was between the two resolutions adopted by the Congress. The treachery of the Cadets,* *i.e.*, the liberal bourgeoisie, in 1904-07 and subsequent years, definitely proved how right Lenin was when he heatedly defended his own resolutions.

There was a particularly protracted and heated debate on the question of the place the Bund ** was to occupy in the Party. The Bund, through its delegates, Lieber, Medem, Kosofsky and others (altogether they had five delegates with the right to vote and one only with the right to speak) argued that it was the sole

* Constitutional Democrats.

** The Jewish Social-Democratic League.

representative of the Jewish proletariat in Russia, and it demanded that it be allowed to affiliate to the Party on a federal basis. The majority of the Congress would agree only to giving the Bund the same rights of autonomy as those enjoyed by all the other Party organizations. Several meetings of the Congress had to be devoted to the "debate" on this question.

The Bund's principal speaker was Lieber, of the notorious Menshevik Lieber-Dan combination of 1917.* He was an excellent speaker and everyone listened to his eloquent, beautifully constructed speeches with pleasure; at times, at the most effective passages, they even applauded him. But his arguments were torn to shreds by such masters of debate as Plekhanov, Lenin and Martov. At that time Martov had not yet united with the Bundists, as this question was discussed in the early part of the Congress. I remember how indignant I was at the demand of the Bund, and although I did not dare to oppose them on the platform, I tried to show my hostility to the wrong position taken up by the Bund by interjections.

While giving the excellent organization of the Jewish workers and artisans its due, and watching with admiration the heroic struggle they waged against the capitalist exploiters, we could not agree to have our Party organized on a federal basis as the leaders of the Bund demanded. It was in this sense that the resolution adopted at the Congress was worded. But in spite of the fact that the issue was very plain—autonomy or federation—many meetings were spent in discussing the question. This was due to the fact that the Bundist delegates made long speeches on every comma and asked for adjournments in order to discuss privately nearly every speech Lenin, Plekhanov or Martov ut-

* They were the most prominent Menshevik opponents of the October Revolution.

tered against them. If I am not mistaken, the question of the place of the Bund in the Party took up more time than any other question on the agenda.

The draft program of the Party had been published in *Iskra* and *Zarya* long before the Congress and was thoroughly discussed by the Party Committees and circles. At the Congress it was thoroughly discussed in the Program Commission. Hence, it did not give rise to long and heated discussions in open Congress as was the case with nearly all the other items on the agenda. Although the representatives of *Rabocheye Dyelo*, *i.e.*, the Economists, moved innumerable petty amendments, they were quickly and unanimously voted down. Incidentally, the three *Rabocheye Dyelo* delegates—Akimov-Makhnovetz (now deceased), his sister, Brooker, and Martynov caused us much amusement and still more chagrin. Not only did they move absolutely absurd amendments during the discussion on the Party program, but they did so on nearly every single question. It was bad enough when they only moved amendments; it was worse when they delivered long and dull speeches in support of each of them.

When Martynov, Akimov and Brooker demonstratively left the Congress, which meant that they had left the Party, as a protest against the decision of the Congress to dissolve their *Rabocheye Dyelo* organization, nobody expressed any regret. On the contrary, everybody hoped that the proceedings would now be greatly accelerated. And Plekhanov, so it was said, even remarked that "Martin and his mandolin have gone."

And no one shed any tears when the delegates of the Bund left the Congress when their proposal to build up the Party on a federal basis was defeated. Many of the delegates even expressed regret that they had not left before, for then a number of the

anti-Leninist proposals would not have obtained a majority, as was the case in the voting on point 1 of the Party Rules.

There was a particularly heated debate on the Party Rules, especially on the formulation of point 1. Very many thought at first that there was no material difference between the formula proposed by Lenin and that proposed by Martov. Lenin's formula read as follows:

"A member of the Party is one who recognizes its program and supports it materially as well as by his personal participation in one of the Party organizations."

Martov's formula read:

"A member of the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party is one who recognizes its program, supports it materially and renders it regular personal service under the guidance of one of its organizations."

To the uninitiated there would appear to be no material difference between the two at first sight. Even Plekhanov said jokingly: "Listening to Lenin, you think he is right, and listening to Martov, you think he is right."

But when the debate started and several speakers had expressed their opinion on it, the profound difference that lay concealed in these two resolutions defining Party membership became clear to all. Lenin demanded that only those who submit to Party discipline as a member of a definite Party organization be deemed a Party member, whereas Martov was of the opinion that anyone who assisted the Party in one way or another could be deemed a Party member, even if he did not belong to any definite organization.

One had to hear Lenin passionately and persistently defending his point of view to understand what enormous importance he attached to the proper organization of the Party. Again and

again he argued that the Party would be strong only when all its members were bound together by something more than the fact that they recognized the program and paid Party dues. Everyone who deserved to call himself a member of a revolutionary proletarian party, he said, must take an active part in its dangerous work and not only render it some service or other. A liberal bourgeois who placed his apartment at the disposal of the Party for a meeting or for a circle could not be a member of the Party.

As on every other question in which the future Mensheviks opposed Lenin, they were joined by the Bundists and the *Rabocheye Dyelo*-ists, Akimov and Martynov. And they moved amendments that at first made the flesh creep of even some of the future Mensheviks. This was the case with Akimov's amendment, an avowedly Right-wing one, which proposed that point 1 of the Party Rules be formulated in such a way that any one who liked could declare himself to be a Party member. His formula read as follows: "A Party member is one who *in the main* recognizes the program," etc. (then followed the rest of Martov's formulation).

After long and heated debates Martov's formula was adopted by a majority, thanks to the votes of the five Bundists and the three *Rabocheye Dyelo*-ists, who had not yet left the Congress.

I have a particularly vivid recollection of the meetings at which the central bodies of the Party were elected. By that time the disagreements on principle that divided the Congress into two almost equal parts had become definitely crystallized. Even before the question of the composition of the Editorial Board of the Central Organ of the Party was officially raised at the Congress, it was known to the delegates that there had been constant friction among the six members of the Editorial Board of *Iskra*. The Editorial

Board of *Iskra* consisted of the following persons: Lenin, Plekhanov, Martov, Zasulich, Axelrod and Potresov. Frequently disagreements arose on the board, and Lenin was often voted down by Axelrod, Zasulich and Potresov, who always voted with Plekhanov. Moreover, we knew that the first three on the list wrote for the paper and conducted the practical organizational work of the Party, while the rest rarely wrote for the paper (for example, in the course of three years Axelrod only wrote three articles, and these were not leading articles) and took no part at all in organizational work. When *Iskra* was recognized by the Congress as the Central Organ of the Party and the question of the election of an Editorial Board came up, two proposals were made: 1) to elect the old Editorial Board, and 2) to elect a board of three.

The proposal to elect an effective editorial board consisting of the three persons who had actually worked on *Iskra* and had actually created the revolutionary wing of Social-Democracy known at that time as the *Iskra*-ists, was absolutely sound from the point of view of principle and practice; but the future Mensheviks were very angry with Lenin for making this proposal. The abuse we supporters of Lenin's proposal had to put up with from these future traitors to the working class was amazing. We were ashamed and pained to hear from the lips of revolutionaries, as we regarded them up till that time, philistine arguments about offending and showing disrespect for the veterans of the revolution. People like Rozanov, one of the editors of the *Southern Worker*, which the Congress decided to close down, were particularly furious and we, worker-delegates, understood, although we were not yet hardened in politics, that they were not only furious because of the alleged offense to the veterans of the revolution, but also because the *Southern Worker* had been closed

down. What particularly annoyed the future Mensheviks was that on this question the three worker-delegates sided with Lenin. While the voting was taking place and we were voting for the board of three consisting of Lenin, Plekhanov and Martov—Leo Deutsch ran up to us gesticulating in a queer way, his face distorted as if in severe pain, and reproached us for betraying the founders of the Emancipation of Labour Group, Axelrod and Zasulich. We were chagrined to see that all this had been converted into a personal matter when we, in voting for the board of three, had not the slightest intention of offending or betraying anybody.

The Congress elected a responsible Editorial Board consisting of Lenin, Plekhanov and Martov; but Martov refused to take his place on the board. The Congress thereupon instructed Lenin and Plekhanov to co-opt any person they deemed fit in his place.

The Congress also elected a Central Committee of three comrades; during the elections all the anti-Leninists abstained from voting. For reasons of secrecy the name of only one of the elected members was announced, that of the late V. A. Noskov, known to us at that time as "Boris Nikolayevich." The two others elected to the first Bolshevik Central Committee were G. M. Krzhizhanovsky and F. V. Lengnik.

CHAPTER IV. *AFTER THE CONGRESS*

THE SECOND CONGRESS closed after having split into two almost equal parts. The atmosphere at the Congress during the last few days reached white heat. A fight nearly broke out for which I would have been to blame, and it was only the intervention of Lenin that averted it. It happened in this way.

One of the delegates who before and in the early part of the Congress had worked in close contact with the Plekhanov and Lenin group, later went over to the side of Vera Zasulich, Axelrod and the others, *i.e.*, the future Mensheviks. This enraged me. Not being a speaker, I could not argue with him effectively, and so I simply decided to give him a thrashing. I had strong muscles and I was sure I could give him a good hiding. I was not only enraged at the fact that he had deserted, but also by the fact that two or three weeks before that he had argued so eloquently and convincingly in defence of Lenin's point of view on a certain controversial question that he convinced me and the other worker-delegates, Stepanov and Andrey, who were wavering on that question; and now he was arguing the very opposite with the same eloquence and conviction. A little while before that I had read a story by Laboulet called *The Puppy Prince* in which a bourgeois lawyer named Strekotukha-Govorun,* offered, for a wager, to make two speeches—one in defence of a prisoner, and the other for the prosecution. This he did. Both speeches were equally convincing and the lawyer won the wager.

* Rattle-tongue—Chatterbox.—*Ed.*

Just before the Congress came to a close I called Comrades Stepanov and Andrey into a side room and told them of my intention to punch this delegate on the jaw as he left the hall. I was so put out by what had taken place at the meeting that day that I trembled as if in a fever; finally I broke down and wept like a child. Stepanov, hard put to it himself to restrain his tears, pleaded with me not to cause a row, but I was obdurate. Several minutes before the meeting came to an end, Comrade Krupskaya came into the room and pleaded with me to give up my mad intentions. It turned out that Andrey had hurried to her in the hall to inform her that I was intent on causing a row. Seeing that her pleading had no effect upon me, she left the room and I went out into the corridor with the intention of proceeding to action as soon as the delegates began to leave the hall. Within a few minutes the meeting came to an end. One of the first to leave the hall was Lenin. Walking up to me, screwing up his left eye, smiling amicably and shaking his head, he said to me reproachfully: "Oh, Comrade Berg,* what's got into your head?" He then took my arm and led me to the exit.

The weather was abominable, the usual London autumn weather. Drizzling rain and mist, which, although not thick, made it almost impossible to see anything across the street. Continuing to hold my arm Lenin led me through the drizzling streets; in a fatherly way he scolded me for wanting to start a fight and said that only idiots argued with their fists. After that he began to talk to me about our Party affairs, about the disagreements in the Party and frankly confessed that he had found it very hard working on the Editorial Board of *Iskra* on which there were six editors who disagreed on almost every article.

* That was the name I was known by at the Congress.

Often, he said, the voting was equal and it was impossible to arrive at any decision. The appointment of a seventh editor, as some of the delegates proposed, would only make the position more complicated, as the seventh man would have the casting vote and would thus decide all questions himself. The best solution was the election of an Editorial Board of three, he said. He referred to the matter of the Editorial Board because it was to have been settled the next day or the day after.

Conversing in this manner—or rather Lenin did the conversing, I only butted in with a question now and again—we walked the streets of London for about an hour. By that time, of course, all my pugnacity had evaporated. I returned to my lodgings and related to Stepanov all that Lenin had said to me.

All Lenin's proposals, which were supported by Plekhanov, were adopted by a majority, though a small one, and as I have said, the Congress closed after it had split into two almost equal parts.

As soon as the Congress closed everybody made haste to depart. The atmosphere had become unbearable; both sides ceased talking to each other, and did not even greet each other when they met. Most of the delegates left on the day after the Congress closed; the minority, *i.e.*, the "Mensheviks," leaving by one train, and the majority, *i.e.*, the "Bolsheviks," * leaving by another. If I am not mistaken, most of the Mensheviks went to Paris, while the Bolsheviks went to Geneva, whence they were smuggled across the frontier into Russia illegally. There was no purpose in my going to Geneva as I had a legal passport and could go direct to Finland from London.

* The Russian word for "minority" is "menshinstvo," hence the term "Menshevik"; the Russian word for "majority" is "bolshinstvo," hence the term "Bolshevik."—*Ed.*

After seeing Lenin and the other Bolsheviks off I stayed in London for a day or two as the boat from Harwich to Hamburg did not leave before that. I spent these days in the company of Leo Deutsch in spite of the fact that he was on the side of the Mensheviks. He took me round to show me the sights and we visited several museums. By tacit agreement we kept away from the controversies of the Congress in order not to ruffle each other's tempers, and we only talked about the things we observed during our walks in the town. Deutsch was the only one to see me off at the station on my departure from London; all the other delegates had left. On parting we embraced affectionately and within a few hours I was on the boat bound for Russia. Knowing that as a Finnish subject I would not be searched in Helsingfors, I took some illegal literature with me, including a copy of Lenin's book *What Is To Be Done?*

Although it was autumn the sea was calm and I arrived in Hamburg and thence, *via* Lubeck on another boat, in Helsingfors, without incident. While on the journey I carefully read *What Is To Be Done?* over again, and this time it became perfectly clear to me what had to be done, *viz.*, what Lenin said should be done. I arrived in St. Petersburg without any trouble. I did not go straight home for fear of dropping upon detectives, but went to the house of a comrade who had rendered some small services to our organization before my departure from Russia. From him I learned that N. N. Yunikov, who had been appointed to take my place as district organizer while I was away, was quite well and was managing his work excellently. I went to visit Yunikov when I anticipated he would be home from work, handed him the literature I had brought, which his wife immediately put into safe hiding, and began to relate to him in detail what had taken place at the Congress and the decisions that had

been adopted. He, in turn, informed me about the state of affairs in our organization and was proud of the successes achieved and of the fact that, according to the returns of the St. Petersburg Committee, the Viborg District held first place in the city for size of membership and quality of work. Absorbed in our conversation we did not notice how time was passing and we sat talking until late at night. I had no safe place to go to spend the night, particularly at that late hour, and so Yunikov invited me to stay with him, which I did.

We had not managed to fall asleep, for we continued our conversation while we lay in bed, when first we heard a ring and then a loud knocking at the door downstairs. Yunikov occupied a small room on the second floor of a wooden house in the Sampsoniyev Prospect. One of the lodgers downstairs opened the door and in a moment a horde of policemen and janitors, headed by a police inspector, forced their way into our room. I was lying on an improvised bed on the floor, and pulling my blanket up to my ears, pretended to be asleep. The police began to search the room in a rather perfunctory manner, but they did not touch me. They then began to question Yunikov, and from the questions they put to him I could see at once that they had had orders to arrest him irrespective of the replies he made. When the questioning was over and all was written down the inspector got up briskly and said to Yunikov:

"Get up and dress; you are arrested!"

Peering through my half-closed eyes I watched Yunikov standing there in his shirt. When the inspector said that he was arrested he quietly answered:

"All right, if I must go, I must!"

There was silence while Yunikov put his clothes on. Suddenly somebody said:

"Who's this lying on the floor?"

Yunikov answered:

"This is a workman, a friend of my wife's; he came in drunk late at night and fell asleep here."

It flashed into my head that I must pretend to be drunk, and when one of the janitors began to shake me to wake me up I gave no signs of consciousness except a grunt or two. The janitors and policemen kept shaking me for a long time. At last I "woke up" and without getting up grunted my replies to the questions put to me by the inspector who wanted to know my name, where I lived, etc., and pulling my blanket up to my ears again, began to snore. I gave my real name, for I had my passport with me and had they searched me they would have discovered who I was just the same. Of course, had the raid been made by gendarmes they would certainly have searched me, but at that time the police had not yet acquired sufficient experience in these matters and they left me alone. Yunikov they took away. I gave his wife a few rubles and hastened to leave the house as quickly as I could. A friend of my boyhood lived at Black Creek, and I hastened there. I lived with him for two days and then went to the secret address of Helene Stassova. This address I had obtained in London from V. A. Noskov, known as "Boris Nikolayevich," who had been elected a member of the Central Committee.* Comrade Stassova was still

* V. A. Noskov first began to take part in the revolutionary movement in Russia in the nineties of the last century and was a member of the League of Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class. Later he was the organizer of the Northern Labour League. In 1902 he was in charge of the work of smuggling revolutionaries and literature across the western frontier of Russia. Was a delegate at the Second Congress of the R.S.D.L.P. and actively supported the "majority." Was arrested in 1905 after which he retired from active work in the movement. Committed suicide in Khabarovsk in 1913.

the secretary of the St. Petersburg Committee. One of the secret addresses she had was in the doctor's room in the Prince Oldenburg Hospital on the Liteyni Prospect (now Volodarsky Prospect) and there I went to see her. She was delighted to see me, as I was the first delegate to arrive with information about the Congress and she bombarded me with questions. Without hesitation she approved the position I took at the Congress, but regretted somewhat the fact that Martov did not side with Lenin to the end. She was interested in every detail of the work of the Congress as a whole, of each individual delegate and of every question that had been discussed, and our conversation lasted quite a long time.

When I informed her about Yunikov's arrest she was startled. She questioned me closely about the way the police behaved and came to the conclusion that Yunikov's arrest was not due simply to his discovery by the police, but to treachery. If I remember right A. A. Divilkovsky, a member of the St. Petersburg Committee, was arrested at the same time.

"We must warn the others," said Comrade Stassova, and hastened to go.

At first we had decided that I would make my report on the Congress to the St. Petersburg Committee, but on second thoughts Comrade Stassova desired to consult the other members of the Committee first. On parting she begged me to keep in hiding and not risk arrest and we arranged to meet at the hospital again within two days. I went to my friend at Black Creek and stayed the two days with him.

When next I met Comrade Stassova she seemed to be very worried. She had received information of arrests in different parts of the city, mainly among workers, and advised me to leave St. Petersburg immediately and go to Pskov where the new Central Committee had its headquarters. I had already obtained the secret

address in Pskov from "Boris Nikolayevich" when we were in London and so I made preparations for my departure.

Before I left I managed to see my mother by arrangement in the house of a woman friend of ours who had no connection with our organization and did not even know of its existence. My mother was delighted to see me safe and well, and only when I told her that I had to leave St. Petersburg again and that I could not say when I would be able to see her again did tears well up into her eyes. I left her and my crippled brother a few rubles out of the money I had received for my journey and, bidding her farewell, left the same day. I did not see my mother again for two years and, as I learned later, she lived in dire poverty during this period.

I arrived in Pskov early in the morning. The town was still wrapped in slumber as I walked through the streets to the secret address I had given me. This was at the house of a veterinary surgeon, whose name I have forgotten; he was to put me in touch with V. N. Sokolov, who at that time was in charge of the printing and storing of illegal literature for the *Iskra* organization. The password which "Boris Nikolayevich" had given me was rather a curious one, indicating three degrees of confidence that could be placed in the person uttering it. If, for example, the person bringing the password uttered only one phrase and did not know the rest, he enjoyed only one degree of confidence and would be put in touch with a worker belonging to a circle, or a student having revolutionary connections with fellow-students. If he knew two phrases he enjoyed two degrees of confidence and would be put in touch with a whole circle, certain committee members, etc. Those who knew the whole password enjoyed complete confidence on a par with members of the Central Committee. I had the complete password for Comrade Sokolov, but for the Vet, who was to put me in touch with Comrade Sokolov, I only had two parts of

the password, as he had no right to know more. This Vet lived in a villa in the suburb of Zavelich on the banks of the River Velikaya.

I wandered about the town for some time as I anticipated that the Vet would still be asleep if I went straight to his house. When I thought the time was propitious I went to the place, and being fairly "respectably" dressed I knocked at the front door. The Vet himself opened the door and invited me in. He led me into a room and making sure that nobody was present besides ourselves I gave him the password: "The battle between the Russians and the Karbardinis," to which he replied: "Or the Mohammedan beauty expiring on her husband's grave." It was so funny saying these absurd things to a person one has seen for the first time that we both burst out laughing. I have forgotten what the other part of the password was. The Vet gave me some breakfast and then began to consider how to arrange my meeting with Comrade Sokolov. I also had a password for V. L. Horn, known as "Sigarich," who later, in 1919, was a Minister in the government of Yudenich and is now a White emigré.

The Vet decided that it would be best if I first met "Sigarich" and that the latter put me in touch with Sokolov. In order to arrange this in the safest way and to prevent the Vet's house from being discovered as a rendezvous for revolutionaries in case we were followed, we decided on the following plan. There was a garden seat on the river bank opposite the house which could be seen from the window. The Vet was to go and hunt up "Sigarich" and in about three hours' time I was to sit on this seat and wait for the appearance of a black-bearded man who would come and sit beside me. As soon as he sat down I was to take a copy of *Novoye Vremya* from my pocket and begin to mark it with a blue pencil, it was to be a blue pencil and no other. When the black-bearded man, that is to say, "Sigarich," saw me do this he was to say certain

words to me that we had agreed upon, I have forgotten what they were, and I was to repeat them to him in reply.

I had nothing to do, so I went into the town to kill time. I purchased a copy of *Novoye Vremya* and a blue pencil and rambled about until the time came to go to my rendezvous. Exactly on time I sat down on the seat on the river bank and waited for my black-bearded man. I waited a good half hour before he came. As soon as he sat down beside me I pulled the newspaper and pencil from my pocket and pretended that I was marking some of the news items. The weather was fine, young people were rowing on the river, and the sounds of distant singing floated down to us on the breeze. We sat there silently watching the scene. I waited what seemed to me an enormously long time and blue pencilled almost the whole of the newspaper, but my neighbour sat there without making a sign. I was beginning to be disturbed. Happening to look up across the river to the house opposite I saw the Vet at the window of his house furiously waving his hand. I was near-sighted and usually wore spectacles; but just before I had reached Pskov I accidentally broke one of the lenses and did not wear them, so I could not see distinctly what the Vet was doing. I took the remaining lens from my pocket and put it to my eye to see better and then I noticed that the Vet was not merely waving his hand to me, but making signs to let me know that the man sitting beside me was not "Sigarich," which, in fact, was beginning to dawn on me as I was assiduously marking the newspaper. At last my neighbour got up and slowly walked along the bank. Waiting a few minutes I too got up and went to the house. As I passed the window the Vet advised me in a loud whisper to turn into the first street on the left, which I did. After I had walked down the street a few yards he overtook me. Walking behind me, he whispered to me, although there was not a living soul in the street besides ourselves,

to turn back and go straight into his house. When I got back to the house and entered the Vet's study I found V. N. Sokolov sitting there and I gave him the full password. Comrade Sokolov laughed heartily when we related to him the method we adopted to preserve "secrecy." Even if the most dunder-headed detective had passed us at the time he would have noticed our antics and would have begun to shadow us. While Sokolov and I were talking in the study the Vet displayed signs of extreme nervousness; he rushed to the window every now and again and peered carefully down both sides of the street. It was quite clear that he was scared out of his wits, and not desiring to torture the poor fellow, Sokolov and I hastened to take leave of him and went to "Sigarich's" house.

"Sigarich" lived in a villa on the same side of the river. He gave us a friendly welcome and then I related what had taken place at the Congress. From the opinion "Sigarich" expressed I gathered that he was very displeased with Lenin, but he expressed surprise that Plekhanov had allowed things to reach a split.

Some little time before my arrival in Pskov a number of members of the *Iskra* organization had been arrested and for that reason our comrades were displaying exceptional caution. I had nothing to do in Pskov as I learned that the headquarters of our organization had been transferred to Smolensk. I was advised to go there immediately; according to Sokolov, I would find "Boris Nikolayevich" there. Sokolov, who was the leading spirit of the Pskov organization, found me a safe lodging for that night. Late at night he led me to a rather well-furnished apartment of a government official of general's rank. The hostess, a stout, grey-haired woman, gave us a hearty welcome and introduced us to her daughter and her son, who was a cadet at the military school in St. Petersburg and had come home on vacation.

The first thing the old lady told me in our conversation was that

she was well acquainted with Vera Figner, N. Morozov, Lopatin and other members of the Narodnaya Volya whom she had also given shelter in the old days. Comrade Sokolov had warned me before we arrived at the apartment that the old lady would worry me to death with questions about revolutionary affairs and that the more "frightful" the revolutionary would be the more enthusiastically and warmly would she treat him. Knowing her weakness, Sokolov had arranged with her that he would bring to her apartment only such revolutionaries as were in very great danger. When making arrangements with her to put me up he had told her that I was one of the ten revolutionaries who had escaped from Kiev Prison, among whom were Comrade Pyatnitsky, now a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and until recently Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Communist International, Comrade Litvinov, now Commissar of Foreign Affairs, the late Comrade Bauman, who had been a delegate of the majority at the Second Congress of the Party and was assassinated in Moscow in 1905, and others. This escape had caused quite a sensation at the time and had roused us young revolutionaries to heights of enthusiasm. I learned that I was one of the escaped revolutionaries only a moment or so before Sokolov took his departure and I could not do anything about it. I could not tell the lady the truth for she would have refused to put up any of our people in the future.

Cursing Sokolov under my breath I had to pretend, whether I liked it or not, that I was one of the heroes who had made that bold escape. As I had heard all the details of this episode from the comrades themselves when in Geneva, it was not difficult for me to play the part. Later in the evening the government official came home and we all sat down to supper. This grey-haired old fellow with a broad flowing beard sat at the table in silence, evidently

feeling somewhat disturbed at having such a terrible person as his guest. His wife and daughter, however, were in ecstasies and pfled the tastiest morsels on my plate. After supper the daughter sat down to the piano and with her brother sang the "Marseillaise" and several other revolutionary songs for my benefit. In spite of all this I felt very uncomfortable and left this hospitable house next morning with relief to take the first train to Smolensk.

I travelled *via* Vitebsk, where I had to wait for an hour. To while away the time I took a walk in the town and in the main street I noticed a familiar figure walking in front of me. Hastening my footsteps I caught up with it and found that it was Grisha Sternin, the member of the St. Petersburg Committee who was arrested in St. Petersburg before my departure for the Congress. We were both delighted to see each other and violating all rules of secrecy we heartily embraced, right there in the street. He told me the story of his arrest. The police had found a small quantity of literature. After keeping him in the detention prison for a little over four months he was deported to his home town, Vitebsk, under special police surveillance. They wanted to put him on trial, but as there was no more serious evidence than single copies of illegal literature, they merely deported him.

Although he had arrived in Vitebsk only a week before, he had already formed a good *Iskra* circle consisting of his old friends. He said that Vitebsk was a very good field for propaganda as there were many artisans in the town. I promised to bring him some literature from Smolensk.

The secret address I had in Smolensk was that of a teacher in a . . . divinity school! I learned afterwards that this teacher was a very good friend of Noskov—"Boris Nikolayevich"; unfortunately I have forgotten his name. He welcomed me very cordially, gave me a room to myself and asked me to make myself at home

as no gendarme would ever dream of looking for me here. Two or three days later "Boris Nikolayevich" arrived and stayed at the same house. In the daytime he was engaged on the business of the organization, but we spent the evenings in conversation from which I obtained much theoretical, but particularly practical knowledge, which was so necessary for a professional revolutionary such as I had become by going underground after Yunikov's arrest.

I told "Boris Nikolayevich" of my meeting with Sternin and volunteered to take illegal literature to Vitebsk. About two days later I filled a small suitcase with various pamphlets and copies of *Iskra,* and in addition, concealed a number of illegal pamphlets under my clothing, and took the train for Vitebsk. The journey from Smolensk to Vitebsk took only three hours. There was only one vacant place in the car opposite two bewhiskered gendarmes. I put my suitcase on the floor, buttoned my overcoat tightly in order to conceal the unnatural stoutness caused by the literature packed around my body, and stared hard through the window. In a few minutes a general conversation started in which I had to take part. Taking a packet of cigarettes from my pocket and desiring cautiously to hitch up the literature that was beginning to slip down over my stomach, I noticed that the corner of a blue covered pamphlet was sticking out from under my waiscoat. Fortunately, the gendarmes were so absorbed in their conversation that they did not notice it. I went to the lavatory, tied the literature up more securely and returned to my place. On leaving the train at my destination one of the gendarmes was good enough to help me with my suitcase. We left the station together chatting like old friends so that not one of the detectives who used to swarm round railway stations at that time would ever have dreamed of following me. After parting from these gendarmes I went straight to

Sternin's house, after first making sure that I was not being shadowed. That very day Grisha Sternin distributed the literature I had brought among reliable people.

I stayed at Grisha's house that night and returned to Smolensk next day. A few days after "Boris Nikolayevich" sent me to Yaroslavl where arrests had taken place some little time before. I had to travel *via* Moscow, where I arrived early in the morning. I had not a single acquaintance in Moscow so that I had to spend the time waiting for the train to Yaroslavl, which did not leave until late in the evening, wandering about the streets. Weary and footsore, I wandered into the Kremlin and after gazing at some of the sights I climbed into the belfry of the Church of Ivan the Great and finding a niche slept for two hours.

I arrived in Yaroslavl the next day. It was too early to go to the secret address which "Boris Nikolayevich" had given me and so again I had to perambulate around the town wandering aimlessly through the streets. When at eight o'clock in the morning I knocked at the door of the house I had to go to the servant who opened the door informed me that "master was still asleep." All the money I had in my possession was six kopeks. I was tired of walking around the town and besides, I might have attracted the attention of detectives, so I had to go into an inn and stayed an hour there "spending my last kopek on drink."

The "master" was still asleep at nine o'clock when I went there, and only when I arrived for the third time, at eleven o'clock, was I allowed to enter the house. Later, the person I went to see, who turned out to be V. A. Noskov, a brother of "Boris Nikolayevich," confessed to me that he had seen me through the window the second time I came, but I had seemed suspicious to him and would not allow me to enter.

As I had a "first class" password for him, that is, a password

consisting of three phrases, he decided to put me in touch immediately with a member of the Northern Committee, of which I had been appointed a member in Smolensk. The house to which the "master" took me was that of A. M. Stopany. Until then I had not known his real name as at the Congress he was called Dmitriev (in the minutes of the Congress he is recorded under the name of Lange). He was very glad to see me but was annoyed with Noskov for being so careless as to bring me straight to his house. He lived with his wife and three children in a modestly, even poorly, furnished apartment of two rooms. I think he was employed at the Zemstvo Statistical Department. He was the life and soul of the organization, which covered a number of towns such as Yaroslavl, Kostroma, Ivanovo-Vosnesensk, Kineshma and a number of factory settlements such as Shuya, Kokhma and others. In addition to performing purely illegal work, Stopany was one of the editors of the local daily newspaper *Severni Krai*. I had become very friendly with him at the Congress and I was very glad that we were now to work together. We had a long talk while at breakfast. He informed me about the details of the work of the organization, suggested that I change the passport I had received in St. Petersburg for another, and promised to introduce me that very day to the other members of the Committee. Placing his small library at my disposal, he went out. In about three hours' time he returned to take me to a meeting of the Committee.

At this meeting it was decided that I should be sent to work in Kostroma, and there I went about two days later. At that time our organization had contacts at nearly all the factories, and we had a good young people's circle at the Trade School. The leading group of the organization consisted of Zeligson, Sophia Zagainaya, who had recently been released from prison and was in charge of

the secret printing press, the "Great Conspirator," whose name I did not know then, a local intellectual, and myself.

Our work consisted almost entirely of conducting propaganda in circles, on rare occasions we distributed manifestoes printed on a hectograph in Sophia Zagainaya's apartment. Nearly all the members of the leading group had to take part in the printing of these leaflets; and not only in the printing of them, but also in their distribution. We made it an invariable practice to mail a copy of every leaflet we printed to the high officials of the district: the Governor, the Public Prosecutor, the Chief of Police, the Colonel of Gendarmes, etc. At the same time we distributed them in the factories and workshops through the members of our circles.

Soon after my arrival in Kostroma we learned that two political prisoners, local intellectuals, had gone on hunger strike in the Gubernia Prison. This hunger strike had caused a stir in the town and also among the workers. It was necessary to take some action about it and we decided to issue a manifesto. Each member of our group undertook to write one for selection by the Northern Committee. The Northern Committee selected the one I wrote. At the time we issued our manifesto the prisoners had been on hunger strike for sixteen days. The manifesto was written in rousing terms and almost called for a general strike. This, too, was sent to all the officials and widely distributed in the factories and workshops and also among the students. The day after the manifesto was issued the prisoners were released. Whether this was due to our intervention, or to some other reason, I do not know.

At about this time I. S. Belyanchikov, who had escaped from his place of exile, came to visit us for a few days. We utilized him as a propagandist and also for printing manifestoes. He left us to go to Nizhni-Novgorod, where soon after numerous arrests took place.

I lived in Kostroma about six weeks. Then I was asked to go to Yaroslavl for the purpose of establishing contacts with the Korzinkin Textile Mills where, in spite of all the efforts of the Northern Committee, it had been found impossible until then, not only to organize circles, but even to establish simple contacts for the purpose of distributing leaflets. On my arrival at Yaroslavl I exchanged my passport, which was that of an office employee, for the passport of a worker made out in the name of Solovyev. I rented a room and began to think of a means of getting a job at the mill. All my efforts were in vain. Early one morning I evaded the watchful gatekeepers and in the midst of a crowd of workers managed to get inside the mill. I talked with the foreman of the machine shop and asked him for a job, but he refused to take me on notwithstanding the fact that they required an experienced turner. In order to get a job at this mill it was necessary to have at least three recommendations from persons already employed there, and in addition, a reference was required from one's former place of employment. Of course, it was impossible for me to obtain these documents and I had to abandon my efforts to get into this factory which seemed to be so well guarded against sedition.

The lack of contacts with this enormous factory in which several thousand people were employed disturbed our peace of mind. We had to get our man into the factory come what may. I proposed that we send for a member of my circle in the Viborg Side in St. Petersburg, an experienced turner named V—n. In addition to being a good turner he had a number of references from various factories he had worked at. He was a lad with "push and go" and I was sure he would pick up acquaintance with the workers in this mill and obtain recommendations from them. The Committee agreed with my proposal and I sent him a letter and money for the journey asking him to come to Yaroslavl immediately.

He arrived after my arrest, about which I shall speak later. As I learned afterwards, he managed to make the acquaintance of a number of workers at this mill soon after his arrival and, as he said, there seemed to be a very good chance of his getting a job there. But a slight mishap occurred. At that time there was an agricultural exhibition in Yaroslavl. Having nothing to do he went to see the exhibition and in one of the machinery stands he met a St. Petersburg acquaintance who had been sent by his firm to put up the machines they were exhibiting. To celebrate the meeting they went to have a drink and took more than was good for them. It so happened that he had arranged to meet a member of our Committee that day in one of the parks in the town. Being a stickler for punctuality, he did not forget the appointment, drunk though he was. He went to the park sat down on the seat that had been agreed upon and . . . fell asleep. When our committeeman came to the park he saw V—n sleeping on the seat; he tried to wake him, and when he found he was drunk, he went away in disgust. V—n had to go back to St. Petersburg the very next day.

Subsequently, the Northern Committee not only succeeded in establishing contacts with the Korzinkin Mills, but also in establishing a good organization there.

I worked in Yaroslavl as an organizer for about a month. During this period the organization became much stronger, the circles worked well, and large quantities of literature arrived. There was a Social-Democratic group in Yaroslavl which, before the Congress, had had some disagreements about principles with *Iskra*. This group consisted of a few intellectuals who had hardly any contacts with the workers, but they had a fairly good secret printing press. At the time of which I am now speaking this group affiliated to the Northern Committee, one of their number was

co-opted to our leading group and their printing press was taken over by the Committee.

I wrote detailed reports about the work of our organization to Geneva. I sent my reports to various addresses in Germany and in France and from there they were sent on to Geneva. For more important communications I had a secret code, but this I rarely used. We had no information whatever from abroad. I learned that Lenin had resigned from the Editorial Board of *Iskra* when I was in prison, six months after it had happened.

One fine morning I noticed a detective outside my house. I first wanted to ascertain whether he was there to shadow me and I compelled the poor split to follow me for miles around the town and the suburbs. But in order to make quite sure I asked a comrade to follow behind us as I was leading the detective by the nose. When I was convinced that I was being closely shadowed I informed the Committee and it was decided that I immediately go to another town.

When I was in Pskov "Boris Nikolayevich" had given me the address of a notary public in Kiev. When it was decided that I was to leave Yaroslavl I suggested that I be sent to that town. But the Committee decided to send me to Ivanovo-Vosnesensk where I was to take the place of two comrades who had been there for some time and whom the police were beginning to shadow.

I arrived in Ivanovo-Vosnesensk with a suitcase full of illegal literature. The address I was given was that of a member of the Ivanovo-Vosnesensk Committee, named A. N. Andreyev. He lived in a small, wooden, one-story house, that looked more like a village hut, a little distance from the railway station. The hut consisted of two tiny rooms, one of which was occupied by the landlady, an old widow, and the other by Andreyev. On meeting

him we exchanged passwords, and after discussing the affairs of the local organization, we arranged to take the literature I had brought to a safer place. This we did that day, and the same evening we called, what was for those days, a big meeting in the house of a worker. About twenty persons were present at the meeting, all workers. Andreyev introduced me to them and said that I was to take his place. I briefly reported on the affairs of our Party in St. Petersburg and in other towns, and the comrades in their turn informed me about the state of affairs in their local organization. They stated that they had Social-Democratic circles in every factory, that meetings were regular and that there was not much to complain of regarding the supply of literature. The whole organization sided with *Iskra*. There were no other parties in the district, they said proudly. All the work in the circles was conducted by the workers themselves, as there were no intellectuals in the district, not counting Andreyev, Y. P. Butyagin, who was away on Party business at that time, and a local woman doctor who visited the circles now and again. The only one I remember of those who attended the meeting was a young worker named Ivanov who accompanied us to Andreyev's room when the meeting was over.

I decided to stay with Andreyev temporarily as it was proposed that I should first make a tour of a number of factory settlements such as Kokhma, Shuya and others, and to find a permanent lodging in town when I returned. I had procured another passport in Yaroslavl before I left and was now known as Cyril Matveyevich Morkovkin, from such and such a town, Tula Gubernia.

I stayed with Andreyev two days, carefully studying this extensive industrial district and preparing myself for the hard work among the textile workers that was before me. The textile workers were on a much lower cultural level than the St. Petersburg

metal workers among whom I had been mainly accustomed to work up till now.

Early morning on the third day after my arrival I. A. Sanzhur, known as "Vasili Ivanovich," arrived with a huge suitcase tied with string and packed full with illegal literature. He was a tall, angular man, with curious jerky movements. On his face he had a big scar, the result of a wound obtained in a fight with the police. He was dressed very poorly, needed a haircut very badly, seemed all creased and crushed, and spoke with a provincial accent. He bundled himself into the room unexpectedly, threw his battered suitcase on the floor, shook our hands until they hurt, shot the password at us, and eagerly sat down to drink tea. After a short talk we became fast friends. I learned later that he was a very prominent revolutionary, had been in various Parties—first with the Anarchists and then with the Socialist-Revolutionaries—had taken part in a terrorist act, had escaped from prison and now, after long wanderings, had become convinced that only by means of the mass political struggle could the working class and the peasantry achieve socialism.

He stayed with us about two hours, during which he told us many things and learned many things from us. He left us to see an acquaintance of his and promised to be back about two or three o'clock. I had to leave for Kokhma that day at four o'clock. It was decided that I should take some of the literature Sanzhur had brought with me to be distributed in the district. We found that it was fresh literature, several dozens of copies of *Iskra*, and a large number of pamphlets, one, a very popular one among the workers, in seventy-two copies. We were as pleased as children at having piles of literature not only for Ivanovo-Vosnesensk, but also for the surrounding factory settlements. We sorted out the newspapers and pamphlets, laid them out on the bed and covered

them with a blanket with the intention of taking them to a safe hiding place in the evening. We were sitting at the table waiting for dinner to be served: Andreyev was writing and I was reading a pamphlet by Bebel. Exactly at one o'clock the door flew open with a bang and a horde of gendarmes led by a fat captain burst into the room. Andreyev was sitting with his back to the door. On hearing the noise he turned round, and seeing the gendarmes, he snatched up the sheet of paper he was writing on, crumpled it up, and putting it into his mouth, began to chew it. The gendarmes saw this and flung themselves upon him, seized him by the throat and tried to tear the paper out of his mouth. Andreyev fought with all his might, turned his head from side to side to avoid the gendarmes' clutches and waved his arms about, sometimes landing his fist in the jaw of one of the gendarmes. I jumped up to go to Andreyev's assistance, but the captain, in spite of his girth, threw himself upon me as quick as lightning, forced me down on the chair, and pressed upon me with all his weight, thus preventing me from moving. The gendarmes ceased their efforts only when, after a prolonged struggle, Andreyev proudly raised his head, and revealing his blood smeared face, spat the pulpy remains of his letter on to the floor.

Captain of Gendarmes, Timofeyev, took some papers out of his briefcase, sat down at the table and began questioning Andreyev, meanwhile ordering the gendarmes to search, not only our room, but the whole house. Andreyev was registered on a false passport, but in reply to Timofeyev's question, he gave his real name: Andrey Nikifirovich Andreyev.

"It's no use you trying to conceal your real name, Mr. . . . Andreyev," said Timofeyev; "we know who you are. The initials of your name and surname are A. S."

I gasped with astonishment when I heard this, for these were

my initials. "So Andreyev is being taken for me," I thought to myself, sitting on the bed trying to conceal the newspapers and pamphlets laid out on the bed under the blanket. While Andreyev was being searched I managed to chew up and swallow the slips of paper with the secret addresses Andreyev had given me, and calmly watched the gendarmes prodding and turning over the scanty furniture of the room. When the captain had finished his questioning, the gendarmes reported to him that, except for four passports, they had found nothing suspicious. Evidently the captain had expected much more than that. He gazed round the room in a disappointed manner and finally his eyes rested on me.

"Who is this?" he asked of the senior gendarme, pointing to me.

"I don't know, your highness," he answered, saluting.

"Have you searched him?"

"No, sir."

"Search him!" shouted the captain, stamping his foot and turning purple with rage at the idea that I had been allowed to sit there peacefully all this time.

Two gendarmes flung themselves upon me, dragged me from the bed, and almost tore my clothing in turning out my pockets. After carefully searching me they found nothing. I calmly lit a cigarette. This seemed to enrage the captain for he shouted to me to throw the cigarette away. I said something rude to him and refused to do so.

"Tie him up!" yelled the captain.

Two gendarmes seized me by the shoulders and began pushing me into the kitchen. Just then the captain uttered a joyful cry, and looking round, I saw that the blanket had been torn from the bed and all the nice, new, coloured pamphlets were lying exposed to view. This had a remarkable effect upon the captain's temper. He became quite polite, asked me to come back into the room and said

I could smoke. And then in an ingratiating way he began to question me.

"You see, Mr. . . . Andreyev," he said, turning to Andreyev and holding my passport in his hand, "it is useless your trying to conceal your real name" (Andreyev did not have his real passport with him). "Take an example from Mr. Morkovkin, he told me his real name at once and did not conceal anything. This will be taken into account, and he will not be detained so long for inquiries."

I could not help laughing to myself.

Having obtained so much booty, the captain evidently thought that there must be something else hidden somewhere and he ordered his gendarmes to take up the floor in the whole house and also to search the woodpile in the yard.

In conformity with the decisions of the Second Congress I refused to answer the captain's questions and so did Andreyev. The search in the house and in the yard lasted until seven o'clock in the evening and all this time I was full of anxiety that Sanzhur, who had promised to be back by two o'clock, would drop in and fall into the hands of the gendarmes. Sometime after, when I met Sanzhur in Odessa in 1905, he told me that he did nearly fall into the hands of the gendarmes. He was walking towards our house with his head down. As he came near he raised his head and saw that the house was surrounded by mounted Cossacks. Without stopping for an instant he walked past the house and left Ivanovo-Vosnesensk that very day.

At eight o'clock we were taken away in droshkies under an escort of Cossacks: I was taken to the cells situated in one of the factories, Karelian's, if I remember right, and Andreyev was taken to the headquarters of the gendarmerie.

In the cells I was guarded by three Orenburg Cossacks who

were hired by the factory owner. Two or three days after my arrest one of the Cossacks handed me a note from Butyagin who had arrived in town the day after our arrest. His arrest took place under the following circumstances. He arrived in town and made his way across the railway track to Andreyev's house, with a small suitcase filled with literature. Arriving at the house he opened the door and found three or four strangers lying on the floor in the room. Guessing at once that Andreyev had been arrested and that the men sprawling on the floor were detectives, waiting to catch anybody who came in, he rushed back to the station. By the time the detectives had got their boots on he managed to reach the station and throw his suitcase into an empty freight car on the track. In the evening he was about to board a train to leave Ivanovo-Vosnesensk when he was detained by gendarmes and arrested. Four months later the suitcase was brought to him for identification. It had been found in Kineshma. He learned of my arrest from one of the Cossacks.

We were detained in the factory cells for about two weeks during which the police, after making inquiries, ascertained that my passport made out in the name of Morkovkin was a false one and that Andreyev had given his real name. After that we were sent to the Vladimir Gubernia Prison (at that time Ivanovo-Vosnesensk formed part of the Vladimir Gubernia), each of us being put in different cells. In this prison there were over four hundred prisoners convicted for criminal offenses and only two political prisoners: Comrades Barinov and Phillipov who had been sentenced to five months' imprisonment. They were released two weeks after we arrived. For fourteen months, *i.e.*, from November 10, 1903 to the beginning of January 1905, when the gendarmes took me to St. Petersburg and Andreyev to Kiev (Butyagin was taken to Tver after he had been imprisoned for four months), not

a single political prisoner was brought to the Gubernia Prison. Several workers who had been arrested at about the same time that we were, were kept in Ivanovo-Vosnesensk.

The first days in prison were very trying. We were not permitted to smoke, we were not given any books to read, and the food was atrocious. After a hunger strike of a day and a half we were allowed to smoke, but we were only allowed to read religious books, the Bible and religious magazines. With the special permission of the public prosecutor, the prison chaplain brought me a weekly called *Grazhdanin* (*The Citizen*) published by that rabid reactionary Prince Meshchersky. This is the sort of "literature" we had to be content with during the first six months. Our protests were of no avail, and only after a hunger strike which we started on May 10 and which lasted for eleven days, were our conditions improved somewhat: we got longer exercise, we began to get better food, so-called "hospital food," and we were allowed to borrow from the prison library the works of Dostoyevsky, Grigorovich and Goncharov. The Gubernia Public Prosecutor would not allow us to have the works of Turgenev, Gogol and Tolstoy, although they were in the library.

Andreyev and I were indicted under Articles 248, 252, and 318 of the old Criminal Code, according to which we were liable to a penalty of eighteen years' penal servitude. In the middle of 1904, the indictment was altered and brought under Articles 126, 129 and 132 of the Criminal Code, of which Article 126, *i.e.*, membership of a secret association the object of which is to overthrow the existing system, provided for a penalty of eight years' penal servitude.

Early one morning, about three months after our arrest, one of the warders opened the door of my cell before inspection time and with a pleasant smile on his face handed me two illegal pamphlets,

a tattered copy of *Iskra*, and ten rubles. I was amazed, especially as I always regarded this particular warder as the strictest one in the prison. I learned afterwards that Butyagin had persuaded him to do this. The literature and money had been brought by Butyagin's sister from Tver. One of the pamphlets was a report of the Second Congress and from it I learned for the first time that those who voted with Lenin and Plekhanov (the majority) began to call themselves "Bolsheviks" and those who voted with the minority, "Mensheviks."

In the beginning of January 1905, three days after "Bloody Sunday," January 9, 1905, I was taken to the railway station in charge of two gendarmes, put in an ordinary passenger train to St. Petersburg, and on arrival, taken to the Detention Prison in Shpalernaya Street. Two days later I was taken in a prison van to the headquarters of the gendarmerie on Tverskaya Street. I was not detained there for long because I persisted in refusing to give any sort of information. I was kept in the Detention Prison for a little over three weeks and on February 8 (here, as elsewhere, the dates are given according to the old calendar), I was released under special police surveillance pending trial.

This unexpected release was due to the approach of the "political spring," as it was called then, "proclaimed" by the Minister for the Interior, Sviatopolk-Mirsky, who took the place of the assassinated Minister Plehve. On the way from the Detention Prison to the headquarters of the gendarmerie, one of the gendarmes, who knew that I had been in jail since 1903, told me of the "great changes" that had taken place in Russia during this time.

"When you are released, you will see what's going on," he said to me in a voice of astonishment. "The things they are writing!

And *Nasha Zhizn* and particularly *Nashi Dni* even abuse the tsar's Ministers!"

About ten days after I was released I managed to get a job at Ericsson's telephone factory on the Viborg Side. In this factory I found a good Party organization which, of course, I joined at once. The disagreements which had become revealed at the Second Congress had affected the organization in this factory, but officially it was still united. At the head of the organization was Gagarin, who supported the Bolsheviks—he died of consumption in 1906—and Komar, a Menshevik, who subsequently became a deputy in the first Soviet of Workers' Deputies.

The day after I left prison I met an acquaintance of mine, an intellectual, who in 1903 had worked as a propagandist under the *Iskra* committee. He was very glad to meet me. He told me about the rising enthusiasm among the workers and intellectuals, and argued that it was necessary for us to issue our own legal Social-Democratic newspaper similar to *Nashi Dni* published by the Narodniks. He gave me an address and asked me to come to see him the following day at a definite time. When I got to this place next day I found a gathering of eight to ten persons. I was greeted very cordially and everybody began to talk about Party affairs, and mainly about the disagreements. Towards the end of the meeting I realized that I had got into the wrong place, that this was a gathering of the minority, *i.e.*, of Mensheviks who wanted to win me over to their side. They counted on my ignorance of the groups that had been formed after the Congress. It was only after I met the Bolshevik committeemen that I was able to find my bearings in Party affairs. I succeeded in establishing contacts with our Bolshevik Committee through Ilya Tarayev's sister, who lived at Polyustrov. It was at her house also that I met Grisha Sternin who had returned from Vitebsk and had gone to live in Orenburg

Street on the Viborg Side. Grisha had firm contacts, not only on the Viborg Side, but also in other districts of St. Petersburg, mainly on the St. Petersburg Side, where he had worked before his arrest. In Sternin's room it was always possible to obtain fresh illegal literature, and through him I was able to establish close contacts with the circles in other factories on the Viborg Side.

About the middle of April a strike broke out at Ericsson's. Although some preparation had been made for this strike, it broke out unexpectedly. As far as I remember we had no sanction from the Bolshevik Committee to call the strike and the demands that were first submitted to the employers were very moderate. A delegation of five: Gagarin, Komar, myself, and two others, whose names I have forgotten, were elected to submit our demands to the employers. The director whom we met categorically refused to satisfy our modest demands. We then called a general meeting of the workers and almost unanimously resolved to stop work immediately. When work was stopped a committee was formed of representatives of the various shops and was instructed to draw up a list of more important demands, including the demand for an eight-hour day; at that time we were working ten hours a day. The committee held a meeting in the woods and drew up a list of ten demands. These demands were then submitted to the employers by the same delegation of five that went to the director in the first instance.

In reply to our new demands the employers declared a lock-out and discharged all the workers.

The other factories did not join us as preparations were in progress for May First, at which political demands as well as economic demands were to be advanced. While on strike we made energetic preparations for celebrating the First of May. We had no doubts at all that the machine shops at Lessner's, Nobel's,

Baranov's, The Metal Works, Rosenkrantz, and other factories on the Viborg Side would take part in the First of May strike, for we had good underground organizations in those places. We were rather doubtful about the Shaw, Maltsev, Voronin and other textile mills because our organizations there were weak. That is why we concentrated all our efforts on these mills. In addition to leaflets explaining the significance of the First of May which we distributed fairly widely, we considered it necessary to organize a number of preliminary meetings of the workers. It was impossible to get into the mills and hold meetings in the yards because both the police and the employers had well-organized guards, and this made it impossible for agitators to get into the factory yards, let alone hold large meetings. We therefore decided to hold a number of meetings at the mill gates as the workers were leaving work. It was resolved to start the series of meetings with the Shaw and Maltsev mills, which were situated on the Sampsoniyev Prospect, because these two mills were near each other and the mill hands who lived in Naishlot Street just opposite the mills completely filled the street as they came pouring out from work.

We formed a group of thirty, mainly consisting of workers employed at Ericsson's, and just before work was due to stop at these mills we gathered in small groups on the corner of Naishlot Street and Sampsoniyev Prospect. As soon as the workers came out we began to stop them under various pretexts; but the fatigued workers, particularly the women who had hungry children waiting for them at home, angrily pushed us aside and some even abused us. We began to feel that nothing would come of this. Suddenly the "brilliant" idea entered the head of one of our fellows to start a mock fight which many of the crowd would certainly stop to watch. When a sufficient number of people had gathered we would open the meeting. This idea was adopted and two of the

girls from Ericsson's who had come with us were persuaded to start the "scrap." As soon as these girls began to clutch at each other's hair, a huge crowd gathered round them and even those who had already passed on their way came back to see the fight. When the fight seemed to be at its hottest our speaker jumped on a barrel, which somebody had rolled out of a neighbouring yard, and in a loud voice shouted: "Comrades, listen! The First of May will soon be here. We have gathered here to . . ."

I didn't hear any more because as soon as the crowd heard the words "First of May" they scattered. The girls who were "fighting" disappeared and in a moment we heard cries: "The police!" "Save yourselves!"

Seeing the police approaching, our group also broke up and dispersed in different directions. The speaker jumped off the barrel and began to run down the street in the direction of the Finnish Railway, followed by policemen and janitors. I followed behind them in the hope of saving our speaker somehow or another. He ran very fast and soon left the policemen and a number of the janitors far behind him. Only one young janitor kept close to his heels, and I was not far behind. Thus the three of us ran for several minutes; the speaker in front, the janitor behind him, and I in the rear. When the janitor had caught up with our comrade I tried to seize hold of him; I made several desperate leaps towards him and punched him on the head with all my might. The force of the blow caused him to fall and in doing so he caught hold of our speaker's coat and dragged him to the ground with him. I too, lost my balance, fell over, but rising quickly wanted to run further, but before I could get away I was surrounded by a crowd who caught hold of me and handed me over to the janitors. As I was being led back in the direction of Sampsoniyev Prospect we encountered the Ericsson workers, who after a slight scuffle,

managed to release me. After getting away, I retraced my steps, this time walking calmly in order not to arouse suspicion, in the hope of getting to Polyustrov across the Kulikov fields. I had hardly gone a few paces when I heard a voice from one of the houses shouting: "Shottman, save yourself, the police are after you!" I do not know to this day who it was that shouted. I looked round and saw a group of policemen running in my direction.

I began to run too, but realizing that I would not reach the fields in time, that the police would overtake me, or that I would be intercepted, I dashed through a yard, to the back entrance of a house, ran up to the second floor, opened the first door I came to, and found myself in a kitchen. In it there was an old man and woman drinking tea. I asked them to let me hide for a little while as there had been a fight in the street and I had barely managed to get away. Without a moment's hesitation the old lady pointed to a niche between the kitchen stove and the wall where there was a garbage can and a slop pail. I squeezed into this niche. Hardly two minutes passed before the front door was opened with a bang and a crowd of janitors, policemen and idle on-lookers rushed into the apartment. They made straight for the big room opposite the kitchen and immediately I heard voices shouting: "Ah, you bastard, you're caught now! Isn't he quick, the son of a bitch, he's managed to undress!"

In reply I heard a pleading voice saying: "You must have made a mistake, boys. I've been laying here sick for two weeks!"

"Hey, none of your jaw! Get up quick and dress, or else. . . !" I heard a rough voice say.

I listened closely to the altercation and was about to come out of my hiding place to prevent an innocent sick person from suffering on my account when I heard someone shout: "Why, that's

not the man. That's our Ivan Stepanovich. He has been sick for two weeks and doesn't go to work!"

There was a momentary silence and then the whole crowd streamed out of the apartment wondering where I could have hidden so quickly.

Apparently, in order to set his mind at rest, one of the departing crowd asked the old lady: "Didn't anyone rush in here by chance?"

"No, my dear, I didn't see anybody," answered the old lady, closing the door after him.

When all the noise had died down, I heard a voice from the big room say: "The bastard, look at the trouble he's caused! If he falls into our hands, he'll get it hot!"

I felt a cold shiver run down my back as I guessed that they meant me. "It would be better for the police to take me than to fall into the hands of these philistines whose peace I have disturbed," I thought to myself; and as the old lady came near to the stove I asked her in a whisper to open the door to the attic. I said that that was where I wanted to go at first, but there was a lock on the door and I couldn't get in, and so I fell into this trap.

"All right, my dear, in a moment," she said, and went out into the corridor. She returned and said that she had opened the door to the attic and that I could go.

I went out into the corridor, but the lock was still on the door. I rushed back towards the room, for I heard a noise in the next apartment, but the kind old lady had closed the door and locked it from the inside. There was nothing to do but to try to get out into the street unobserved.

As soon as I began to descend the staircase the janitors barred my way.

"Where are you coming from, young man," one of them asked me.

"Mind your own business," I said surlily, and tried to push past them.

At that moment a door on the landing opened and a crowd of policemen and janitors streamed out and I found myself in their clutches.

"Careful, go carefully with him; we must search him first! He may have a bomb in his pocket!" shouted one of the policemen.

They searched me and then led me into the street. They probably thought that I was a frightful sort of rebel and that my comrades would make an attempt to release me, for no less than five janitors held me. My arms were held out at both sides as if I were crucified, three janitors holding my right arm and two my left; in this way they dragged me to the police station. I was thrown in a gloomy cell and there I found our speaker in the company of two vagrants.

About a quarter of an hour afterwards we were taken to the Inspector's office and there carefully searched. After that the Inspector himself came in. Among the janitors who had surrounded us I saw the young man whose head I had punched. He had a beautiful black eye, the traces of my fist. The Inspector turned to him and, pointing to us, said:

"Well, what were they up to?"

"This fellow over there, your highness," said the lad pointing to our speaker, "shouted 'Long live Russia and France!' "

My comrades and I could hardly restrain our laughter.

"All right, all right," said the Inspector, a bit confused. "And what about this one?" he said, pointing to me.

"Oh, this one; he punched my head and kept on shouting 'Comrades!' "

With this our first examination came to an end. As we turned to leave the office, the Inspector, clenching his fist, shouted at us:

"I'll show you, beating up my janitors!" And, turning to the policemen, he added: "Teach them a lesson!"

Evidently they dared not beat us in this police station because crowds of workers from the neighbouring factories picketed the place until late at night. They took us to Viborg Side Station only at three o'clock in the morning when there was not a soul in the street.

Eleven days after I was taken to the headquarters of the gendarmerie on Tverskaya Street. The Colonel of Gendarmes who was in charge was the very man who had discharged me from prison only two months before.

"However did you manage to get into this mess, Mr. Shottman?" he said, turning to me.

I thought I noted a tone of reproach in his voice as if to say: a serious revolutionary, and member of the St. Petersburg Committee getting mixed up in a street brawl! I replied that I could not stand by quietly while janitors were beating up workers.

"And did you hit the janitor good and hard?" he asked out of curiosity.

"I did," I replied.

"Well, there's no use my keeping you," he said. "Let the City Governor deal with the matter. You are free, you may go. Good day." And with that he ordered one of the gendarmes to see me to the door.

After my release I made the acquaintance of A. G. Pravdin who, together with M. I. Kalinin, now president of the C.E.C of the U.S.S.R., had just returned from exile in Olonetz, where they had spent three years. Comrade Kalinin went to visit his home town in the Tver Gubernia, and Pravdin and I intended to go to the South as we knew that neither of us would be permitted to live in St. Petersburg. I had already made all preparations for my

journey; I had the money, my passport, and a secret address to go to. But going home to get a few things I was arrested in my room by policemen who were laying in wait for me. At the police station I was informed that by the order of the City Governor I was to be kept under arrest for two months and then to be deported from St. Petersburg and prohibited from residing in a number of gubernia towns and industrial centres.

I was taken to the Viborg Detention Prison and put into a small cell big enough for fifteen persons, but which actually contained seventy. The congestion, filth, and putrid air were intolerable. I could not sleep at night because of the vermin. Most of my cell mates were beggars and vagrants. Some of these slept under the shelves protruding from the wall that served as beds, and others slept on the floor in the middle of the cell. The shelves were occupied by the "aristocracy," pick pockets and burglars, detained here temporarily until their transfer to prison, and a number of "nameless" people, *i.e.*, those who had escaped from various prisons and who refused to disclose their identity. I was the only political prisoner among them. Two, who had been sentenced to detention for resisting the police, regarded themselves as politicals, but the "aristocrats" in our cells called them "horse collar politicals" to distinguish them from real politicals.

The filth, putrid air, congestion and vermin were enough to make life intolerable in this bedlam; but the regime established in the cell, not so much by the prison officials as by a small group of the "aristocrats," made it a nightmare. This was a gang of seven or eight prisoners headed by the younger brother of Petka Ribak, whom I mentioned in the early part of this book. This younger brother's name was Pashka Ribak. After his brother's death he became the chief of the hooligan elements on the Viborg Side. He had been convicted on a charge of murder and robbery and was

in our cell awaiting sentence. He considered himself "finished," and for that reason he was treated with special respect by his gang in the cell. It was this gang that he organized into a disciplined group which, armed with daggers and knives, terrorized the rest of the prisoners in the cell.

The gang terrorized the inmates of the cell into electing Pashka cell monitor, and taking advantage of this position, he established business connections with the Chief Warder, and together, they robbed the inmates. This was done in a very simple way. Instead of the official food ration, the inmates began to receive, at first, three-fourths, and then only one-half of their rations; and finally, the thieves became so brazen that they ceased to put any meat in the soup or oil on the kasha, and the bread ration was reduced to a mere crumb. Seeing that this went off so easily, Pashka and his gang began almost openly to steal the belongings of newly arrived prisoners and to get them sold "outside." Knowing Pashka since he was a child, I took the liberty of talking to him about this outrageous business and suggested that he stop it; but he either denied that he had anything to do with it, or simply became abusive.

It was in these circumstances that it came into my head to apply my theories of revolution. All the factors necessary for bringing about such a revolution were at hand. The usurpers—the cell monitor; the government troops—the gang of armed hooligans; the ruthless, arrogant exploitation of the people; the people—I, a revolutionary, and the two lads who regarded themselves as politicals. I won the two lads over to my side and, obtaining possession of a few fairly good daggers, we carried on mass agitational work among the wretched beggars and helpless vagrants in the cell, while of course, maintaining the strictest secrecy. Our program was the ideal of clarity and simplicity: the overthrow of Pashka and his gang and the restoration of the full official ration.

When, as it seemed to me, the majority of the inmates had fully understood our program and were prepared to fight for it, I fixed the next meat day as the day of the revolution (Wednesdays and Fridays were meatless days). On the appointed day the orderly brought dinner and, as had been the case for the last few days, there was no meat in the soup and no oil on the kasha when the food was shared out. Surrounded by my loyal conspirators, I called upon every one to refrain from eating the food and demanded that the Chief be called. Pashka and his gang, sensing danger to themselves, also refrained from touching the food. When the Chief arrived we showed him the basins with the meatless soup and dry kasha and demanded an explanation. Before the Chief could open his mouth, Pashka rushed forward and showing him the basins brought in for him and his gang, in which there were thick lumps of meat and greasy kasha, said that we had taken the meat out of the soup. Hearing this the Chief said:

"I give you a full ration; but you are not able to distribute it properly." And with head proudly raised, he left the cell.

As soon as the Chief left the cell we rushed up to Pashka and his gang, confiscated their basins with the fat soup and kasha, shared the meat out equally among all, disarmed Pashka and his gang, and drove these "ex-rulers" under the shelves, where they remained until they were transferred to prison. I was elected cell monitor in place of Pashka and retained this post until I was transferred to the prison hospital.

Two or three days after my release several revolutionary workers, headed by A. N. Bednyakov, were put into this cell; and I learned later that the order I had established in it continued for quite a long time.

Having finished my term of detention, I had to leave St. Petersburg. I was only given three days in which to prepare for my

departure. The day after I was released I went to the police station to hand in some tea, sugar and other things to my former fellow-prisoners, and in the corridor I met a comrade who informed me that Sternin had been arrested. He was in this police station and wanted me to go to his lodgings to warn his landlady to get rid of all the illegal literature before the police came. The landlady was a friend of ours. When I got to his room I found the police there searching it. The police were under the command of Inspector Pheofanov, who had sent me to the police station only two and a half months ago. He was a downright scoundrel, hated by all the workers; incidentally, he spoke Finnish. He was shot by the workers in the very first days of the February Revolution, 1917.

"Whom do you want?" he demanded of me.

"I am told there's a room to let here, and I want to see whether it will suit me," I answered.

"Landlady!" he shouted.

When the landlady came in she recognized me at once, and when the Inspector asked her whether she was letting a room, she said she was.

"What is your name?" asked the Inspector, turning to me again.

Had I stated my real name he might have remembered me, so I said my name was Yegorov. Evidently he did not remember my face because he made no comment when I gave him that name. In reply to his questions, I also gave him fictitious particulars about where I lived, place of employment, etc. When he had all this written down, he ordered me to be searched and became absorbed in the study of the papers found in Sternin's room.

In my pockets I had a passport and certain papers with my real name on them. Before raising my arms to be searched I snatched these papers out of my pocket and held them in my hands above my head. The policeman who searched my pockets reported that

he found nothing. Putting the papers back into my pocket, I asked the Inspector whether I could look round the room now, or come back another time. He allowed me to look at it now. On going into the passage I glanced into the next room and getting a glimpse of the landlady, I said loudly, so that the police could hear, that the room was too dear. No one stopped me when I got into the street.

On the suggestion of the St. Petersburg Committee, I chose Odessa as my place of deportation. Just previous to that, while I was still under detention, the celebrated "Potemkin" mutiny had taken place in Odessa. After the "Potemkin" had put to sea, numerous arrests were made in Odessa, and our organization suffered very badly. In spite of the fact that martial law had been proclaimed in Odessa, while St. Petersburg was only under "reinforced guard," I was permitted, for some reason or another, to go to Odessa under special police surveillance.

Instead of the three days permitted me by the police, I stayed in St. Petersburg about two weeks, sleeping wherever I could, picking up old contacts, forming circles where they did not exist, etc.

Old acquaintances were working on the St. Petersburg Committee at that time, June 1905, such as Comrade Stassova, M. Rosenberg-Essen, N. V. Krylenko, now Commissar of Justice of the R.S.F.S.R., and G. Alexinsky, now a notorious counter-revolutionary living abroad. I also made the acquaintance of Maxim Gorky. Our Committee was then in financial difficulties and Comrade Stassova sent S. V. Malyshev and me to Maxim Gorky to get some money; he used to help our organization financially, and sometimes with fairly large sums. Gorky lived in a villa in Kuokkala in Finland. We arrived early in the morning and Gorky was still asleep. We were cordially welcomed by his wife, Andreyeva. Notwithstanding the fact that in outward appearance we looked

much like the characters described in some of Gorky's tramp stories, she treated us to tea and told us that Gorky would be down soon.

Gorky came down a few minutes later and greeted us as old friends. After reading the note from Comrade Stassova, he again shook hands with us and, taking us by the arm, led us into the garden. There he introduced us to the well-known writer, Kuprin, who was staying with him then, and to a well-known boxer of that day, N—. Kuprin seemed to be out of sorts and hardly took any part in our conversation. The boxer was engaged in teaching the noble art to Gorky's little adopted son.

Leaving Kuprin, N— and the boy, we walked down to the end of the garden and there had a long talk on various subjects. I was astonished to notice how well Gorky was informed about our Party affairs. I did not know then that he was taking a very active part in our Party work. He not only obtained money for us, but took direct part in illegal activity.

At that time Gorky was at the zenith of his fame. He was visited by admirers of his talent, not only from all parts of Russia, but also from abroad. These admirers not only came to see Gorky, but to stay as long as they could, and very often they stayed over night. Gorky may have been bored by these visits, but he never denied anyone his hospitality. At the time we came to visit him, about fifteen persons were staying with him, and to these he introduced us at dinner. There were some foreigners there; I remember a bourgeois couple he introduced us to who had come from Hungary, or Rumania, for the special purpose of seeing him. When we were alone he told us witty stories about his conversations with these bourgeois philistines.

Malyshev and I stayed with Gorky until the evening. He handed us about two thousand rubles, which he asked Malyshev

to take to Comrade Stassova, and suggested that I go to the next suburb where, he said, a literary and musical evening was being organized for the benefit of revolutionary organizations. He gave me a note to one of the organizers of the evening and suggested that I make a speech there and appeal for funds for our Bolshevik organization. When I arrived there I found that no musical evening had been arranged. It was just a gathering of suburbanites who had come together to drink and eat and flirt. Wandering among this crowd for about half an hour and causing astonishment among them by my shabby appearance, I gave them up in disgust and left for St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER V. *THE FIRST REVOLUTION*

I MANAGED TO LEAVE for Odessa at the end of July. The Odessa organization, which had only just experienced the "Potemkin" events, was almost completely broken up. The comrades who had evaded arrest were no longer able to carry on illegal work as many of them had become widely known as speakers at the public meetings held under the protection of the guns of the "Potemkin."

Of the members of the Odessa Committee whose places we were to take, I remember Comrade E. Yaroslavsky, whose Party name was then "Lapin," Comrade Shapovalov, formerly organizer of the Dalnitsky District, and Comrade Khrustalev, who left very soon after our arrival. We met in a villa on the shores of the Black Sea and decided to send all the comrades who were implicated in any way with the "Potemkin" mutiny to other towns. Among other prominent workers I met there at the time were L. M. Knipovich and Concordia Samoylova, known as "Natasha."

The secret address I had was that of Dr. Levinson, who lived in Preobrazhensky Street. Through him I obtained contact with the late Comrade Gusev, who was then secretary of the Odessa Committee of the Bolsheviks. In addition to the Bolsheviks, the Mensheviks, the Socialist-Revolutionaries, the Bundists, the Anarchists and the Poale Zionists, also carried on underground work in Odessa. The Mensheviks had contacts mainly with the artisans and shop assistants in the centre of the city. We Bolsheviks, how-

ever, had circles at nearly every factory and also in the railway workshops. The principal districts of the town, Peresip and Dalnitsky, were entirely Bolshevik.

I was appointed organizer of the Dalnitsky District, which included the railway sub-district and the Moldavanka; A. G. Pravdin, who arrived after me, was appointed organizer of the Peresip District. Both of us were co-opted to the Odessa Committee and in this connection we changed our names. Pravdin was called Cyril and I was called Danilo. The new Odessa Committee consisted of five comrades: S. I. Gusev, secretary, A. G. Pravdin, I. A. Pyatnitsky, Gotlober—"Anatolia" and I. Of the active workers of that period who worked as propagandists, agitators, printers in the secret printing presses, or as despatchers of illegal literature, were N. S. Rykov, G. P. Achkanov, Trofimov, G. Sapelnikov, V. Exler, A. Y. Axelrod, I. A. Kornbloom, F. P. Achkanov, and I. V. Dubrovin-Glebov.

I had two energetic young comrades as assistants, named M. V. Zembluchter and Vanya Batumsky. Zembluchter, who was also known as "Hertzog" and "Mischa Fontansky," was especially useful. In spite of his youth, he was only eighteen years of age, he had very wide connections with the railwaymen and the workers in the sugar and other factories in the extensive Dalnitsky District. He worked in the district from morning till night, almost without stopping to take any food, forming circles, organizing meetings, and very often carrying leaflets and pamphlets to the various factories.

In that period, August-September, our organization was in severe financial straits. Working as professional revolutionaries, we lacked the time and the opportunity to earn any money for ourselves and we lived entirely on what the Odessa Committee could give us. "Theoretically" Pravdin and I should each have

been getting a "salary" of twenty-five rubles per month. In practice, however, we got fifteen kopeks a day between us. Now and again Comrade Gusev succeeded in obtaining several rubles from somewhere or other and would give us fifty kopeks each. On those days, when we came to meet him, which he usually arranged in some modest cafe, he would treat us to coffee and pastry. Most of the time we lived on "vegetarian food," consisting of bread and melons. For two and a half months, until the October Days* we starved, for the Odessa intelligentsia, among whom money for revolutionary propaganda was mainly collected, preferred to give their money to the Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionaries rather than to the Bolsheviks. In outward appearance, we members of the Odessa Committee, skilled workers, I, a metal turner, and Pravdin, a carpenter, could hardly be distinguished from Odessa hoboes.

As I have said already, we had contacts with the workers in all districts and circles in all factories of any size. We also had rather close contacts with our comrades abroad, and received literature from them fairly regularly and in sufficient quantities. The circles met more or less regularly and there was no shortage of propagandists. The secret printing press worked without a hitch, one might say. I recall this period of underground work as one of the brightest periods in the history of our Bolshevik Party. The able and tactful leadership of the late Comrade Gusev united our underground group, and in spite of the diabolical conditions under which we had to live and work, we worked hand in hand for the overthrow of the monstrous, mighty and cruel autocracy.

On arriving in Odessa I rented a corner of a kitchen in a house in Staroportofrank Street, at three rubles per month. Three days

* The proclamation of the tsar's manifesto on "liberties," October 17, 1905.

later, a policeman called on me and asked me to go to the police station. There the Inspector asked me whether I knew that I was under special police surveillance. I answered that I did know. He said that there would be no need for me to report at the station regularly, but that whenever he called for me, I was to appear without fail. Right up to the October Days I was called to the station only once. On that occasion when I appeared before the Inspector, somewhat awestruck, he handed me a summons to appear at the St. Petersburg court on November 4 as the accused charged under Articles 126, 129 and 132 of the Criminal Code. Under Article 126: "belonging to a criminal association the object of which is to overthrow the existing system," I was liable to a penalty of eight years' penal servitude. I was charged with belonging to the R.S.D.L.P.(B.) and in particular, with being a member of its St. Petersburg Committee.

I took the summons and in my spare time I prepared the speech I intended to make at the trial, taking the celebrated Peter Alexeyev* as my model. But there was no need for me to attend the trial as an amnesty was declared on October 21 under which the charge against me was withdrawn.

In spite of the fact that I was under constant special police surveillance, I managed to guide the underground work in the district fairly successfully. Meanwhile our work became more and more complicated as our circles sprang up in the factories like mushrooms, so to speak.

The most class conscious workers in Odessa at that time were those employed in the railway workshops and it was among them that we distributed the lion's share of our leaflets and pamphlets. But we could not satisfy the growing demand and we decided to

* Leader of the first great textile strike in Russia in 1877.—*Ed.*

compensate for the shortage by holding meetings. The responsible organizer in the railway sub-district was E. Avdeyev, who managed rather successfully to organize a big meeting in the main workshops. For this meeting we invited a speaker from the town, and "Misha Fontansky" and Ivan Batumsky brought a large quantity of leaflets with them. The first meeting went off very well. The management was taken by surprise, and by the time the police arrived, the meeting had come to an end. This encouraged us very much and we tried to do the same at other factories, but we failed, and we had to content ourselves with scattering leaflets.

Most of the meetings of the Odessa Committee were held in the apartments of the local intelligentsia: that of Dr. Gara, whose wife, Rosalia, had taken part in the revolutionary movement in the days of the Narodniki; the dentist, Solovyey, who had the best equipped dental office and workshop in the best street in Odessa. Sometimes we met in the rooms of the notary public, Grossman, and very rarely, in those of Dr. Levinson. We used the latter's apartment for meetings very rarely because it served as the rendezvous for responsible people sent to us by the Central Committee. Most often our meetings were held in the apartment of Comrade Gara, whose good wife made us very comfortable and gave us tea, always accompanied with a sweet: some biscuits, pastry, or something like that.

In Dr. Gara's apartment I made the acquaintance of a young girl named Ekaterina Fedorovna Kurkova, who, in spite of her youth, she was twenty years of age, had already managed to serve a term of seventeen months' imprisonment for working in a secret printing press. A good looking girl, she attracted my attention. I asked her where she came from and how she became connected with the secret printing press. She told me that her father

was a poor carter who lived on the Moldavanka and had great difficulty in making ends meet as his family was a large one. Up to 1902 she had worked as a packer in a tea warehouse. She made the acquaintance of some revolutionaries who invited her to go and work in the secret printing press. She accepted the invitation and was sent to Taganrog where, after working about four months, she was arrested. Officially, she was registered as the sister of the mistress of the house where the secret printing press was kept. After seventeen months' preliminary detention, first in Taganrog, and later in Rostov-on-Don, she was brought up for trial. Partly because she excellently played the role of the "innocent sister" and partly thanks to Sviatopolk-Mirsky's "liberal spring," she was acquitted. Two years later Katya and I were married, but by that time she was no longer the "sister" but the "mistress" of a secret printing press. But of this, more later on. She introduced me to Helena Alexeyevna Boychenko, a girl far above the general run of working girls, who took an active part in revolutionary work. She, too, at first, worked in a tea warehouse and later began work in a secret printing press. Another girl, outstanding for her energy, was Comrade "Rosa," whose real name was Nadezhda Nikolayevna Zemlakova, who worked in a cork factory. Then there was Irina Nikolayevna Avdeyeva. "Irisha" as we called her, was an exceptional girl for energy and courage. She contrived with impunity to penetrate into a soldiers' barracks and make ardent revolutionary speeches there.

We all felt that revolutionary events were approaching with astonishing rapidity. The newspapers in the capital became more and more outspoken. Banquet after banquet* was organized by

* Not daring to hold open political meetings the bourgeoisie organized banquets on various pretexts at which in the guise of toasts, political speeches were made.—*Ed.*

the bourgeoisie and liberal intelligentsia at which speeches calling for democratic reforms were made. Even at meetings of the nobles the blessed word "Constitution" was heard. The Odessa book publishers were the first to realize that publishing mass Marxian literature was good business and unexpectedly, pamphlets which had been strictly prohibited up till then began to come out legally. Although the "sharpest" passages in the works of Marx, Engels, Plekhanov and others were deleted, nevertheless, we all took advantage of these "legal" possibilities.

October 1905 came. News poured in from all sides about strikes and demonstrations. A national railway strike broke out and rapidly spread. We decided to call a general strike in Odessa on October 15. On the night before we distributed a large number of leaflets and early in the morning of the 15th we hastened to the various districts. My group, numbering eight or nine persons, including my two assistants, Mischa Zembluchter and Vanya Batumsky, gathered not far from the Valtukh Tin Works and went in a body to the factory gates. The watchman tried to prevent us from entering, but we pushed him aside and went to the boiler room, blew the siren, and ran towards the workshops scattering leaflets and calling upon the workers to down tools. The workers began to pour out of the shops quite readily and we soon found ourselves in the street with the workers streaming out of the gates behind us. Hastily explaining that we must march to the neighbouring factories and call the workers out there, we began to form into column.

Suddenly someone shouted: "The police!" Looking round we saw a police officer in an open carriage dashing towards us (later we learned it was the Inspector himself), followed by a troop of mounted police. Before he reached us the officer opened fire upon us with his revolver and shouted something at us. The crowd

scattered in all directions, the greater part back into the factory, while our group ran in different directions. I succeeded in squeezing into the midst of a crowd of onlookers watching "incidents." None of our group was arrested and, after waiting awhile, we gathered together again and went to call the workers out from other factories. In a number of factories in the Dalnitsky District the workers stopped work on their own accord. Crowds began to gather in the streets, and first in one place, and then in another cries were raised "Down with the Autocracy!" "Long Live the Revolution!" etc.

Again and again the police charged the crowds and dispersed them, but each time they gathered again in another place. Spontaneously, as it seemed, barricades began to spring up. In Preobrazhensky Street, not far from Prokhorov Street, the crowd stopped a street car, ordered the passengers out, and, cheering loudly, overturned it. We heard the breaking of glass, the loud cheers, and then the sound of rifle and revolver shots. We ran down side streets where the boys and girls had managed to pile up all sorts of junk they had dragged from the yards.

Zembluchter and I kept together all the time. Passing from street to street we stopped at each "barricades," helped to pull up cobblestones from the road, and tried to "give instructions"; but after a volley of rifle shots was fired from an unknown quarter, we ran with the crowd into a neighbouring street where we set to again to put up barricades. In some places telephone poles were pulled down, and with the help of a small group of workers we put up something in the nature of barbed wire entanglements. But again a volley rang out and again we ran to the next street. This continued for quite a long time until we were driven out of the district. Feeling fatigued, we went into a tea shop for some tea

and rest and afterwards went to a secret rendezvous to meet Comrade Gusev.

Our attempt to call a general strike that day failed, but we decided to make another attempt on October 17. On that day I went to my Dalnitsky District early in the morning to see Avdeyev and learned that it would be possible, though somewhat difficult, to call out the railwaymen. I hastened to a tea shop in Prokhorov Street to meet my assistants. They assured me that there would certainly be a strike that day. I also saw Pravdin and he, too, was confident that the workers in the Peresip District would come out.

Comrade Gusev had organized his "Staff Headquarters" in the apartment of the dentist Solovey in Deribasov Street to which, by arrangement with him, we were to send reports stating which factories had come out.

I arranged for our comrades to meet in a tea shop on the corner of Prokhorov and Teretsky Streets from the second floor window of which it was possible to obtain a view of the whole street. We decided to call the strike after the dinner hour and to stop the workers as they were coming back from dinner. I thought this was the best plan to adopt for this was the way we succeeded in calling the strike at the Obukhov Works in 1901. As we had circles in every factory, and if there was no definitely formed circle we had our people there acting as our agents, as it were, to whom we gave detailed instructions, we were quite confident that we would succeed in calling the strike.

Before dispersing to the various factories, I decided to call together my assistants and several representatives of the circles to see whether all the arrangements were in order. To this meeting I also invited I. A. Sanzhur, whom I met on the day of my arrest in Ivanovo-Vosnesensk in 1903, and who was now working as a propagandist and agitator in our organization. I arranged for

this meeting to take place in the tea shop in Prokhorov Street and intended it to last only a few minutes. Two comrades came and we sat drinking tea waiting for the others. Suddenly there was a commotion in the tea shop. People began to jump up from their tables; some ran to the doors and others to the windows. We too sprang up, not knowing what had happened. I jumped to the conclusion that the police were coming and wanted to run to the doors, but a comrade led me to the window and I saw a scene that I shall never forget.

A huge demonstration of several thousand people was marching down Prokhorov Street, filling the whole street. Over the heads of the demonstrators waved numerous red flags, and there was a curious murmur in the air, intermingled with snatches of song.

For several seconds I stood at the window spellbound. This was the first time I had seen anything like it in Russia. At the same time a feeling of chagrin overcame me: I, a member of the Odessa Committee, the district organizer, did not know how this had come about. Absorbed in my daily burrowing work, I had imperceptibily drifted away from the main thing, from all-Russian political life. I did not yet know what had actually taken place.

Rousing myself, I flew down the street like a shot. At the head of the demonstration I found a number of my comrades who belonged to the Dalnitsky organization, among them Mischa Zembluchter and Vanya Batumsky. Seeing me they caught hold of me and raised me shoulder high, shouting to the crowd that I was the district organizer and I would make a speech. The crowd kept surging forward and it seemed that no power on earth could stop it. I shouted to my comrades to put me down and continue the march, but they would not. Trying with all their might to hold the crowd back, they demanded that I make a speech. But the

pressure of this enormous crowd was so powerful that we nearly fell victims to our own foolishness. I was thrown to the ground and nearly trampled to death under the feet of the marching workers.

The demonstrators did not know whither they were marching; nor did those at the head of the demonstration know where to go. We marched in the direction of Dalnitsky Street. This street is several kilometres long, ending somewhere far beyond the town in the steppes. On both sides there were factories and barracks. At every factory we tried to stop, but it was hopeless, the crowd at the back kept pushing on. Nevertheless, the workers in these factories, seeing the demonstration, stopped work and joined us.

While we were marching through the street in town we saw a number of well-dressed people in the crowd: high school students, university students, "young ladies" and "young gentlemen," and a crowd of middle class intellectuals. But as we moved further into the working class districts on the outskirts, all these people began to drift away; and when we reached some barracks not far from the sugar works opposite a large open space, the demonstration consisted almost entirely of workers.

As we approached the barracks we saw a company of soldiers drawn across the street with rifles at the "ready." An officer advanced towards us and ordered us to stop, otherwise, he said, he would give the order to shoot. Those of us in front were in an awkward position. The people behind had not seen the officer nor heard what he had said and kept pressing on. We asked the officer to permit us to try to stop the people behind us, but he kept on shouting and refused to listen to us. A number of my comrades ran down the sides of the column trying to stop the marchers, but pushed on from behind, we continued to move forward. Our position was becoming tragic.

Then something happened that I could not grasp clearly at first. The people who were marching beside me jumped to one side and some dropped on their hands and knees; then I heard a volley fired. I do not know whether the soldiers fired point blank at us or whether the first volley was fired in the air. The next instant, while the soldiers were reloading, somebody pushed me in the back and shouted to me to run. I ran. I ran as fast as I possibly could across the open space in the direction of the sugar works in order to escape the soldiers' bullets. I did not know where I was running to. Now and again some of those running in front of me fell and I ran past them. Whether they fell because they were shot, or because they slipped, I do not know to this day. At last I managed to reach a street running parallel with Dalnitsky Street. I turned sharply to the right and found myself beyond the range of the soldiers' bullets. Frankly, I do not know to this day whether the soldiers shot at us with ball cartridges or blank shot.

As I turned into a side street, which bore the luscious name of Grape Street, I found a mob lined up along the pavement and standing in the yard gates with stones in their hands; and as the fleeing demonstrators came running down the street, the brutes hurled these stones, accompanied with curses, at them. Running only a distance of several yards I noticed five or six demonstrators lying prostrate in the muddy road. Not far in front of me an elderly worker was gesticulating in front of these howling brutes and dishevelled women, trying to dodge the flying stones. Finally, one of the stones hit him in the head and knocked him over, and he remained lying in the road behind me.

I ran in the middle of the road in zig-zag fashion dodging the stones. Thanks to my youth and excellent health, I overtook many others who were running, and probably thanks to this, I managed to evade being hit. I do not know to this day how many people

were killed in that street. We learned afterwards that the police had hastily organized the dregs of the population inhabiting this slum district to attack the demonstrators.

At last, perspiring profusely, I reached the Kosarka Bazaar. My tired, perspiring and dishevelled appearance attracted the attention of the people in the market who, evidently, had heard about the shooting. People began to look upon me suspiciously and one old witch shouted something and pointed to me. I turned swiftly away from the market and managed to dart unperceived into a cheap barber shop. The barber was disengaged. I asked him for a shave and a brush-up. When the operation was over I rose, rested and refreshed. I wanted to pay the barber but I found that I had not a kopek in my pocket. I promised to go home and bring him the money immediately; fortunately he believed me.

I reached Comrade Gusev's rendezvous and found that he had transferred his headquarters to the University. There I learned that the government had issued a manifesto promising all sorts of liberties: free speech, free press, etc. I also met all the members of our Committee who had learned about the demonstration and the shooting. Incidentally, the leaders of other political organizations, the Mensheviks, Socialist-Revolutionaries, Bundists, etc., also met at the University. The main question that confronted all the organizations at that moment was how to avert, or if that proved impossible, how to repel the anti-Jewish pogrom that was beginning in the district where the shooting had taken place.

I have only a confused recollection of the events of that period. I remember that I rushed from factory to factory in my district and from there to the University. From the very first day of the proclamation of the "liberties," we were busy procuring arms. We managed to ransack two or three gunsmith shops, but there were few firearms there. We obtained our weapons mainly at the

University whither the bourgeoisie and intelligentsia, scared by the anti-Jewish pogroms, began to bring their revolvers and pistols. These were old fashioned weapons of all sorts of patterns, but mostly small "Bull Dogs" and Smith Wessons. It was with these wretched weapons that the self-defence squads, which on the first day of the pogrom consisted of heroic young people, mainly students, were armed.

In the University small squads were formed and captains were immediately appointed, many of whom had seen firearms for the first time in their lives. After receiving very vague instructions from these casually appointed captains, the squads marched into the streets. Very often only two or three persons of each squad returned to the University, the rest had fallen. Either they were killed while fighting the rioters, or else they were taken prisoner and died after frightful tortures.

It must be confessed that the pogrom was excellently organized. The rioters were well armed and led by policemen in plain clothes. As a Russian I could go into the streets where the pogrom was in progress without fear of molestation, and I saw blue uniforms under the civilian overcoats of some of the rioters. I remember that two policemen in plain clothes were even brought to the University as prisoners. They did not deny that they were policemen but pleaded in excuse that they had been ordered to change their clothes and take part in the pogrom by their superiors, who had promised them all sorts of rewards if the pogrom was carried out successfully.

In addition to the fighting squads, small squads were formed for the purpose of recapturing the articles that the rioters had taken from the houses they plundered. A large number of rooms in the University were converted into warehouses for storing these things. These squads would go into the street and when they saw

suspicious persons running along with bundles of wearing apparel, bed linen, etc., three or four of the members of the squad would run up to them and cry "Hands up!" Scared out of their wits, the plunderers would drop their booty and run off and the articles would then be taken to the University.

Fighting squads were formed independently in the districts. One of the best organized squads was that of the railway workers. Many railwaymen fell fighting to defend the people against the savage hirelings of the tsar. Other well-organized squads were those in the Peresip District, led by one of Pravdin's assistants—I. V. Glebov-Dubrovin, who was known as "Vanya Restelyevsky." Incidentally, his squad was armed with the best weapons.

With the permission of the Committee I left Odessa in the beginning of November, and of course, I went to St. Petersburg. On reaching Dno Station, not very far from St. Petersburg, I learned that a railway strike had been declared. Three long-distance trains had already been held up before the arrival of our train and the passengers were rushing about the platform in a panic, begging the station master to arrange to get them to their destinations. Soon after my train arrived, the foreign express came in. We watched with amusement the richly dressed and pompous bourgeois emerging from their cars, evidently stunned by the strike which so unexpectedly interrupted their journey. There was a particularly important looking group of bourgeois on the platform and among them were two generals. The station master ran up to them and, saluting, military fashion, reported that he was taking all measures to get a special train to take their "excellencies" to St. Petersburg.

My position was no less tragic than that of the bourgeois and the generals. I was dressed lightly, suitable for the southern climate I had lived in, and worse still, my overcoat was torn, my

shoes were almost without soles and my pockets were empty. Walking down the platform I unexpectedly met Potresov, who had arrived by the foreign express from abroad. He was well-dressed, in a long fur coat, and outwardly was not to be distinguished from the bourgeois and military men who, with the assistance of the station master, were organizing a scab train. Recognizing me, he threw himself into my arms and, notwithstanding my wretched appearance, embraced me in front of all the people, who were probably no less astonished at this than at the strike. He took me by the arm and led me to the first class waiting room where he treated me to a wonderful dinner and closely questioned me about events. I confess that I felt very awkward sitting at the table among people who were alien to me, and the waiters seemed to throw the numerous dishes at me. By evening a train was made up and we, after some hesitation, got into it and safely arrived in St. Petersburg. To soothe our conscience, we asked the engine driver how the train was made up, and he replied: "The train was made up with the sanction of the strike committee."

Political life in St. Petersburg was seething. I went to live with my mother and brother on the Viborg Side. My crippled brother was out of work, as usual, and my mother obtained her livelihood by doing washing. They lived in a state of semi-starvation. I was about to look for a job, but after a meeting with the members of the St. Petersburg Committee, I started work again as an organizer in the Viborg District.

Now it was a thousand times more difficult to serve this enormous district with its scores of factories, the more so that it was necessary to work almost legally. The old type of organization—an organizer with assistants—had to be discarded for a new one. Prior to my arrival a District Committee had been set up. The

Committee had its headquarters on the corner of Krapivny Street and the Viborg Embankment, on the bottom floor of a large house inhabited entirely by workers. I met many of my old comrades and our work proceeded very briskly.

After a few days I was elected a member of the St. Petersburg Committee and a busy time started for me, again. The difference between the present position and that of 1902-03 was that, in the old days, I worked in the factory in the day time and could carry on my revolutionary work only in the evenings and on holidays. Now, however, I was a paid member of the Committee, getting thirty rubles per month, and did revolutionary work every day from morning till night.

Of the old comrades with whom I had worked formerly, I met Comrade A. A. Divilkovsky, who had returned from exile. He was lying at home very sick. On his way back to St. Petersburg from exile, he stopped at the town of Archangel where a pogrom was going on at the time. The hooligans caught him and beat him up so badly that his body was covered with bruises. I also met Comrade N. N. Yunikov, my old assistant in the Viborg District, who had returned from exile in Holmogor, in the Archangel Gubernia. In addition to the old underground workers, I met many new ones. Nearly half the members of the District Committee, for example, were previously unknown to me. More and more talented and bold workers were being promoted from the ranks of the workers, and our work began to extend beyond the factories. We were able to penetrate into the soldiers' barracks. The Moscow Regiment of the Life Guards were quartered on the Viborg Side and the Grenadiers were quartered on the other side of the Neva, on the St. Petersburg Side, it is true, but opposite the factories on the Viborg Side. And on the Okhta, not far from the Crichton Works, there was an-

other regiment, the name of which I have forgotten. We began to send our fellows to all these regiments.

In this early period of tsarist "freedom," we were zealously engaged in preparing for the armed rebellion, which we Bolsheviks considered to be inevitable. The St. Petersburg Committee set up a Military Committee, and military organizations were set up in the district. In the premises of the Viborg District Committee we had a room where the members of the organization learned to handle firearms of all types. They took them to pieces and assembled them again; this is all we could do for the time being as we lacked a shooting range for firing practice. An instructor also came to this room to explain to us the mysteries of various types of hand grenades for which purpose he brought with him models showing the cross sections of these grenades. From somewhere or other Parabellum and Browning pistols, which were novelties for us at that time, made their appearance.

One day the late Comrade Gagarin pointed a Parabellum pistol at the head of one of our comrades for fun, thinking it was unloaded. But as the sight was not very visible, he turned the muzzle to the light and pulled the trigger—and a part of the window frame together with the glass was shattered. Not all the mysteries of Parabellum were then known even to members of the District Committee!

It must be stated that in addition to organizing lectures and meetings, of which large numbers were held in all the districts, the St. Petersburg Committee developed extensive publishing activity. Numerous pamphlets, which hitherto had been published illegally and mainly abroad, were now published legally. Immense quantities of these pamphlets were distributed in the working class districts. The bourgeois publishers hastened to publish repeated editions of the works of Marx, Engels, Plekhanov, Lassalle,

Kautsky and Bebel, for this business had become profitable. This does not mean that we Bolsheviks stopped publishing illegal literature. On the contrary, larger numbers of manifestoes were issued than before the "period of liberty," and this was due to the fact that we were able to obtain the necessary paper, type, and other printing accessories with less difficulty. For example, although it was a risky thing to do, I was able to obtain a whole compositor's case full of type from the printing office at which, later, in 1906, we printed our newspaper *The Echo*, and convey it, carefully wrapped up in paper and tied with string, to the Viborg Side in broad daylight.

At that time there was more and more talk about uniting the Party, *i.e.*, about uniting with the Mensheviks. As is well known, the Third Congress of the Party, which was the first Bolshevik Congress, adopted a resolution, not intended for publication at that time, recognizing the necessity for unity. The Congress instructed the Central Committee "to take all measures to prepare and draw up the terms for merging with the split-off section of the R.S.D.L.P., which terms are to be submitted for final endorsement to the new Party Congress." Yes, we were in favour of unity, but not unity at any price. We understood that the developing revolution called for the unification of the forces of the working class. At the meetings which were being held in increasing number and frequency, the workers more and more often asked us why we Social-Democrats were disunited whereas the Socialist-Revolutionaries and the bourgeoisie were united. The expanding revolutionary movement and the boundless vistas of work that opened before us imperatively called for the transformation of the underground Party organization into a powerful and united proletarian Party.

In supporting unity, Lenin warned us against allowing ourselves to be carried away by "unity illusions." He wrote:

"We must not confuse the policy of uniting the *two* sections with just *joining t*he two sections together. We agree to unite the two sections; but we shall never agree to just joining them. . . . We, however, must concentrate all our efforts and all our thoughts upon consolidating and improving the organization of *our* section of the Party. . . . If we are properly welded and fully organized, if we remove all the faint hearted and deserters from our midst, our solid core, small as it is, will lead the whole horde of 'organizational amorphousness.' " *

For the purpose of co-ordinating activities a "federal committee" of five was set up. The Mensheviks were represented on the committee by the late M. A. Larin, who joined our Party at the Sixth Congress in 1917, and by Boris Vorobyov, the man I worked with at the Obukhov Works in 1900. The Bolsheviks were represented by myself and one other comrade, whose name I have forgotten. Nor do I remember who the fifth person was, or whom he represented.

When I arrived in St. Petersburg the Soviet of Workers' Deputies was already elected and was working energetically. It had won the confidence of the workers and roused against itself the burning hatred of the tsar and of the whole of the ruling clique. As is well known, the chairman of the Soviet of Workers' Deputies was Khrustalev-Nosar; but very few know how he got on to the Soviet and why he called himself Khrustalev. It happened in this way. Nosar was a petty lawyer looking for a way to make money. Racking his brains over this problem, he remembered that there was a law on the statute books which compelled factory owners to pay the workers for any extra time they had to spend in the factory

* See Lenin, *Selected Works*, Vol. III, pp. 454-55.

through the fault of the employer. Inquiring into the position at a number of factories he found that the workers had for many years started work every day ten minutes earlier and finished ten to fifteen minutes later than was allowed by law and that they were not paid for this. Collecting a number of workers who were willing to sue their employers for payment for this extra time, he took their cases to court. Whether it was due to the liberal times that had set in, or to some other reason, I cannot say, but Nosar won all these cases, and, of course, earned good fees.

After this Nosar became a very popular lawyer and a "friend of the workers" on the Viborg Side, particularly among the textile workers. During the election of the deputy for the Soviet at the Cheshire Mills, a worker named Khrustalev was elected. Nosar induced this worker to give him his credentials and went to the meeting of the Soviet. There were only about twenty to thirty deputies on the Soviet at that time. Zborovsky,* the first chairman of the Soviet to be elected, resigned and Nosar, under the name of Khrustalev, was elected in his place.

Working from early morning till late at night, organizing, not circles any longer, but nearly all the workers of whole factories, carrying on intense propaganda and agitation and preparing for the forthcoming battles, we looked forward impatiently to the arrival of Lenin, expecting that his arrival would give a powerful impetus to the revolution and send its waves spreading rapidly over the whole of our great country. One day, while at a meeting of the Soviet of Workers' Deputies that was being held in the Economic Institute, I went out into the corridor to smoke. Suddenly, I caw Lenin approaching with his fur coat unbuttoned, the sides flapping around him. I rushed towards him and heartily em-

* Zborovsky was a delegate from Odessa at the Second Congress of the Party. He joined the Mensheviks.

braced him. The few people who were in the corridor did not know that this was Lenin, and hearty embraces were no new thing as every day comrades arrived after liberation from exile, or from abroad. Removing his coat Lenin quickly went up into the hall and began to watch the proceedings very closely. I felt in an elated mood all day long. I wanted to talk about current affairs with Lenin and to receive replies to a number of questions that were worrying me. I only succeeded in talking with Lenin in the editorial offices of *Novaya Zhizn* where I got to after considerable difficulty.

At the end of November Comrade Divilkovsky recovered and resumed his activities in our organization. One evening he invited me to go with him to visit Maxim Gorky, whom he had known for many years. At that time Gorky lived in Znamensky Street, not far from the Nevsky Prospect. I went and sat in the company of writers until late at night. Just before I left, Gorky said that he was going to Moscow to take part in the armed rebellion which had started there and which was assuming enormous dimensions. The other people present tried to persuade Gorky not to go, but he was adamant. Then I suggested that he take a reliable comrade with him who could help him in the event of danger. To this he agreed after some hesitation. I recommended Comrade Yunikov as his "armour bearer" as I called him in jest. Yunikov had been my friend since 1901; we had fought against the police together during the Obukhov Defence, and I knew he could be relied upon. When I brought him to Gorky next day, the latter was very pleased, and they soon became friends. Yunikov had two Parabellums with him. They left for Moscow that night. As is well known, during the rebellion Gorky was found in the places where the barricade fighting was hottest.

In the beginning of December (old style) the St. Petersburg

Committee passed a resolution in favour of the complete merging of our organization with that of the Mensheviks. I do not remember exactly how that came about. At all events, the amalgamation began before the Tammerfors Party Conference, which was held in the middle of December and which passed the resolution on amalgamation.

The arrest of the members of the Soviet of Workers' Deputies did not deter the workers from electing a new Soviet. Although this continued to function, one felt that something was lacking about it. On the Viborg Side where I continued to work, the amalgamation with the Mensheviks hardly caused any change because all the factories in our district were Bolshevik. Nevertheless, we were officially obliged to amalgamate our District Committee with the Menshevik group. The premises on the corner of Krapivny Street and the Viborg Embankment became too small and we had to take a house in Orenburg Street. The landlord of the house was the Menshevik Schulman, who subsequently was sentenced to penal servitude because bombs and many firearms were discovered in his house. Although we worked in these premises, we did not know that arms were stored in the attic, nor do we know to this day who took it into his head to store arms in these premises considering that the District Party Committee and also the Viborg branch of the Soviet of Workers' Deputies occupied them. In all probability it was an act of a provocateur.

In view of the growing unemployment following the failure of the November strike and the lockout, the Soviet of Workers' Deputies undertook the organization of assistance for the unemployed. The Soviets organized the collections of funds among the workers in all the factories and the amounts collected were very large for those times. Unemployment assistance committees were formed in the districts and I was entrusted with the organ-

ization of this work in the Viborg District. When I took over the funds from the comrade who had charge of them before me, there were several thousand rubles in hand. We had no safe, and it was very dangerous to keep so large a sum in an ordinary box, the more so that after the arrest of the first Soviet, the police began to cluster more and more thickly around our premises. For safety's sake, therefore, I only kept several hundred rubles for our daily needs and handed the rest for safekeeping to Comrade Divilkovsky who lived not far from our headquarters. With the money collected we opened district dining rooms for the unemployed at which they obtained an excellent dinner for a few kopeks, and even gratis.

One day Yunikov ran into our headquarters and informed us that a company of mounted and foot police, headed by Inspector Pheofanov, were marching towards the house. I quickly gathered up the money and got out into the street with Yunikov before the police managed to surround the house. It was evening, but not quite dark. Pheofanov saw us leave the house and make quickly for Krepachev Street. Keen sleuth that he was, he sensed good game ahead. My pockets and a small cash box in my hand were filled with money and receipts. Seeing that the Inspector was hurrying after me, I increased my pace, Yunikov, however, continued to walk along slowly and even began to restrain me, evidently having some idea in his head. As soon as we turned the corner he told me to walk faster to the next street, but before I could take a few paces, I saw the Inspector running round the corner. In an instant he was knocked down by a blow from Yunikov's heavy fist which nearly sent him right across the street. Yunikov was off like a flash, while I calmly walked into a corner shop to purchase something for my supper. When I left the shop there was not a single policeman or janitor in the street, all had

gone in hot chase after Yunikov who, knowing all the short cuts through the yards, managed to escape. When I reached Divilkovsky's house I found Yunikov already there laughingly relating how he sent the Inspector flying across the street.

I was dissatisfied with my work as district representative of the Soviet of Workers' Deputies because it gradually reduced itself to the work of an ordinary official. The work of the district Party organizer also meant merely a lot of running about, as the main work was done by propagandists and agitators. I began to look for a job in a factory; but unemployment increased from day to day and it was absolutely impossible to find a job. After consulting with the Bolshevik members of the St. Petersburg Committee, I went to Odessa as a professional revolutionary. The comrades had told me that most of the Bolsheviks who had worked in Odessa until then had gone away and that the organization there was greatly in need of good organizers. Taking a big suitcase filled with illegal literature, I left for Odessa on Easter eve.

The secret address I had this time was that of a worker in the Peresip District. When I entered the room I found about ten persons sitting around a large round table abundantly loaded with food and several bottles of vodka. A number of these people were known to me from having worked together. There was A. I. Yermakov, who, in 1901 had been sentenced to penal servitude in Sakhalin for his part in the Obukhov Defence. I had not seen him since then and of course I was delighted to see him alive and well. There was also the late Peter Starostin, a clever and cheerful comrade who wielded enormous influence among the Odessa workers. Later on, in 1907, he was exiled to Siberia for life, but escaped in 1909 and worked in the Party until October 1917. He was killed on a ship by Anarchists in 1918 during the retreat from Odessa. One of the streets in the Peresip District in Odessa

and a big ocean going steamer are named after him. In the person of Peter Starostin our Party lost an experienced organizer and an energetic worker Bolshevik. There, too, I found Mischa Zembluchter, Rudolph Rogasch and others.

In order to avoid complications, it was resolved to take the literature I had brought with me to a safe place until after the holidays and to distribute it among the workers when they resumed work. The landlady, an elderly woman who at critical moments in the period when we starved gave us a helping hand, carried the literature to some of her friends. The comrades resumed their conversation which was interrupted by my arrival.

All of them in one voice complained that after the amalgamation with the Mensheviks the work had become less interesting. It had not the breadth and sweep it had had before. Every question that was raised gave rise to lengthy arguments, etc. Of course, it was not only the amalgamation with the Mensheviks that had caused the work to become less interesting for these militant fellows; it was mainly due to the fact that the revolutionary wave was subsiding. After crushing the December insurrection in Moscow, the tsarist government hurled itself upon the working class with all its might, and the first thing it did was to wreck its legal organizations. Starting in St. Petersburg, an orgy of reaction swept the country. In spite of their fury, however, the despots could not suppress the revolution all at once. Much time elapsed and many losses were incurred on both sides before the victors of Pressnya* succeeded in driving Russia back again into the pen of pre-October tyranny. This was shown by the strikes, the mutinies among the troops, and also the peasant uprisings which broke out

* The Pressnya District of Moscow, or Red Pressnya, as it came to be called, where most of the barricade fighting took place during the insurrection in December 1905.—*Ed.*

in the summer of 1906. In August 1906 the Stolypin government which had recovered after the revolution, although not altogether, set up field courts-martial which began to pass death sentences on hundreds of revolutionaries.

The Fourth Congress of the Party, the Unity Congress as it was called, was then being held in Stockholm (April 1906). The delegate from Odessa at this Congress was A. G. Pravdin. We waited impatiently for the results of this Congress which, we expected, would give exhaustive replies to all the questions raised by the severe conditions created by the defeat of the revolution. But the Congress was a Menshevik Congress, that is to say, the majority at the Congress were Mensheviks, and so the replies it gave to the questions that were troubling us did not satisfy us at all. Of the 111 delegates present, 60 were Mensheviks and 46 were Bolsheviks; the rest were a "marsh" which tried to reconcile the two sides. At a time when the whole Party was expecting the Congress to give its appraisal of the situation and to define the tasks for the given stage of the revolution, the Mensheviks, represented by their leader, Dan, proposed that this question be deleted from the agenda of the Congress! As is well known, the Congress adopted a number of resolutions on the vital questions of the day: on amalgamation with the national Social-Democratic Parties of Poland and Lithuania, the Lettish Social-Democratic Party, and the Bund; on the agrarian question; on the Soviets of Workers' Deputies; on the trade unions, which called upon all members of the Party to join the trade unions and to utilize them to the utmost; and on the Party's attitude towards the peasant movement, which was beginning to spread over the country, and in places was assuming a markedly revolutionary form.

The former Bolshevik fraction issued an appeal to the members of the Party in which it stated:

"We must and shall fight ideologically against those decisions of the Congress which we regard as erroneous. But we declare to the whole Party that we are opposed to a split in any shape or form. We stand for submission to the decisions of the Congress."

Before the Congress we had been in favour of boycotting the Duma; the Mensheviks were in favour of taking part in the elections. The Congress decided in favour of taking part in the elections which had already begun while the Congress was in session. Without the Party's participation, workers' deputies had been elected in several constituencies. There were seventeen such deputies in the First Duma and subsequently they declared themselves to be Social-Democrats and formed the Social-Democratic fraction in the Duma. These Social-Democrats, or rather sympathizers with Social-Democracy, entered the Duma in spite of the instructions of the Party to boycott the Duma. Around the work of the Duma and of the Social-Democratic fraction of the Duma a struggle arose between ourselves and the Mensheviks. Under the guidance of the Menshevik Central Committee, the Duma fraction committed mistake after mistake. A number of Party Committees, headed by the St. Petersburg Committee, condemned the line of the Central Committee, and demanded the convocation of a special Party Congress. On the night of July 8 (old style), when our fight against the opportunist tactics of the Menshevik Central Committee was at its height, the First State Duma was dissolved by the tsar's government, and the convocation of the Second Duma was announced for February 20, 1907.

The Mensheviks were predominant on the Odessa Committee at this time, although the Bolsheviks held the leadership in the Peresip and Dalnitsky Districts. Soon after my arrival in Odessa, I became convinced that it would be impossible for me to work as

a professional revolutionary. I did not have a kopek and lacked even the wherewithal to rent a bed in some corner. I had to change my lodging every night and get a meal where I could. In view of the increasing reaction this became more and more difficult every day as the intelligentsia, who formerly sympathized with us, began to desert the revolution *en masse*. On the other hand, the reorganization after the amalgamation with the Mensheviks made a special professional organizer superfluous. I did not want to live, or rather, to be considered as living at the expense of the Party as a professional revolutionary. When it became absolutely clear to me that my running about the district was all to no purpose, I informed the Committee that I wanted to look for a job at a factory to work at my trade. On receiving their permission I began to look for a job and after a long quest I managed to obtain one as a turner at Litovsky's, a small shop where they made soda fountain machines. On holidays I visited my old friends in the Peresip District where most of them had also obtained jobs in the factories and small workshops, each at his own trade. I managed to hold my job for about six weeks. I worked ten hours a day for low pay and under bad conditions. The place was badly lit, the air dust laden, no smoking was allowed, and from morning till night the employer walked from machine to machine seeing to it that they were kept going at top speed all the time.

I thought it would be possible to rouse the workers to strike. I spent two weeks on preparations for it and I had to argue with each worker separately. When the overwhelming majority had expressed themselves in favour of a strike, I called a general meeting during work time and without being in the least embarrassed by the presence of the employer, I made a speech calling for a strike. My proposal was adopted unanimously. I read out the list of demands I had drawn up beforehand and presented them to the

employer. The employer categorically refused to meet the demands, and tried to dissuade us from going on strike, but we downed tools all the same. To his honour be it said he did not inform the police. A few days later he agreed to some of the demands and we resumed work. When I got into the shop the employer came to my machine and told me I was fired.

Even while on strike I resolved to leave Odessa and wanted to ask the employer to pay me off, but since he fired me I took advantage of the situation. I got up and made a speech to the workers, and only after they agreed to my going did I leave the factory after compelling the employer to pay me two weeks' wages in advance in accordance with the law.

Next day Comrade Mirsky, who was an instructor at a Jewish Trade School, came to visit me and offered me a job at the school. I had no money for my journey and desiring to earn a few rubles, I agreed to take it. This trade school, which bore the name of *Trud* (Labour) performed many good services for the Russian revolutionary movement. Many of the boys who obtained instruction within its walls subsequently laid down their lives for the cause of the working class. During the anti-Jewish pogroms in 1905, the school organized a number of excellent self-defence squads to fight the rioters. Among those who had attended the school were prominent Bolsheviks like the late M. M. Lashevich and A. Z. Holtzman, who met his death in the air crash with Comrades Baranov, Zarzar and others in 1933. While I was there, Holtzman was learning carpentry. There were about four hundred pupils in the school of ages ranging from twelve to twenty-two.

I took the job for a month, but I stayed there for a whole year, not as a turner, however, but as an instructor. The conditions of labour and the whole atmosphere of the school were very favourable for our work. Sternberg, the director of the school, had been,

I was informed, a member of the Central Committee of the Bund. He managed to create excellent labour discipline in the school, introduced a number of improvements in the method of instruction and acquired a number of modern turning and milling machines. Later, however, he caused great dissatisfaction among the pupils by his sharp turn towards reactionary politics.

The directors knew that I was a Bolshevik when they appointed me instructor after I had been working there a month, and many of the older pupils whom I taught also knew me very well from the October Days, when I was widely known as "Danilo." One day, wanting to show that they knew me, they suddenly shouted "Danilo!" as I passed by. I had not yet unaccustomed myself from answering to that name—it was the name I was also known by in St. Petersburg—I turned round sharply and saw the smiling faces of the boys delighted with the success of their prank.

At this time, the autumn of 1906, I made the acquaintance of Konstantin Ossipovich Levitsky, a prominent Bolshevik of that day, and his wife, Eugenia, who had formerly worked as a propagandist among the Odessa workers. Levitsky was best known by the name of "Ossip Ivanovich." He had arrived not long before that from one of his numerous exiles and had not yet managed to get into the swing of Party work, but watched the work of the newly arrived professional revolutionaries. There was hardly a person who took any part in the revolutionary movement in Odessa at that time who did not know "Ossip Ivanovich." Although he was living under the unofficial and secret surveillance of the gendarmerie, responsible comrades considered it their duty to visit him from time to time to obtain advice, for no one knew the conditions of work in Odessa as well as he did. After I had started work at the Trade School he invited me to take a vacant room in his flat and I very gladly availed myself of the offer.

Thanks to the care of his wife, Eugenia, I gradually acquired a more respectable appearance and even began to attend meetings of the Teachers' Council of which I was made a member soon after I was appointed instructor.

In the summer of 1907 Ekaterina Fedorovna Kurkova, who in 1906 had worked in the underground printing press in Elizavetgrad (now Kirovo), arrived in Odessa. On hearing this I hurried to seek her out and we resumed our acquaintanceship that was interrupted in 1905. Shortly afterwards we were married.

Just before that I had been living in the apartment of a . . . detective, in which I shared a room with I. V. Dobrasov. He worked as a fitter at the sugar works in the Peresip District. He is no longer a member of the Party. We took the room in the detective's apartment under the following circumstances. In the beginning of 1907 Dobrasov arrived in Odessa accompanied by "Vanka Moryak,"* a giant of a fellow. I liked both lads and we decided to rent a room together. As they were both out of work I sent them to hunt for a room. After a long search they came to the school to inform me that they had found a very cozy room on the ground floor with a separate entrance, and in addition, there was another exit through the landlord's apartment which could be used in an emergency. Dobrasov went on to say: "We wanted to pay a deposit, but the landlord refused to take it and said to us, 'Look here, gentlemen, I can see you are Reds. Now, in order to avoid misunderstanding I must inform you that I am a detective in the Criminal Investigation Department.' Vanka lurched forward as if he had been struck; we hastened to get out telling the landlord we would first consult with our fellow lodger."

Officially I was not a member of the Odessa Committee and the only contacts I had with the Party organization were those I had

* Johnny the Seaman.—*Ed.*

through the comrades in the Peresip District. I ran no risk, therefore, and the idea of living in a detective's apartment tickled me so much that I consented to take the room. From the very first conversation we had with the detective after we had moved in it became evident to us that he had quarrelled with the political police and that he had supreme contempt for them. He was a Pole by birth and lived modestly with his wife, little daughter and mother in this small apartment of two rooms, one of which he let to us. Once he showed his dislike, if not hatred, for the political police in a practical way. About three months after we had taken the room a group of comrades who worked actively in the circles met in our room. As we sat and talked the landlord came in with a worried look on his face and informed us that gendarmes had entered the yard and were evidently coming to look for us. He suggested that our visitors leave the house through the door in his room. Of course the lads did not wait to be asked twice and quickly availed themselves of the landlord's invitation, taking with them a small quantity of illegal literature I had in my room.

It turned out later that the gendarmes went to the flat next door where a girl student lived and searched the place. The only thing my landlord begged of me, and repeated this several times, was not to bring any bombs into the room as he loved his wife and daughter very much. Every time he talked to us about our being Reds we teased him by saying that although he was a very experienced detective he was very much mistaken about us. We also tried to make him drop the idea that we were Reds through his wife, whom Dobrasov had convinced that we had nothing at all to do with them.

One day "Vanka Moryak," a little tipsy, brought home a drunken fellow, whose acquaintance he had made in an inn in the port. Dobrasov had an excellent accordion on which he loved to

play from morning till night accompanying his own singing. As soon as "Vanka Moryak" came home, particularly if he had had a drink or two, he would beg Dobrasov to play his favourite song "Korobeiniki." When he started singing and playing the landlord would come in and listen to the music. This is what happened on this occasion. During the intervals in the singing the tipsy friends, sipping the vodka they had brought with them, resumed the conversation they had started at the inn, thickly interspersing their talk with thieves' jargon. Suddenly the landlord intervened in their conversation and in excellent thieves' jargon began to relate some of his numerous adventures. The look of amazement and even of fear on the face of our guest was positively comical. He seemed to shrink into himself, fixed his gaze on the landlord and then asked him whether he was a detective. Receiving a reply in the affirmative he looked suspiciously at his friend "Vanka Moryak" and not stopping to finish his vodka flew out of the room. Shortly after "Vanka Moryak" disappeared. I never learned who this good-natured fellow really was. Dobrasov assured me that he was a sailor on a warship who had taken part in a mutiny and was in hiding. When our frightened guest had departed we teased our landlord and asked him whether Reds ever made friends with unknown persons and particularly with suspicious people like that. In spite of the fact that our landlord continued to suspect that we had contacts with the Reds, if we were not actually Reds ourselves, we continued to live in his room for about five months without any mishap.

At that time my wife, E. F. Kurkova, lived in the premises where the secret printing press of the Odessa United Committee of the R.S.D.L.P. was situated, in Troitsky Street, where she pretended to be the landlady of the apartment. One day she came to see me, which she did very rarely as she hardly ever left the

premises, and asked me to do something to the printing press to prevent it making so much noise. This she did without informing the Committee, but with the consent of the workers working on the press.

In addition to my wife, two other comrades, named Grisha and Joseph, were employed on the press. Joseph was an experienced compositor, and my wife was also able to set up type very well. Grisha was employed on a printing press for the first time. Grisha's fate was a very interesting one. It was only in 1933 that I learned that his real name was Vladimir Nikolayevich Nasedkin. After the press was closed down in 1907 he was arrested in a hospital yard at the other end of the town just as he was digging a pit in which to bury the type and parts of the printing machine. After being kept in preliminary confinement for six months he was sentenced to exile for life in Siberia, whence he escaped to Japan almost on the day of his arrival. After that he led a life so full of adventure as to be fantastic. From Japan he went to Australia and from there to South America. During the World War he got to Europe and after serving terms of penal servitude as a "deserter" in England, France, Italy, Serbia and Bulgaria, he managed to get to Russia in 1920, but before reaching his home in Kharkov, he managed to fall into the clutches of Denikin. One cannot help reading his book *Fifteen Years Wandering Round the Globe*, published by the Political Exiles Society, in Moscow, in 1933, without being enthralled.

I met Joseph again in 1928. He was then employed at the Supreme Council of National Economy as a tobacco expert.

I made my way to the apartment where the press was situated, after taking all proper precautions, and examined the printing machine. I was furious at the careless way in which the machine had been put up. It was of the most primitive type. Picture to your-

selves two thin metal strips, over a yard long, placed edgewise at the sides of a marble slab. The metal strips served as runners for a heavy iron roller weighing about seventy pounds. Before printing, the type was smeared with printer's ink with the aid of a light gelatine roller. A sheet of paper was then placed on the type and gone over with this heavy roller. This was the whole art of printing as practised at this press. When I tried to use the roller in this way it made a terrible noise and I was astonished that the suspicions of the neighbours had not been aroused before this, particularly as very often it was necessary to print leaflets at night. The cause of the noise was the unevenness of the runners so I decided to take them to my workshop at the school and plane them down. It was a risky thing to take them out of the house in broad daylight, so I waited until the evening. I tied the metal strips to my sides under my clothing, but they reached from my shoulders to my ankles and made me walk very stiffly. On leaving the house I came to the high threshold of the garden gate and I thought I would never be able to get over it. Next day I planed the strips down and in order to prevent the noise of the roller I bought some rubber pads to fit on to them. When eventually I reassembled the machine it worked so noiselessly that nothing was heard even in the next room.

The only other member of the Odessa Committee who had contact with the printing press was the Menshevik "Newnya" who on rare occasions came to the press with the manuscript of material to be printed. After my first visit I went to the press fairly often and learned to set type, although I was not very quick at it. One day "Newnya" came unexpectedly and nearly caught me there; I had to rush to the lavatory to hide and was kept there for over half an hour. Most of the leaflets that were printed there lacked "spirit," they seemed to be so flabby and vapid. Among

ourselves we often cursed the Odessa Committee and the authors of these wishy-washy leaflets; but clenching our teeth, we printed them nevertheless.

One day I arrived at the press and found our comrades in a state of high excitement. They were heartily cursing the Odessa Committee as a whole, and "Newnya" in particular, for bringing them a clipping from a legal newspaper containing a report of a speech delivered by Tseretelli in the State Duma with a request that it be reprinted in several thousand copies. I too thought that the proposal was a mad one. I counted up how much the printing of this quantity would cost and I found that each copy would cost four and a half kopeks, whereas the report of the speech could be read in any legal newspaper costing two kopeks a copy, and if ten thousand copies were ordered at once, ever so much cheaper. It was absurd to risk penal servitude for the sake of printing Tseretelli's speech and I, poor sinner, suggested that the comrades . . . go on strike. I thought that a strike in a revolutionary underground printing press would be the funniest thing in the world.

At first the comrades laughed, then they began to listen to my arguments in favour of a strike, and after that they began to discuss how the Committee could be informed of this. Finally we decided to send Ekaterina to the Committee to demand that the order be cancelled. She returned in a state of indignation and informed us that the Committee threatened to expel her and the others from the Party and close the printing press if the speech were not printed. Then we sent Grisha to the Committee, but he was not more successful. On his way back he bought a bottle of vodka with which to drown his sorrows. We sat late that night fuming at the stupidity of the members of the Odessa Committee. Next day Ekaterina joyfully informed me that the Committee

had rescinded its decision and, on our advice, had ordered several thousand copies of a newspaper, *The Echo*, I think, which contained a verbatim report of Tseretelli's speech.

This printing press was in operation for about six months. It was arrested while trying to bury the parts of the machine in the Joseph, had noticed suspicious looking people hovering around the place for several days. We managed to remove everything without arousing the landlord's suspicion in the least. When Grisha was arrested while trying to bury the parts of the machine in the hospital yard, the gendarmes had no suspicion that the press had been working in the centre of the city.

After the press was closed down I left the room in the detective's apartment and rented a small room with Ekaterina in the apartment of a "quiet family" not far from the school. At the end of July I received two weeks' vacation and decided to spend it with my wife in the country. I rented a small cottage in the village of Gnilyakova, about twenty kilometres from the town; from Dr. Mikhail Mikhailovich Resanov, an old *Iskra*-ist.* We managed to stay in the country only a few days, however; on the night of August the first the gendarmes came and arrested me, M. F. Kurkov, my wife's brother, who had worked in our organization since 1905, David Boykovsky, who died later while serving a term of penal servitude, and Mischa Zembluchter. Except for the latter, we all lived legally and presented our real passports. Mischa, however, presented a false passport, I do not remember under which name. While being examined a few days later I learned that we had been arrested for belonging to the . . . Socialist-Revolutionary Party! I realized that we had been arrested "by mistake." When I was asked whether I belonged to the Socialist-Revolutionary Party I replied very emphatically that I did not!

* Died of cancer of the throat, in Moscow in 1919.

After that I was kept in prison for five months without any further examination.

At that time, August-December 1907, the Odessa Prison was filled to overflowing. As a rule there were two or three persons in a cell, and out of spite, the prison officials put known criminals, registered as Anarchists, with the politicals. For example, they put a degenerate looking fellow in my cell who admitted to me that he was a pickpocket and that he had been denounced by one of his enemies as an Anarchist and arrested. After repeated and persistent demands the prison officials removed this "political" from my cell and put David Boykovsky, whom for some reason we called "Maxim Gorky," with me.

David was an excellent comrade. He was well-read and possessed a remarkably good memory. I think there was hardly a question to which David could not give a comprehensive reply. He read "with avidity." When he got tired of reading he would pace up and down his cell, which was not a very convenient occupation for him, for being tall and having long legs he covered the floor in four paces. He lived his short life in dreadful poverty. When on rare occasions he recounted incidents in his life, particularly his period of childhood and youth, he recalled months during which he lived entirely on bread and potatoes, and when a piece of mouldy herring seemed a luxury.

If I remember right, it was at the end of September that Comrade Matushenko, the celebrated leader of the "Potemkin" mutiny, was brought to our prison. He was put in an isolation cell in the political wing. At that time the regime in the Odessa prison had not yet been "screwed up" and I was able to meet Comrade Matushenko the day after he arrived and even to converse with him in his cell which later I visited fairly often, as I became very friendly with him. Matushenko had an imperturbable demeanour

and looked upon his arrest and his inevitable execution with philosophic calm. At all events, outwardly he did not betray the slightest signs of emotion. He was stockily built, of middle height, broad-shouldered, his good-natured face framed in a thick beard. Looking at him I could not believe that he was the man who had aroused thousands of naval seamen to mutiny and had commanded the first Red cruiser in history. He was arrested in Nikolayev, where he had gone a little while before and had lived under the name of Fedorenko, I think. When he was arrested, and for several days after, the police did not know that he was Matushenko. It was only owing to the stupidity of his cell mate that the police learned who had fallen into their hands. The cell mate was one of the sailors on the "Potemkin" who recognized Matushenko and "in confidence" told this to the other inmates of the cell. Besides, there was not a single prison or police station in Russia at that time in which there were no stool-pigeons. In spite of the severe thrashings they got, which sometimes ended in their death, they were still retained in the prisons and police stations. As soon as the gendarmes learned who he was they put him in chains, hand and foot, and under a strong convoy took him to Odessa Prison. He was not allowed to take any of his belongings, not even a change of underclothing. Through my wife, who came to visit us, we managed to get his things from Nikolayev and convey them to him. The prison officials, however, refused to hand him his top boots. I wore these top boots later, when I left the prison. Matushenko was kept in prison for about two months; he remained impervious to the views of every revolutionary organization. Suddenly he was transferred to Sevastopol where he was sentenced to death and, so it was said then, hanged on an uninhabited island in the Black Sea.

During this period the criminal elements in Odessa developed

feverish activity under the anarchist flag. One can say that hardly a day passed but what some section of the town was subjected to "expropriation." Expropriations were first resorted to by the genuine revolutionary organizations for the purpose of obtaining funds for revolutionary purposes, but it was government institutions that were mainly subjected to them. Later on, however, they deteriorated into the robbery of small shops. All these "exes," as they were called for short, were always accompanied with bomb explosions and shooting. A whole wing of the prison and a part of the ground floor of the political wing were filled with these "expropriators." Among them were many who had been court-martialled and sentenced to death. Of the latter many were kept in prison for several months after they had been sentenced. It was only later that we learned the reason for this; and the reason was that no executioner could be found in Odessa. After a long search the police found a brute who had been sentenced to a long term of penal servitude to agree to act as executioner. On his arrival in Odessa mass executions commenced. While I was in prison, from October to December 1907, twenty-eight persons were hanged, two of whom belonged to our circle in the Dalnitsky District in 1905. One of them, a lad of twenty named Kostya Nedorezov, was hanged because he was alleged to have taken part in "expropriations," whereas everybody in the prison declared that he was hanged by mistake.

The brutal cynicism displayed by the authorities at that time is illustrated by the following scene I witnessed and which I shall not forget to the end of my days.

On the nights that prisoners were taken to be executed none of the prisoners went to bed but waited up to see the condemned prisoners being taken out. When we saw them leaving we shouted: "Good bye comrades!" One night, very late, after several pri-

soners had been taken away to be executed, we heard someone shouting in a loud voice: "Comrades, comrades, come to the windows and hear some important news." The voice came from one of the cells in the "expropriators' " wing. We moved towards the windows—later the guards shot at us if we approached the windows—and listened breathlessly to the story told by one of the men whom we had only just seen taken away to be executed. This is what he said:

"Comrades, my name is Yakovlev, and the name of my comrade who has been brought back from the gallows with me, is Skripka. We were condemned to death long ago, three months already. We were beginning to think that we had been reprieved. But an hour ago we were told that we were to be hanged tonight and were taken to the Governor's office. There were lots of officials there; also our old friend the Public Prosecutor. Among the officials there was a priest. Besides us there were three other condemned persons. On the table five grey winding sheets were lying. Among the condemned was a middle-aged woman. The Public Prosecutor read the sentence to us and ordered the priest to do his business. The priest went up to the woman and wanted to confess her, or something, I don't know what, but just then an official approached the Public Prosecutor and whispered something in his ear. The priest stopped and waited, as we all did. After this the Public Prosecutor went up to the Governor, said something to him, then went out and returned with four warders who came up to us and took us back to the cells."

The man told this story in a voice of suppressed joy and astonishment. Nevertheless, all five were hanged the next day. Why they were tormented in this way we never learned.

The executions started before the regime in the prison had been "screwed up" and we were allowed out on exercise in parties of

fifty or sixty. During exercise we played games in the prison yard, such as skittles, leap frog, etc. Very often there were condemned men among those who were playing gleefully who did not know that they were to be hanged that night; and we only learned of it when we missed them at exercise next morning.

Thanks to this "liberal" regime, which was won after a long and persistent struggle by the prisoners, one of the condemned men managed to escape from this modern prison. This was the celebrated Odessa Anarchist Pavel Korotkov. A few days afterwards, however, he was caught while engaged in "expropriating" the passenger ship Sofia, and was hanged forthwith.

Once there was another escape. Two remanded prisoners in the same cell on the third floor filed through the bars of their window and climbed down on a rope. The night was dark, the lads were in a hurry and began to let themselves down the rope, one after the other. But the rope turned out to be about two yards short. The first one decided to jump and landed on the shoulders of the sleeping guard! The latter, scared out of his wits, fired and thus frightened the second man climbing down the rope and he decided that it would be best to make his way back again into his cell. They were caught, of course, and put in the dark cell. When they were released they had to put up with the endless jeers of the other prisoners while on exercise.

After five months' preliminary detention, Boykovsky and I were deported to Tiraspol, whence we returned to Odessa the very day we arrived, for it was not more than one hundred and fifty kilometres from that place. Mischa Zembluchter and M. Kurkov had been released before us. The police never learned Mischa's real name.

A few days later I started work at Bertrands, in the Peresip District, under the name of Sokolov. This small factory had been

leased from the bankrupt owner by a co-operative society, which later, also went bankrupt. I worked at this place for two months and at the end of February 1908, I went to St. Petersburg where I rented a room with A. G. Pravdin and A. I. Yermakov, who were also living on false passports. After a few days I succeeded in getting a job as a fitter in a small artisan's workshop. After working there for two weeks I obtained a job at Siemens and Halske, on Vassilevsky Ostrov, as a turner under my real name. At these works there was a well organized Bolshevik circle among the members of which were Comrade Shillert, now working with the Moscow Committee of our Party, the fitter Vassilyev, and several others whose names I have forgotten. "Grisha" Sternin worked in the same shop as I, but he did not take any part in our underground work. At that time, the spring of 1908, Comrades Buiko Alexander and "Vanya-Otzovist" Sysoev were working on the St. Petersburg Committee. Through them I obtained contacts with the St. Petersburg Committee. Comrade M. I. Kalinin was working at the Steel Pipe Works and at the same time acted as secretary of the Vassilevsky Ostrov branch of the Metal Workers' Union. Soon after my arrival Comrade Kalinin left his job to go to his home in the country and asked me to take his job as secretary. Later I had to perform the functions of secretary and treasurer simultaneously. Soon after, I was elected a member of the Central Committee of the Metal Workers' Union. The chairman of the union was Yatsinevich, and the secretary was Roman Malinovsky, who subsequently became a member of the State Duma and a provocateur. He was not yet a provocateur at the time of which I am writing. Of the seven members of the Central Committee only two were Bolsheviks: myself and a Lettish comrade whose name, unfortunately, I have forgotten. Sometimes Malinovsky voted with us, especially when I told him that we were voting on

a particular question on the direct instructions of the St. Petersburg Committee. Less often, the late Comrade Kopp voted with us. At that time he was a conciliator, later, under the Soviet government he was Soviet Ambassador to Japan and a member of the Collegium of the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs.

The reaction was then at its height. Stolypin's field courts-martial were working ceaselessly day and night, and the country was covered with a thick forest of gallows. The prisons were filled to overflowing. Provocation flourished everywhere. As we afterwards learned, "Louisa," the secretary of the St. Petersburg Committee, was a provocateur.* She was the wife of Comrade Serov, member of the Second Duma, who was serving a term of penal servitude. We were surprised at the systematic arrests of members of the St. Petersburg Committee, but it never entered anyone's head to suspect the secretary of the Committee of being responsible for this. Many of the old underground workers who had been members of numerous committees categorically refused to serve on the St. Petersburg Committee until the old one was dissolved and an entirely new one elected. Very soon "Vanya-Otzovist" Sysoev was arrested. Soon afterwards it was rumoured that he was a provocateur and these rumours reached him while he was in prison. He strenuously denied this monstrous accusation and demanded an enquiry by a comrades' court. He died of consumption in prison without knowing that the comrades' court had acquitted him of the charge and had completely exonerated him. He died the day after the comrades' court had passed its decision, but it could not be conveyed to him in time. It is now perfectly clear that

* This "Louisa" was arrested in the first days of the February Revolution but released on the order of Kerensky. She was caught and shot by the workers of the Viborg Side in the first days of the October Revolution.

this rumour was spread by "Louisa," the real provocateur, in order to divert attention from herself.

At this time the Otzovists * and Ultimatumists appeared in the ranks of our Party. The Otzovists demanded that the Social-Democratic Deputies be recalled from the Duma as they considered that it was not only useless but harmful to utilize the tribune of the Duma. They argued that the existence of a Social-Democratic fraction in the Duma distracted the attention of the workers from the revolutionary struggle and from preparing for insurrection. They were not only opposed to having Social-Democratic members in the Duma but also to utilizing any of the legal possibilities such as working in the trade unions, educational societies, unemployed committees, etc. Lenin attacked this "Left deviation" very fiercely and after exposing the fallacy of their arguments in numerous articles in *Proletary*, the Central Organ of our Party, he succeeded in defeating this deviation of a section of the Bolsheviks from the Leninist line.

The Ultimatumists demanded that the Central Committee of the Party submit an ultimatum to the Social-Democratic members of the Duma calling upon them to stop making mistakes, and in the event of their failing to do so to recall them immediately. Lenin called the Ultimatumists "shamefaced Otzovists" and pointed out that the mistakes committed by the Duma fraction could be stopped, not by ultimatums, but by comradely assistance to the deputies, and by re-educating the worker-deputies who still followed the lead of the Mensheviks. By patient and persistent work we Bolsheviks at last managed to defeat the Ultimatumists. The majority of the worker-deputies in the Duma worked in contact with us until their mandates expired in 1912.

Thanks to the correct tactics pursued by Lenin we were able,

* From the Russian word "otozvat," meaning to recall.—*Ed.*

in 1910, with the active assistance of the members of the Duma, especially of Comrade Nikolai Gurevich Poletayev, an old St. Petersburg worker, to start the Bolshevik newspaper *Zvezda* (*The Star*) which played a great role in the history of the proletarian revolutionary movement. As is well known, the Fifth Conference of our Party, which took place in Paris in December 1908, passed a resolution condemning Otzovism and Ultimatumism and thereby recognized the correctness of the line pursued by Lenin.

Political life in Russia reached zero. The intelligentsia, which joined us when the revolutionary movement was in the ascendant, now deserted us. Some withdrew into their philistine shells and others began to preach "free love" instead of socialism. Literature became absorbed with this "burning" question. The demoralized intelligentsia, scared to death by the revolution, chose the "writer" Artsybashev, that specialist in depravity, as their leader. The book market was flooded with pornographic novels and short stories.

It was at this period that Gorky's magnificent story *Mother* appeared. The workers read this story over and over again without end. No other book achieved such extraordinary popularity among St. Petersburg workers as that one did.

There were many underground workers in St. Petersburg then who were compelled, owing to the reaction, to change their occupation from that of professional revolutionaries to the modest calling of professional turners, fitters, carpenters, etc. Many of us were bound together by longstanding friendship and although we worked in factories in different parts of St. Petersburg separated by several kilometres from each other, we used to meet every Sunday and every holiday and build plans for the future. We could not ignore so important a thing as the appearance of Gorky's *Mother* on the background of general disintegration. We decided

to respond and openly declare to the "victors" that though we workers were vanquished we were not crushed, that we were on the side of Gorky, on the side of Pavel, the hero of Gorky's novel, and not on the side of Artsybashev's "heroes." Having met one Sunday we decided to draft a letter and send it to all the more or less liberal newspapers. In this letter we were to express the protest of the St. Petersburg workers against the pollution and obscenities of Russian literature, and our admiration of Gorky's novel. After discussing the general line of the letter we instructed Comrade Belyanchikov to write it. When we met again next Sunday the letter was written; we made some changes in it and then put our signatures to it. The letter was signed by workers who had been engaged on underground work and had been in prison or exile more than once. Among the signatories were: I. S. Bednyakov, K. N. Belyanchikov, M. I. Kalinin, A. G. Pravdin, V. E. Privalnev, N. N. Yunikov and a number of other comrades whose names I have forgotten. Not a single newspaper to which we sent the letter published it. The only paper to publish it was a small journal, *The Co-operator*, I think, and even it did not publish it in full, but cut it down very much and . . . "slightly corrected" it. The only writer to notice our letter was the journalist Lvov-Rogachevsky, who wrote a favourable comment in a monthly magazine, the name of which I do not remember.

At the end of January I was invited to take the post of instructor at the Trade School in Elizavetgrad (now Kirovo). I was dissatisfied with my work at Siemen and Halske, so I agreed to take the job and went to Elizavetgrad with my family. Here I worked for about six months and nearly died of ennui owing to the boredom of the place and I was delighted, therefore, to receive an offer of a post as senior instructor at the Trud Trade School in Odessa, which I immediately accepted.

The period, 1909, was awful. The labour movement, in all its aspects, was crushed. Our underground organization was working under terrible conditions. Nearly all the active party members were in prison, in exile, or serving terms of penal servitude. All the efforts of the survivors, or those who had managed to escape from exile and prison, were concentrated on the slow painstaking work of rebuilding the shattered circles and committees. Describing this period in 1920, in his *"Left Wing" Communism, An Infantile Disorder*, Lenin wrote:

"Tsarism is victorious. All the revolutionary and opposition parties have been defeated. Depression, demoralization, splits, discord, renegacy and pornography instead of politics. There is an increased drift toward philosophic idealism; mysticism serves as a cloak for counter-revolutionary moods."

And he was right when, after thus describing this disgusting period in the history of Russia, he went on to say:

"Of all the defeated opposition and revolutionary parties the Bolsheviks effected the most orderly retreat, with the least loss to their 'army,' with the nucleus of their party best preserved, with the fewest splits (in the sense of deep irremediable splits), with the least demoralization, and in the best condition to renew work on the broadest scale and in the most correct and energetic manner. The Bolsheviks achieved this only because they ruthlessly exposed and expelled the revolutionary phrasemongers, who refused to understand that it was necessary to retreat, that it was necessary to know how to retreat, that it was absolutely necessary for them to learn how to work legally in the most reactionary parliaments, in the most reactionary trade unions, co-operative societies, social insurance and similar organizations." *

Despite the awful conditions, not only did the circles continue to function in Odessa, but we also had an underground committee,

* *"Left Wing" Communism, An Infantile Disorder*; Chapter III.

and even an underground printing press in the Peresip District, which printed a small newspaper as well as leaflets. The life and soul of this very primitive press was the compositor Motya Belepolsky, who later, for this and other "crimes," was sentenced to penal servitude.

At that time I was working at the Trade School as an instructor and lived in the centre of the town and so I was unable to take an active part in my old and familiar working class districts. The Central District was almost entirely in the hands of the Mensheviks. My "revolutionary" work that year consisted mainly in cautiously carrying on propaganda for Marxism among the senior pupils of the school. Many of them had had a good grounding in the principles of Social-Democracy long before I came to the school.

I shared an apartment with M. V. Zembluchter, and on rare occasions our organization met there. I did not encourage these meetings at our apartment for I had reason to believe that it was being secretly watched by the police. But as the intelligentsia no longer let the revolutionary organizations have the use of their apartments for meetings, particularly for Bolshevik meetings, we were compelled, whether we liked it or not, to meet in places that were not so safe.

This time I managed to keep my place at the Trade School for only four months and I left it as precipitously as I left "Sama" at Lessner's in St. Petersburg in 1896, but for another reason; I was in danger of arrest.

One day in autumn, Comrade Prussakov, an experienced worker on secret printing presses, arrived from Baku with his wife, who had also worked on secret printing presses. The Odessa Committee decided to utilize their experience and to set a better press than we had. Prussakov had a large family to keep, a wife

and four little children, but in spite of that, he agreed to undertake the work. He had brought a considerable quantity of type and other small accessories for a printing press with him from Baku. My wife was introduced to the Prussakovs and she, in turn, introduced them to me.

Together we discussed how to set about putting up the press, for we lacked the main things: the heavy roller and metal strips for runners. I undertook to make these in my workshop at the school. The school had a well equipped pattern-making shop, a foundry and machine shop and took private orders, sometimes fairly large ones, but did not reject very small ones. I advised Prussakov to go to the school and place an order for an iron roller and to say that he required it for a laundry. I at once made a drawing, not, of course, of the kind of roller we required, for I intended to fulfil the order myself and to make what we required. Whenever private orders were taken I was always called to the office to fix the price.

This is what happened on this occasion. One day I was called to the office and found Prussakov there. I gave him an estimate for the kind of roller he asked for and fixed the price at five rubles, which was extraordinarily cheap and caused the clerk to look up with surprise. I made the excuse that the roller was a very simple one to make, that a pupil could turn it in about a half an hour, and that the scrap iron we would use would only cost about a kopek a pound. The order was accepted. I decided to make the metal strips without putting a formal order through the office. Within a few days the roller and the runners were ready; I turned the roller myself.

Another few days, and the press was installed, printing leaflets and making preparations to print a newspaper. We installed the press in the hamlet of Romanovka in a three-windowed hut. I did

not know the address of the hut, but my wife and Comrade Trofimov did. There the press was in operation for three months. On the anniversary of Bloody Sunday* we decided to publish special leaflets and a double number of our newspaper. As there was little time to do this and Prussakov and his wife could not manage it in time, I asked my wife to assist them. Believing that she would work all day and return at night, she took our eighteen months' old baby boy with her.

Late at night my old friend Peter Starostin, who had just escaped from a "life sentence" in Siberia, came to see me. As it was very late he remained to stay the night. I was disturbed at my wife not returning, but I consoled myself with the thought that she had gone to her parents after leaving the printing press to stay the night, as she had done on several occasions before. In the morning Comrade Trofimov came in and I asked him to go to Romanovka to see whether anything had happened. A little later he returned and said that the windows in the hut were broken and that a neighbour had told him that the tenants, with a crowd of children, had been taken away in a cart surrounded by police.

I immediately pushed my visitors out of the room, for Peter, if he were caught, stood the risk of penal servitude for escaping from exile, and Trofimov had long been watched by the police with suspicion. Knowing that I would inevitably be arrested if I delayed, I ran to the school and confessing to the director that I was in danger of arrest I asked for my discharge, which I obtained in about ten minutes. Without going home I went straight to my friends in the Peresip District and sent a messenger to my wife's parents asking them to collect our belongings in the apartment I

* The anniversary of the shooting down of the workers' demonstration by the tsar's troops outside the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg on January 9, 1905.—*Ed.*

had abandoned. This they succeeded in doing, because after her arrest, my wife had refused to tell the police her name and address.

That very day I left for Moscow, where Dr. Resanov then resided. At that time also, Comrade Kalinin lived in Moscow with his family, and worked at the Lubyanka electric power sub-station. I went to visit him several times at his home in the Zamoskvoretsky District. He rented a small room from a cobbler, and judging from the poverty of the room, he did not seem to be earning much. As I learned later, he was very soon deported from Moscow.

I stayed with Comrade Resanov for two weeks, and after he had managed to collect a small sum of money, about fifty rubles, among his friends for me, I left for St. Petersburg. A few days later I left for Finland with the intention of going abroad.

CHAPTER VI. *IN FINLAND*

IN HELSINGFORS I met many of the comrades I knew in St. Petersburg among whom were A. I. Yermakov, Isidor Petrovich Vorobyov,* who lived under the name of "Volkov," Adolph Taimi, the late Yuho Vasten, who was a member of my circle at Nobels in 1902, and Gustav Rovio,** whom I had known since childhood. At the time I met him he was a member of the Helsingfors Committee of the Finnish Social-Democratic Labour Party. I also met the brothers Rahya, Yukka and Eino. Yukka Rahya was killed in Petrograd in 1918; Eino Rahya played an important part in conveying Lenin secretly to his hiding place in Finland from Petrograd in the July days of 1917. But of this more later. In addition to those I have enumerated, many St. Petersburg comrades were living in Helsingfors at that time who had taken an active part in the revolutionary movement and sought refuge from the Russian gendarmes under the Finnish Constitution. All these comrades were employed at the Naval Docks at Sveaborg. There was plenty of work at the docks, for just previous to that the Baltic Naval Base had been transferred from Kronstadt to Helsingfors.

In spite of the fact that the dock officials suspected many of the

* A member of the Party since 1900. Now chairman of the Soviet Tobacco Trust.

** Became Chief of Militia in Helsingfors in 1917, after the February Revolution, and concealed Lenin in his apartment when Lenin had to hide from the Kerensky government.

workers of being politically unreliable they were so short of skilled workers, such as the St. Petersburg workers were, that they closed their eyes to it. The workers at the docks came into close contact with the sailors from the warships undergoing winter repairs, not only at these docks, but also at the Finnish wharves, where many workers who had fled from St. Petersburg were employed.

I had not enough money to pay for my journey abroad so I decided to get a job and earn a little. I started at a small works about fifteen versts from Helsingfors where I worked for three weeks and then returned to Helsingfors. I had not saved a kopek for my journey as the wages I earned were barely enough to keep me in food. In Helsingfors I managed to obtain a job in a small workshop which bore the imposing name of Sokol (Falcon), owned by a retired captain of the Baltic Fleet. There were only three lathes, one drill and several vices in the shop. All the workers employed there had come from St. Petersburg. I began to work piece work from the first day I started and earned good money.

While in Russia at that time, 1910, the labour organizations had been completely broken up and the best Party workers were in penal servitude, in prison or in exile, the Finnish workers had their legal Social-Democratic Labour Party and trade unions, they had their own huge palaces of labour, in which, in hundreds of rooms and halls, educational work was carried on and meetings were held addressed by the best speakers in the Party. Only Finnish workers could enjoy these liberties. Russian workers were strictly forbidden to take part in political life in Finland. If the Finnish police discovered a Russian in any labour organization it was their duty to deport him immediately.

But our comrades could not possibly live in a free country and not take part in political life. We had to find a way out of this absurd position, and we found it. Several St. Petersburg work-

ers, of Finnish origin, and therefore, Finnish subjects, but born in St. Petersburg and speaking excellent Russian, decided to organize a branch of the Finnish Social-Democratic Labour Party exclusively for the benefit of Finns who ostensibly spoke only Russian. We ascertained that the law did not prohibit such an organization. Thus, a tablet appeared on the door of one of the rooms in a labour club bearing the inscription in Finnish and in Russian: "Russian Branch of the Finnish Social-Democratic Labour Party." Of course, only Russian-speaking Finnish workers were entitled to membership of this branch.

To enable the Russian workers to join the branch we collected a fairly large number of Finnish passports and distributed them among the Russian comrades who then registered under Finnish names. There can be no doubt that the Finnish police were aware of this trick, but as, even long before the February Revolution, the Finnish bourgeoisie was hostile to the tsarist autocracy, they closed their eyes to this violation of the law.

It goes without saying that the "Russian Branch" did not concern itself exclusively with Finnish affairs. Secretly, of course, we helped the revolutionary movement in Russia. The members of our branch, having contact with warships in the course of their work, and therefore direct contact with the sailors, cautiously carried on revolutionary propaganda among them. Thanks to the existence of this "Russian Branch," we were able to find jobs for comrades from Russia and also facilitate the departure abroad of comrades who were in danger of arrest in Russia.

Absorbed in my work in Helsingfors I repeatedly put off my journey and later, when I had succeeded in establishing contact, first with the St. Petersburg Committee, and then with our Central Committee, I abandoned the idea of going abroad.

The place I worked at was at first engaged entirely on current

and medium repairs on torpedo boats, but later, it began to take orders for the capital repair of small vessels. The workshop had to be enlarged, new machines had to be obtained, and a large number of new workers had to be hired. The employer purchased an old barge in the port and fitted it up as a sort of floating workshop.

The brothers Rahya came to work at this shop. We managed to get jobs for Yuho Vasten, V. Lindström, who had organized circles at the Crichton Shipyards in St. Petersburg in 1900, for the coppersmith Matti Ruotsalainen, who died in Novorossiisk in 1923, and a number of other comrades. In the fitters' shop, half the fitters were from St. Petersburg; all were members of the "Russian Branch," all worked actively and methodically carried out all the instructions of our secret organization. In 1911 we managed to establish contact with the comrades abroad and received illegal literature fairly regularly. In addition to that, we succeeded in devising methods of sending comrades from Russia abroad.

This was done in a very simple way. If the fugitive was in a great hurry and did not fear taking some risk, we obtained a Finnish passport for him and took him to the ship at Abo, or rather to the passport examination office at Abo, which, incidentally, performed its duties in a rather perfunctory manner, and that was all! If, however, the comrade was liable to a sentence of penal servitude, we obtained a Finnish passport for him, but sent him North, *via* Torneo, along the shores of Bothnia Bay to Haaparanda where he could safely cross into Sweden. We did not have a single case of a comrade being stopped at the frontier. This route took three days longer. Finnish subjects received travelling passports which were good for five years and only cost five Finnish marks. We had a big supply of these passports for both sexes of all ages. By both routes we managed to send across a number of com-

rades, among whom were M. M. Lashevich, who had escaped from exile, S. P. Medvedeyev, Kamenev—a worker whom I met in the course of Party work in Vassilyevsky Ostrov in 1908, Inessa Armand,* J. Stalin and others.

During my visits to St. Petersburg, or journeys abroad, my functions as "Minister of Foreign Affairs," as the comrades called me in jest, were performed by Yukka Rahya. One day Inessa Armand arrived in Helsingfors in order to go abroad secretly. I was not in Helsingfors at the time and the arrangements for her departure were made by Yukka Rahya. In this he made two mistakes at one stroke. In the first place he provided Comrade Armand with a passport made out in the name of a woman member of the Finnish Diet, and secondly, he put her on a boat at Helsingfors, instead of Abo. In the case of passengers taking the boat at Helsingfors the captain collected the passports and handed them to the police at Abo. While examining the passports on the voyage between Helsingfors and Abo the captain was attracted by that of the woman deputy and evidently wanted to make her acquaintance. Going up to Comrade Armand, who was walking on deck, he said something to her in Finnish. Not receiving a reply he spoke to her in Swedish, and realizing that this "deputy" of the Finnish Diet did not speak either of the official languages, he spoke to her in English. Comrade Armand spoke English and replied to the captain's remarks. After this they had quite a long conversation. Of course, the captain guessed what was in the wind, but did not inform the police on arrival at Abo. This is to be explained by the fact that in those years the Finnish bourgeoisie, and almost the whole of the intelligentsia, waged an active struggle against the

* During the period of intervention in Soviet Russia in 1918-19 Comrade Armand carried on propaganda work among the French troops in Odessa. She was captured and shot by the whiteguards.—*Ed.*

tsarist autocracy for the preservation of the autonomy which Finland had enjoyed since the reign of Alexander I. In fact, the members of the Finnish bourgeois revolutionary organization were known as "activists."

At the end of March 1912, Comrade Vorobyov "Volkov" informed me in strictest secrecy that they had formed an underground Social-Democratic organization among the sailors of the Baltic Fleet which was ready to raise a mutiny at any moment. He said that he informed me of this because there would be nobody else to take over the leadership of the organization if he were arrested; then and there he informed me of his contacts, passwords and secret addresses. In this way I suddenly became the head of an illegal sailors' organization in the navy.

The sailors to whom "Volkov" introduced me were very good comrades. They informed me that they had drawn up a detailed plan for a mutiny which they intended to raise as soon as the Gulf of Finland was freed from ice. They had contacts, they said, on all the warships wintering in Helsingfors as well as on those in Kronstadt, where circles had been organized on the biggest battleships, the "Petropavlovsk" and others; circles had also been organized on nearly all the warships in Helsingfors.

"Volkov" introduced me to Ivan Ivanovich Kondratyev* who was working on the "Ruric," and was the central figure in the organization. He was in charge of a group of skilled workers from the Metal Works (now the Stalin Works) in St. Petersburg installing range finders manufactured by this firm. It was through him that the comrades on shore maintained direct contacts with the warships.

* After the revolution for a long time Chairman of the Leningrad Oblast Executive Committee. Now Chairman of Soviet Shipyards in Leningrad.

Soon after "Volkov" had introduced me to this business we organized a secret meeting of the representatives of the circles on the warships in a wood outside of Helsingfors. Twenty-five to thirty men attended the meeting and nearly all the big ships were represented. In addition to "Volkov" and Kondratyev, of the civilians present at the meeting there were Comrades Taimi, Yermakov, Sidorov,* Duminov, who committed suicide that year, Vzdorov and several other comrades whose names I have forgotten. At this meeting we elected a committee of three to lead the mutiny. This committee consisted of Comrades Taimi, "Volkov" and myself. In the event of "Volkov's" arrest, we suspected that he was being watched, his place was to be taken by Yermakov.

As I have said, the plan for the mutiny was drawn up in the greatest detail. The mutiny was to break out as soon as the ships put to sea after the ice had gone. As soon as the officers had been removed the ships were to go to Reval where, according to the sailors, a good naval organization had been formed. After the capture of Reval, the squadron was to return to Helsingfors and occupy it with the aid of the Finnish workers. After that the squadron was to go to Kronstadt, where everything had been prepared, and capture the fortress without difficulty.

All this seemed to be so grand and yet plausible that it took one's breath away. Bearing in mind the importance of the move that was contemplated I insisted that the Bolshevik Central Committee be immediately informed of our plans. As the only contact wth the Central Committee we had was through Comrade Politayev, our Deputy in the Third Duma, I proposed that a comrade be sent to him in St. Petersburg immediately to report

* Since the October Revolution has occupied responsible posts in the Urals.

to him and to obtain instructions. We sent Comrade Duminov-Vulpe. Unfortunately the latter failed to carry out our strict instructions to inform only Comrade Politayev about our plans and also informed another Deputy, Shurkanov, who, as we subsequently learned, was a provocateur. Luckily, he did not tell Shurkanov all the details of the plan, and did not give him the names of the organizers.

At last the Bay was cleared of ice. The ships, newly repaired, glistening with their new coats of paint and highly polished copper fittings, got up steam and prepared to put to sea. On the night before the ships were to put out I was aboard the cruiser "Ruric" completing the formalities connected with the work I had been doing for the Falcon Works. Comrade Kondratyev was also on board finishing up his work. While on deck I was struck by the remarkable stillness that prevailed. The officers seemed to be pacing the deck in an extremely gloomy mood. I put this down to the fact that the ships were soon to put out to sea and did not suspect that the officers were already aware of the plans for a mutiny. After completing the formalities and taking leave of the officer in charge of this work, I left the ship, almost the last civilian to leave, dreaming that it would be in our hands next day, flying the red flag of the revolution.

I arrived at the harbour early next morning expecting that all the ships had left, but to my surprise they were all quietly lying at anchor. There was a marked absence of cutters which usually shot backwards and forwards from ship to shore. A sinister silence prevailed.

I began to feel disturbed. Why did not the squadron put to sea, although everything had been prepared for it the night before? Why was not a single cutter to be seen? Quiet reigned on the ships, and not a soul was seen on deck.

I returned to town and learned that Adolph Taimi had just been arrested. All the police had been called out in the working class district of Sornäs, and detectives were nosing about everywhere.

"Volkov" had managed to slip away from the police the night before and was now hiding, waiting for an opportunity to go abroad. After a little while I was informed of the arrest of Yermakov and Nikonda Kokko.* The latter had not taken a direct part in the work of the naval organization and we were surprised that he was arrested. The same day Comrade Saxman, the chairman of the Finnish Metal Workers' Union, was arrested as he was crossing the bridge between the centre of the town and the proletarian district. This arrest surprised us still more because Comrade Saxman had no connection with the naval organization whatever. Subsequently, it was said that he was mistaken for me, as we looked very much alike and arrests in the street were made under the guidance of Russian detectives. Incidentally, Saxman was released that night without any reason being given for his arrest. Questions were raised in the Finnish Diet by the Social-Democratic group about the arrest of the Finnish subjects, Taimi and Kokko, but no satisfactory answer was received. Shortly afterwards these two comrades, as well as Comrade Yermakov, were summarily exiled to Eastern Siberia.

The comrades were of the opinion that I, too, would be arrested and moreover, it was necessary to inform Comrade Lenin about all these events. It was therefore decided that I

* After the July days in Petrograd 1917, his apartment in Lesnoy, Petrograd, served as the rendezvous where Lenin, then in hiding, met the members of the Central Committee of the Party: Stalin, Sverdlov, Dzherzhinsky and others. Now an invalid living in Leningrad.

should go to Paris, where Lenin then resided. Next day I asked my employer for a month's vacation. It was the custom, after winter repairs were completed, to discharge most of the workers for the summer and so I got my vacation without difficulty. Telling everybody, including my employer, that I was going to Germany, I left for Paris.

Lenin at that time lived in the Rue Maria Rose, No. 4, where he rented a small apartment of two rooms and a kitchen. Here he lived with his wife, Comrade Krupskaya, and her mother. With Lenin's permission I brought "Volkov" to see him. Comrade "Volkov" had arrived in Paris a few days before me and I accidentally met him in the Russian library in the Avenue des Gobelins. We had not yet heard of the mass arrests among the sailors on the night before the squadron was to have put to sea; Comrade Lenin informed us about them. We learned that sixty-four men had been arrested. It was afterwards said that Admiral of the Fleet von Essen protested against these arrests and said that the whole business had been staged by the gendarmerie.

Comrade Lenin expressed himself very cautiously about our organization and our plans. He did not censure us for the somewhat fantastic plan for a mutiny, nor did he praise us for it. He listened to us very attentively, put several questions to us and repeated several times, as if speaking to himself: "No matter how good plans may be, nothing will come of them unless the broad masses of the workers take part in them."

While I was in Paris the first numbers arrived of our Bolshevik newspaper *Pravda*, which began to appear in St. Petersburg.

On the second or third day after my arrival Lenin left Paris for Berlin, and returned only two weeks later. I lived in a hotel

all this time and visited museums, picture galleries, the cinema, the market places, etc. I visited Comrade Krupskaya nearly every day and helped her to prepare the dinner, peel potatoes, wash the dishes, etc., and every time I went there I had arguments with her mother who was very critical of Paris customs and longed to be back in Russia.

I sent letters to my family and friends in Russia *via* Berlin in which I described the German scene from a tourist guide book which I borrowed from Comrade Krupskaya. Everything went off very well. The only persons who knew that I had been to Paris were my mother and two or three members of our organization. The rest were convinced that I had been in Germany, the more so, that on my return journey I stopped at Ketten in Thuringen, Germany, and met two lads who had been my pupils at the Trade School in Odessa; they were attending the technical institute in Ketten.

Before leaving Paris, Lenin instructed me, among other things, to get a manifesto or a resolution, I do not remember which, printed as quickly as possible and get it transferred to the St. Petersburg Committee. On arriving at Helsingfors I looked around carefully and on assuring myself that "everything was in order," I set to work to carry out Lenin's instructions. I decided to have the manifesto, or resolution, whatever it was, printed at the *Työmies* printing press, which belonged to the Finnish Social-Democratic Labour Party, unbeknown to the manager, as I was sure that he would not agree to it under any circumstances. Yukka Rahya had some friends at the press and he undertook to get the printing done through them. He chose two of the most reliable of them and they agreed to do it. Next day the Secretary of the Central Committee of the Finnish So-

cial-Democratic Labour Party, Matti Turkia,* called Rahya to his office and asked him whether he had requested the printers in the *Työmies* press to print this document, and he showed him a copy of it (I had kept the original). Rahya admitted that he had done so, told him that the document was a copy of one written by Lenin, and that I had requested him to get it printed. Next day Turkia asked me to come and see him and knowing what to expect, I took the original of Lenin's manuscript with me, and also a letter which I had only just received from Lenin. Coming straight to the point Turkia asked me whether I knew that Rahya was a provocateur, and that he visited Boulevard Street No. 28 where the Chief of the Gendarmes lived. I replied that this was despicable slander against Rahya which disgraced only those who uttered it without first carefully investigating the matter through Party channels. I knew that he visited Boulevard Street No. 28, I said, because I lived there and he came to visit me. I told the secretary that his spies were working very badly because they did not make sure which apartment Comrade Rahya entered. I did not know that the Chief of Gendarmes lived in my house as there were scores of apartments in that house.

He then pointed to the document and asked: "Is this Lenin's manuscript?" I replied that it was a copy of Lenin's manuscript, and showed him the original written in Lenin's hand. After some hesitation I gave him the manuscript as he said he desired to compare the handwriting with Lenin's letters which, he said, were in the possession of Comrade Kuusinen** and a deputy in the Finnish Diet named Wiik with whom Lenin had been in corres-

* After the defeat of the Finnish revolution in 1919, fled to Russia. Deserted Soviet Russia in 1920 and later returned to Finland where he is engaged in slandering the U.S.S.R. in the Finnish press.

** Now a member of the Presidium of the E.C.C.I.

pondence. It turned out that one of Comrade Rahya's "friends" who had agreed to print the document had reported the case to his manager and the latter had reported to the Central Committee of the Finnish Party.

A few days later Turkia asked me to come and see him and returning Lenin's manuscript to me tried to impress upon me the serious danger in which I had placed the Central Organ of the Party of which I was a member, not an ordinary rank-and-filer, but a member of the Helsingfors Committee. (I should have said that I had been elected to the Helsingfors Committee before I left for Paris.) Taking the manuscript from Turkia I despatched it post haste to the St. Petersburg Committee. What happened to it afterwards I do not know.

Soon after my return from Paris we started an extensive campaign among the Russian and Finnish workers to collect funds for *Pravda*. The Finnish workers were no less eager to contribute than the Russians and the results exceeded all our expectations. It must be said that during the three years preceding the World War the number of Russians arriving in Helsingfors, mainly workers, increased enormously. I began to write articles for *Pravda* describing life in Finland, particularly the lives of the workers, and about the Finnish Social-Democratic Labour Party. My articles appeared twice or three times a week signed, P. Danilov. Shortly afterwards *Pravda* sent me a correspondent's card, printed in Russian and French, stating that I was the official correspondent of that paper. With this card I was able to attend the sessions of the Diet and sit in the press gallery next to the correspondent of *Novoye Vremya*, the reactionary semi-official organ of the government edited by A. Suvorin. During one of my visits to St. Petersburg I went to the *Pravda* office to introduce myself to the editor and to discuss the charac-

ter of my correspondence. The editor at that time was Comrade Molotov. He greeted me very warmly, said flattering things about my articles, and urged me to continue writing in the same popular style.

I do not remember exactly, but I think it was towards the end of the summer of 1912, Comrade Stalin arrived from St. Petersburg accompanied by Valentina Lobova. She died from tuberculosis in 1924. One day Comrade Lobova visited me and told me that it was necessary to make arrangements for sending a very responsible comrade abroad. "You must send him by the quickest and absolutely safe route. These are Lenin's instructions," she said. I replied that I could not undertake to do it on those terms. If we sent him the quickest way, that is by boat *via* Abo, I could not guarantee "absolute safety." I decided to speak with Comrade Stalin myself. He was staying at a hotel ostensibly as a Persian subject and had a Persian passport. This was the first time I had met Comrade Stalin, although I heard much about him as one of the Bolsheviks of rock-like firmness whom the Mensheviks, and particularly the Caucasian Mensheviks, hated most of all. He had been exiled to Siberia without trial and had just escaped and desired to go abroad. I explained to him the manner in which we got people across the frontier and repeated what I had told Comrade Lobova. Pondering over both routes he decided to go *via* Abo, even though it was accompanied by some risk. Bearing in mind the special concern Lenin displayed for him and the instructions of the Central Committee conveyed to me by Comrade Lobova, I took special precautions to make the journey as safe as possible. With Comrade Stalin's consent I asked Comrade Yukka Rahya to accompany him and gave him strict instructions to do all that was humanly possible to get

Comrade Stalin safely across. Knowing Rahya's loyalty and devotion to the revolution I was sure he would do his very best.

In passing from the train to the ship at Abo, passengers had to pass through a barrier at which there were two policemen who examined the passports. Comrade Stalin had been given a Finnish passport, although he did not in the least look like a Finn. I was somewhat disturbed by this, but consoled myself with the thought that other comrades who did not look like Finns had got through successfully in the same way. It was because I was not absolutely sure of success that I sent Comrade Rahya to accompany Comrade Stalin right up to the barrier and to take the necessary measures if anything untoward happened. Luckily everything passed off without a hitch.

In autumn of 1912, soon after the elections to the Fourth Duma, the Bolshevik members of the Duma: Badayev, Petrovsky, Muranov, Shagov, and Malinovsky * arrived in Helsingfors. Comrade Samoylov, the Bolshevik Deputy for the Vladimir Gubernia, was sick at that time. There was one Menshevik Deputy whom I remember, M. I. Skobelev, who is now a Communist. They arrived to see "free" Finland and to meet the leaders of the Finnish Social-Democratic Labour Party. They came straight from the station to my apartment and then the whole crowd of us went by street car to inspect a large mechanized bakery. Now that we have scores of enormous mechanized bakeries operating almost automatically, the bakery that we went to see seems to me to have been like a village bake house. But at that time there were no bakeries of that kind in Russia, and indeed, it was the only one in Finland. It belonged to the Workers' Co-operative Society. By the time we got there several

* He had already become a provocateur.

detectives had attached themselves to us and, like the stupid Belgian detectives who had pursued the delegates to the Second Congress in 1903, they followed literally close on our heels. I even had a slight altercation with one of them who jumped on the street car after us. While we were going over the bakery, and then the Palace of Labour, the detectives waited in the street.

Desiring to get rid of them, and even to have a little fun at their expense, I suggested that we take taxis and go for a ride in the country. Two taxis were standing nearby, and to the dismay of the detectives, we got into them and rode off. There were no other taxis about. As soon as we started off the foolish splits began to run after us and, of course, we soon left them far behind. By the time we had got into the suburbs, however, the detectives had procured an automobile and overtook us on the outskirts of the town. After that they never lost sight of us for a moment, no matter how fast we rode. Seeing that we could not shake them off we ordered the taxi driver to take us to the Chief Constable of Helsingfors on Senate Square.

The sight of three racing automobiles suddenly pulling up outside the Police Headquarters attracted the attention of the people in the street. We all alighted from our cars and approaching the two policemen guarding the door we asked them to allow us to see the Chief. By this time the detectives had alighted from their car and coming up to our group they asked us in Finnish what we wanted. I replied in Finnish that we wanted to complain about the stupid conduct of the detectives who were discrediting free Finland in the eyes of members of the State Duma. One of them evidently offended by what I said asked what it was they had done that was stupid. Angry as the devil, I shouted at the detectives loudly so that the people around could hear what

I said, that evidently, having received instructions to shadow the Russian Deputies they were performing this silly business with such excessive zeal that they actually trod on our corns! One of the detectives lost his temper at this and retorted: "What are you making a scene for, Mr. Shottman? We are only doing our duty." I told him to go to hell, and we went back to our hotel where dinner was waiting for us. Such were the customs in Finland not long before the war. In the evening the Social-Democratic Deputies in the Finnish Diet gave a dinner in honor of the Duma Deputies which the whole Social-Democratic fraction in the Diet, numbering eighty persons, attended. After the banquet they all went to see the Imatra Waterfall.

While working in Helsingfors I frequently visited St. Petersburg, but on my journeys I had to take strict measures of precaution, because I began to notice that I was being shadowed. Well informed people had told me more than once that the only reason why I was not arrested was that I was a Finnish subject and also a member of the Helsingfors Committee of the Social-Democratic Labour Party; as soon as I went to live in St. Petersburg I would be surely arrested, they said.

In April 1913 *Pravda* celebrated its first anniversary. To celebrate the occasion a meeting and concert was organized in the Kalashnikov Exchange. I was invited to the gathering as the Helsingfors correspondent of the paper. Many people attended, including the Bolshevik Deputies of the Duma with Malinovsky, the provocateur, among them.

In the midst of the celebration Comrade Stalin walked in. He had returned from abroad and lived in hiding in St. Petersburg guiding the work of *Pravda* and of the Bolshevik fraction in the Duma. As we learned subsequently, Comrade Stalin had objected to going to the meeting for the very good reason that

there would certainly be detectives there who would recognize him. But Malinovsky guaranteed complete safety. He drew a plan of the rooms and showed Comrade Stalin the various emergency exits which he could use at the slightest danger. Finally, he persuaded him to go. If I am not mistaken, Comrade Stalin was arrested about half an hour after he had got to the meeting. He was sitting at a table with his back to the audience speaking to somebody. Comrade Petrovsky and I were not more than five or six paces away from him. Suddenly we observed a gendarme officer approaching Comrade Stalin and bending over, he whispered something to him. The officer did not wear his usual decorations and even his epaulets seemed to lack their usual lustre. Comrade Stalin did not see the gendarme, but hearing what he said he turned round sharply and said something angrily to him. Then he quietly got up and followed the officer, surrounded by a horde of detectives. Malinovsky followed after them "protesting" against the arrest and pretended that he was taking measures to secure Comrade Stalin's release. It is now known that Comrade Stalin's arrest was arranged and carried out by Malinovsky.

After Comrade Stalin had been taken away, Eino Rahya, whom I had brought to the meeting, and I noticed that we were being watched by the police. By employing a little stratagem we managed to get away unobserved.

During my visits to St. Petersburg I met the comrades who were actively working in the Bolshevik organization. Many of the comrades who had been summarily deported from St. Petersburg lived just on the city boundaries, ten to fifteen kilometres from the centre of the town, but they worked in the town. Many of these "deportees" lived in the suburb of Ozerki. Among these were M. I. Kalinin, S. P. Medvedyev, P. S. Borisov, G. I. Bruno and a number of other comrades whose names I have forgotten,

J. Stalin in 1912

all of whom worked at the Aiwaza Works, now known as the Svetlan Works. Shurkanov, ex-member of the Third Duma and, as we afterwards learned, a provocateur, also lived in this suburb. Here we had a secret printing press organized by the "deportees." As we now know, this printing press was exposed by Shurkanov. This malicious provocateur managed to escape the fate of nearly all the other provocateurs whom we discovered afterwards and fled to the Whites. Comrade Ilya Tarayev, while working underground in Omsk under the Kolchak regime, met Shurkanov in the street there.

Life in Helsingfors was becoming more and more tedious while in Russia the tide of revolution was rising higher and higher. I managed to procure a false passport, left my job, and went to St. Petersburg. I went to live in the Lesnoy District, and in order to see how the land lay I asked Comrade Eino Rahya to take my passport to be registered as living in his apartment at the Nevsky Gates. The very day that Comrade Rahya had handed in my passport for registration the police arrived at his apartment to arrest me. As I was not to be found there the police set a trap for me. Two policemen were kept in the room all the time, taking turns at duty, for about four days. Meanwhile, they kept Eino Rahya under arrest and detained all those who came to visit him "for identification."

After that I decided to go abroad.

CHAPTER VII. *ABROAD*

NOT WISHING to take the risk of travelling on my own passport I borrowed that of Comrade Kohonen who lived in Viborg and took ship at Abo. As a graduate of the Helsingfors University, Comrade Kohonen had the right to wear a special kind of peaked cap with a white top. Both in Finland and Sweden the bourgeoisie and the police treated people who wore this special kind of headgear with particular respect. The workers, however, treated them with hostility, for only the sons of the rich were able to go to the University; the doors of the University were closed to the workers. In addition to his passport Comrade Kohonen gave me his white topped cap. And hereby hangs a tale.

I arrived in Stockholm carrying a small basket crammed full with the letters of Plekhanov, Martov, Axelrod and other Social-Democratic exiles abroad, mainly Mensheviks. This was the archive of the late Comrade Linde * which was handed to me by the Finnish writer Latukka in whose possession it had been since 1907. I handed this archive over later on, when I arrived in Poronino. Standing on the platform admiring the clean looking Swedish locomotives, I was suddenly covered from head to foot with a thick coating of wet soot. The engine driver, evidently desiring to play a trick on a bourgeois student, let off steam through his smoke stack mixed with coal dust. As a result of this

* Became a Commissar after the October Revolution. Was killed in the Civil War in 1918.

douche my smart cap looked more like a dirty rag than anything else. I threw it away, cleaned myself as best I could and went out and bought a cheap straw hat.

From Stockholm I travelled to Poronino in Galicia, then part of Austria, where Comrade Lenin lived with Comrade Krupskaya and her mother. I arrived there without incident.

Poronino is a small place in the hills not far from the famous Polish health resort, Zakopanye. I received a hearty welcome and stayed there a week. I made good use of Comrade Lenin's extensive library. Sometimes the whole "colony" went for a walk in the hills and once we went to Zakopanye where some friends of Lenin were taking a cure. Comrade Lenin lived very modestly in a small villa containing three rooms and a kitchen. Comrade Krupskaya kept house while at the same time she carried on an enormous correspondence with the Party Committees and individual comrades in Russia. She, too, had to code and decode letters, and most of the correspondence was written in code.

At that time Polyakov, known as "Alexander Katzap," whom the Moscow comrades suspected of being in the pay of the secret police, came to visit Lenin for the purpose of getting his protection. This provocateur attended the notorious Menshevik conference of August 1912 * falsely claiming to represent an organization. One of the most active organizers of this Conference was Leon Trotsky.

Naturally, Lenin could not go into the charge made by the Moscow comrades against Polyakov as he did not know him. He said that it was the business of the Moscow Committee which was investigating the matter and, I think, suggested that Polya-

* The conference organized by Trotsky and the Mensheviks in opposition to the Bolshevik Central Committee at which the notorious "*August bloc*" was formed.—*Ed.*

kov should appeal to the members of the August Conference, particularly to its organizers. After that Polyakov went to see Trotsky who was living in Vienna at that time. I was preparing to go to Vienna in the hope of finding work there. Lenin asked me to see Polyakov there, have a "heart to heart" talk with him, listen to what he had to say and see what evidence he could produce to prove that he was not in the pay of the secret police. I should have said that I had known Polyakov since 1905, when I met him on Party work in Odessa.

When I arrived in Vienna I sought out Trotsky and went to visit him. I reminded him who I was, that we had been at the Second Party Congress together, told him I wanted to see Polyakov and asked him if he knew where I could find him. Trotsky said that Polyakov had been to see him the night before, but he did not know where he had gone. With this we parted. I did not succeed in meeting "Katzap."

The secret address I was given in Vienna was that of Comrade A. A. Troyanovsky*; Comrade Bukharin was then living in the same apartment. They managed to get me a job in a small workshop which manufactured cigarette rollers in which a Russian acquaintance of theirs was the foreman. I earned very little, just enough to pay the rent of a small room and for my food. How I should have managed to clothe myself had I been compelled to work there longer, I do not know. I worked there about a month and then prepared to go back to Russia.

Before leaving for Russia I gave up my room and went to live with Comrade Troyanovsky. Two days later the late Comrade Arshak Gerasimovich Zubarov, who had been the Batum delegate to the Second Congress and supported the majority all the

* Now Soviet Ambassador to the United States.

time, arrived from Constantinople. After the Second Congress he went over to the Mensheviks; later he was elected a member of the Second Duma, and, together with other deputies, was sentenced to penal servitude. After serving his time he fled from Siberia where, according to his sentence, he was to have remained in exile after serving his time. In Constantinople he became friends with the ardent Menshevik, Parvus, but after a short friendship they parted almost mortal enemies. While living in our apartment we had long arguments with him. Apparently, the long talks he had with Bukharin had effect upon him and more and more often he began to agree with us. I had the impression that he would join our ranks soon. He died in Erivan in 1919, after his release from a Menshevik prison.

Comrade Bukharin wrote a great deal at that time. The Bolshevik newspaper *Nash Put* (*Our Path*), edited by Comrade N. N. Yakovlev,* began to appear in Moscow, and Comrade Bukharin wrote articles for it every day; but not all these articles saw the light of day.

A few days after I took my discharge from the workshop, Comrades Lenin and Krupskaya arrived in Vienna and came to stay at our apartment. They arrived from Switzerland whither Lenin had gone to deliver a series of lectures to the Russian exiles and students studying in the Swiss University. Comrade Krupskaya had been in Berne for a cure. Comrade Lenin proposed that I go back to Russia to do Party work and of course I gladly accepted the proposal. At this time a joint Conference of the Central Committee of the Party and active Party workers was being convened in Poronino, Lenin's permanent place of residence, and I was invited to attend it. This was the second joint

* A firm, highly educated Bolshevik; was shot by the order of Kolchak in Siberia in 1919.

Conference of the Central Committee and active Party members to take place after the Sixth Party Conference that was held in Prague in 1912. The first joint Conference was held in Cracow in December 1912 after the elections to the Fourth Duma. which resulted in the election of six Bolshevik deputies. Altogether thirteen Social-Democratic deputies had been elected; the other seven were Mensheviks. Three of the newly elected Bolshevik deputies attended the first joint Conference, *viz.*, Badayev, Petrovsky and Malinovsky, the provocateur. Comrade Stalin also attended this Conference; it was for this purpose that he took the journey described in the previous chapter. This first Conference passed a resolution noting the revolutionary revival among the workers and peasants and also in the navy and in the army. This resolution stated: "The most important fact in 1912 in the history of the labour movement and of the Russian revolution is the remarkable development of the economic as well as of the political struggle of the proletariat. The number of workers taking part in political strikes reached a million." Besides this, the Conference passed a number of other resolutions on the tasks of the Party, on forming underground organizations, on the Social-Democratic fraction of the Duma, on the attitude towards the Liquidators, on unity, etc.

The second joint Conference was held in September 1913, nine months after the first Conference, in the village of Poronino.

Among those taking part in this Conference were Lenin and Krupskaya and the members of the State Duma: A. E. Badayev, member for St. Petersburg, K. Muranov, member for the Kharkov Gubernia, Roman Malinovsky, member for the Moscow Gubernia, G. I. Petrovsky, member for the Ekaterinslav Gubernia, and Shagov, member for the Kostroma Gubernia. Samoylov, the member for the Vladimir Gubernia, could not at-

tend owing to illness. Of the local Party workers, the following attended: Balashev, Novozhilov, Deryabin, Alexei Lobov, who turned out to be a provocateur and was shot in Moscow in 1918, A. A. Troyanovsky, Elena Rozmirovich, Inessa Armand and I. The Polish Social-Democrats, members of the "Rozlomov" fraction,* were represented by Hanecky, Leshchinsky and Kamensky. Several comrades failed to get to the Conference as they were arrested almost on the eve of their departure; among these was Comrade V. I. Nevsky.

There were nine points on the agenda of this Conference. The most important of these were: the Social-Democratic fraction in the Duma, the national question, the Narodniki (Socialist-Revolutionaries), organizational question, and the Party Congress. At that time Lenin attached particular importance to the national question on which he was the reporter at the Conference. Comrade Rozmirovich and I were charged with the task of taking down at least the main points of Lenin's report. We armed ourselves with sharpened pencils and paper, determined to take down Comrade Lenin's report in the fullest possible detail.

When he had finished, Lenin came up to us to see how much of his report we had taken down. But to our shame we found that we had only got the first three or four lines, because we became so absorbed in listening to the report that we forgot that it was our business not only to listen to it but to write it down.

We had not discussed the national question almost since the Second Congress and the changed circumstances called for reexamination of the question. As is well known, the Second Congress had passed a resolution calling for the right of every nation to self-determination. In his report Lenin pointed out that this

* The Left wing of the Polish S.D.P.—*Ed.*

was inadequate and that the formula was not sufficiently clear. It was necessary, he said, to add to the formula: the "right of nations to self-determination," the phrase: "including separation." The resolution on the national question passed by this Conference was based on the theses of Comrade Lenin's report and on the articles Comrade Stalin wrote on this subject while he was abroad in 1912-13. All the main propositions of this resolution were afterwards incorporated in the decrees of the Soviet government.

In connection with the revival of the revolutionary movement among the workers and peasants in Russia, the Narodniki (Socialist-Revolutionaries), whose activities almost ceased after the defeat of the revolution of 1905, became more active. At this period, 1913, the Socialist-Revolutionaries seemed to be drawn towards the Menshevik Liquidators and this, as is well known, culminated in the Menshevik Socialist-Revolutionary *bloc* that was formed four years later, in 1917. The resolution passed by this joint Conference on this question exposed the petty-bourgeois nature of the Socialist-Revolutionaries and warned the workers against the pernicious work of these agents of the bourgeoisie.

The Conference resolved that a Party Congress be called. No Party Congress had been held since 1907. It also adopted a resolution condemning the policy which the majority of the Social-Democratic fraction in the Duma adopted towards the Bolshevik "six." In this resolution we stated that the majority of the fraction, the Menshevik "seven," took advantage of their majority to prevent our deputies from doing any work; the latter were never elected to any Duma committees, restrictions were placed on their speaking in the Duma, etc. The Bolshevik "six" were instructed categorically to demand that the "seven" change their tactics and remedy a number of organizational defects, and

The House in Poronina, Galicia, in which Lenin lived in 1914

in the event of their failing to do so, the "six" were to leave the fraction and form an independent Bolshevik fraction. As is well known, soon after the Conference, on October 20, 1913 (old style), the "six" formed the independent "All-Russian Social-Democratic Labour fraction."

At the end of the Conference it was resolved that the vacancies on the Central Committee caused by the imprisonment or exile of the majority of the members be filled. I was co-opted as a member of the Central Committee and also as a member of the Bureau of the C.C. in Russia; Comrades M. I. Kalinin and A. G. Pravdin were co-opted as substitute members.

When the Conference closed I was provided with a German passport belonging to a printer named Schmidt or Schultz, I don't remember which; with this I safely crossed the frontier at Verjbolovo. In the same train with me was Comrade Rozmirovich who had been appointed secretary of the newly formed Bolshevik fraction in the Duma.

CHAPTER VIII. *IN RUSSIA AGAIN*

ON ARRIVING IN ST. PETERSBURG I went to see Comrades Kalinin and Pravdin and informed them that they had been co-opted to the Central Committee. Furthermore, I told Comrade Pravdin that the Central Committee had instructed him to work in conjunction with the Duma fraction and to guide their every-day practical work outside of the Duma. Kalinin was to take part in the work of guiding *Pravda*.

The Conference had instructed me to go to Helsingfors to try to get from the Central Committee of the Finnish Social-Democratic Labour Party several thousand Finnish marks which had been collected for the socialist press in Russia. To avoid recognition in the street I shaved my moustache and beard and put on spectacles in place of the pince-nez I usually wore. When I met M. Turkia, the secretary of the Central Committee with whom I had had high words only three months before, he did not recognize me. After long talks with the members of the Central Committee they at last decided to hand the money collected to the German Social-Democratic Party to be distributed equally among all the Socialist newspapers in Russia, that is to say, including the Socialist-Revolutionary newspaper. This showed how badly the Finnish Social-Democrats understood the position in Russia.

I had also been appointed delegate to the forthcoming Congress of the Latvian Social-Democratic Party and also to the Congress of the Second International which had been called but

did not take place owing to the outbreak of the war. I could not have attended the latter in any case, as I was arrested soon after I returned.

After staying in St. Petersburg a short time the Central Committee instructed me to make a tour of the southern towns: Odessa, Kherson, Nikolayev, Ekaterinoslav (now Dniepropetrovsk) and Kharkov, in order to reorganize the Bolshevik Committees which had fallen to pieces as a consequence of arrests. The secret address I had in Odessa was that of V. D. Wegman,* which I had obtained from Comrade Krupskaya when I was in Poronino. Comrade Wegman lived with his old mother in the Central District and maintained contacts with the working class Dalnitsky and Peresip Districts. Partly through him, but mainly through my old acquaintances, I succeeded in establishing contacts with the fragments of the organization. Our Bolshevik organization was almost entirely shattered. The Odessa Committee, as such, no longer existed. I had to set to work to establish contacts all over again. Of the old underground workers I met Comrades Achkanov and Zembluchter. They found a few other comrades who had survived, and at a conference with these we decided to set up a Bolshevik Odessa Committee. The members of the Committee we elected were Achkanov, Zembluchter and "Zeka" Mikhailov, whom I had known in Geneva in 1903 and had been one of the organizers of the huge meetings in Rostov-on-Don in 1902. It was only after the February Revolution

* Comrade Wegman has been a member of the Party since 1896. For a long time he was in exile abroad, but returned to Russia in 1913 on the instructions of the Central Committee. That very year he was arrested in Odessa and exiled to Narym where he lived until the February Revolution. He worked underground there under the Kolchak regime, was arrested and fortuitously escaped being shot. He is now Director of the History of the Party Department in Novosibirsk.

that we learned that he was one of the most active provocateurs and that he had been working for the secret police since 1902. Two other comrades were elected to the Committee but I have forgotten their names. I was told afterwards that notwithstanding the presence of such a dangerous provocateur in their midst, the Odessa Committee managed to collect a fairly large group of comrades who had escaped arrest, revived Party work to a very large extent, and even established contacts with the comrades abroad.

A day or two after I arrived in Odessa, I had a suspicion that I was being shadowed by a woman. I became convinced of this after I had met this woman for the third or fourth time, not only in the street, but also in the milk shop where I used to take my breakfast in the morning. I told Comrade Achkanov about my suspicions, but he did not believe me and teasingly said that I was suffering from spy mania. I then proposed that we investigate the matter together, so we took walks along the Rishelev Street in the hope of meeting this woman detective. I soon caught sight of her and pointed her out to Achkanov. In order to make sure that she was really following us, we boarded a street car, after going through the usual procedure to get rid of a spy. This time, however, seeing that she was not taking her eyes off us, we did all this with such slow deliberateness that she managed to get on to our street car, probably congratulating herself on her own smartness. Both of us watched her imperceptibly. At one moment she betrayed a little confusion in paying her fare; she took some sort of a card out of her handbag and was about to show it to the conductor, but thought better of it, put it back, and paid her fare. We jumped off the car at the corner of Lanzheron and Ekaterina Street, just before the street car stop, and quickly entered a cinema. From the doorway we saw the detective get off the car

at the stop and look around her confusedly, evidently alarmed at having lost sight of us. Desiring to obtain still more proof that she was really following us we left the cinema and walked straight up to her. Seeing this she became embarrassed and shifted about helplessly. Walking almost right up to her, we turned sharply to the right towards the famous Odessa Stairs leading to the port and began to descend them. It was already dark. The electric lights were burning brightly on the boulevard, but the port was wrapped in gloom. Walking down a few steps we turned round and saw that the detective had approached the top of the stairs, but she did not dare go down.

We stayed the night at the house of Achkanov's father, who was a watchman in the port, and early next morning at about five o'clock we went to the pier where a small boat was under steam ready to sail for Kherson. Achkanov's son-in-law was chief engineer on this steamer, and he agreed to take me with him. He put me in his cabin, leaving me there alone. A few minutes later he came along and said that the police had come aboard and were searching the boat, but he advised me to sit there quietly: "The police never go into the chief engineer's cabin," he said comfortingly. And indeed, after a fruitless search, the police left without looking into the cabin I was in, and the boat put off. Years later, after the October Revolution, I met Achkanov again and he told me that this woman detective was on the pier when the boat put off and that he was sure I would be arrested. He was astonished when the police came off the boat and I was not among them.

In Kherson I succeeded in organizing a committee of three. The organizer of this group was a comrade who had worked with me in the Trade School in Odessa in 1907; unfortunately I have forgotten his name. I do not know whether the

group succeeded in developing its work later on. From Kherson I went to Nikolayev, but I could not find anyone, as the secret address I had proved to be useless. Then I went straight to Ekaterinoslav. I had the address of Comrade G. I. Petrovsky who lived in Chechelovka, not far from the Briansk Works.

CHAPTER IX. *ARREST AND EXILE*

MY TRAIN ARRIVED in Ekaterinoslav at about four o'clock in the morning. I left my small basket at the luggage office and went to the first class buffet. All I had was four rubles. I ordered a glass of coffee and dawdled over it for two hours. At seven o'clock I walked into the town and boarded a street car, first looking around to see whether I was being followed. I got off the car at the terminus near the Briansk Works and began to look for the road to Chechelovka. Suddenly someone seized my arm from behind and pressed me to his chest. Turning my head I saw a burly policeman sticking his face into mine. I was not particularly surprised at the arrest as I was always prepared for the inevitable. I calmly asked the policeman: "Do you always greet new arrivals in this way?" He answered: "You know that better than anybody else."

On the way to the police station we were joined by a detective wearing a student's cap. Evidently he was the man to whom I was indebted for my arrest. At the police station, which was situated in the Briansk Works, a young inexperienced Inspector permitted me to go to the lavatory unaccompanied by a policeman. There I went through my pockets very carefully and destroyed everything that could in any way serve as a clue for the gendarmes.

Half an hour afterwards two policemen took me to the other end of the town and handed me over to the Chief of Number 4 Police Station. This was the notorious station in which, during

the time when Stolypin's field courts-martial were in operation, scores, if not hundreds, of revolutionaries were executed. Notwithstanding the early hour, it was about 7:30 a.m., four gendarme officers and the Chief of Gendarmes were waiting for me. I had a genuine passport, given to me in Helsingfors by my old friend, the late Yuho Vasten. I knew the names of all "my relatives" registered on that passport, including my grandmother and grandfather, but, as luck would have it, I forgot the name of "my father"! When the gendarme asked me the name of my father I said at random, "Andrey." After that I was ordered to take all my clothes off. In spite of my emphatic protests I had to submit, although the Chief had to order the gendarmes to help me. They carefully searched my clothing, not only the pockets, but even the seams of my suit and underclothing.

It was only after Malinovsky had been utterly exposed as a provocateur that I understood why they had searched me so carefully and why, when I said that my name was Yuho Vasten, they had laughed and replied that I was not Vasten and that they knew perfectly well who I was. The fact was that, fully trusting Malinovsky, I once confided to him that the gendarmes had never found any notes or addresses on me because I used to conceal them in the seams of my clothing, and sometimes, in my underclothing. The only persons who knew the route I was to take on my tour were Comrade Petrovsky and Malinovsky. Although, after I had been in prison for two days, Captain Volsky called me by my real name, I still insisted that my name was Vasten. It was under this name that I was kept in prison for four months.

Four months later I was brought before a magistrate. I was taken into court guarded by two soldiers with drawn swords. The court was crowded with people who had come to witness

The Bolshevik Members of the Fourth Duma Exiled to Siberia in 1915
From left to right: G. I. Petrovsky, F. N. Samoylov, N. K. Muranov,
A. S. Badayev and N. P. Shagov

the trial of pickpockets, hooligans and quarrelsome neighbours. When my case was called there was a stir in court as I was brought in under such a guard and wearing ordinary clothing and not convicts' clothes; even the magistrate looked at me with surprise.

"You are charged with living under a false passport. Is your name Shottman?" he asked me.

I had become weary of being in this prison and, convinced that the gendarmes knew who I was, because while they were questioning me they recalled that I had been in the Vladimir Prison in 1903, I decided to "disclose" myself, and in reply to the magistrate's question I said: "Yes."

As quick as lightning the magistrate gave me the usual sentence for such misdemeanors, two months' detention, after which he asked me out of curiosity:

"Why are you in prison?"

"I replied: "I am under arrest and am being kept in jail for belonging to the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party, which . . ."

I was not allowed to say any more. The guards dragged me out of the court and after the magistrate's verdict was signed, they took me back to prison. Usually a magistrate's sentence was served at a detention prison, or in a police station cell. They made an exception in my case and put me in the Gubernia Prison for the two months.

In the wing I was put in there were eight workers who had been arrested a few days before my arrival on the charge of organizing an illegal meeting. On one of them, Comrade Tatarenko, an illegal pamphlet was found. In addition to these comrades, I found Comrade Pinson, I think that was his name, who was in for working in our underground press. During the

six months I was kept in Ekaterinoslav Prison not a single new political was brought in. I had no idea what was going on outside. While under the name of Vasten, I could not write home to tell them where I was and what had happened to me. I could only write home after I had disclosed my identity.

Since 1908 the regime in Ekaterinoslav Gubernia Prison had been "screwed up" to the very utmost. The only prison in Russia that could be said to be worse than this one was the notorious Orel Prison. Senior Warder Belokoz had absolute power. In 1908, when mass attempts to escape were made and the Anarchists blew up one of the walls of the prison, Belokoz with his own hand shot several scores of prisoners rushing around the prison yard after the explosion, and afterwards shot others in their cells. Comrade Kuchmenko, now a member of the Central Control Commission of our Party, could tell the tale of that terrible shooting. He was the only one among those in the prison yard that awful day who survived. The Governor of the prison was actually under the thumb of Belokoz and his assistant, Lupanos, who was as brutal as his superior. Belokoz had selected his staff of warders from among the worst scum he could find. For five years after 1908, Belokoz never went beyond the gates of the prison. He was in fear of his life for he had received more than one threatening letter from outside.

There was no limit to the torments to which this superexecutioner subjected the prisoners. For example, under his personal supervision, we politicals were searched two and three times a week. Ten or fifteen warders headed by Belokoz would come into our cell after evening roll call. Each one carried a loaded revolver in his hand. Belokoz would yell out in a brutal voice "'Shun!" Then, brandishing his revolver, he would shout: "File out!" In the corridor two rows of gendarmes would be

lined up, one on each side. We would be placed between the lines in such a way that each one of us would have one gendarme in front of us and one behind us. The man behind would have his revolver pointed at us. Then the order was given: "Undress!" and we had to undress quite naked as quick as lightning. As this search took place two or three times a week, the examination of our creased and crushed clothing and underclothing was very perfunctory. After it was over we were ordered to run naked, carrying our clothing, to the lavatory to dress there. When we got there we found that the filthy contents of the common latrine pans had been spilled over the floor. For a change, Belokoz would stick the muzzle of his loaded revolver into our mouths while we were being searched. While we were being "searched" in the corridor the warders were busy in the cells. When we returned we found everything turned upside down, clean underclothing scattered on the floor mingled with the scanty provisions we had purchased from the prison canteen, and our bread, herring, sausage and tobacco were all mixed up and kneaded into a disgusting mess. For hours we sat in our cells afterwards picking out the bits of tobacco from the herring, bread, etc.

These searches took place in various parts of the prison every day and everywhere they were conducted in exactly the same way as those I have just described. After the searches we would always hear heartrending shrieks from prisoners beaten up while on the way to the dark cells, to which they had been condemned because some prohibited article had been found. As the prison was not a large one, these shrieks could be heard over the whole building.

Subsequently, without waiting for the October Revolution, the workers of Ekaterinoslav shot Belokoz in the prison yard

in the very first days of the February Revolution and razed the prison to the ground.

In the beginning of April 1914 I was informed that I was to be exiled to Narym in Siberia for three years. We travelled to Siberia by stages, the journey taking sixteen days. In Samara Prison, where we stopped, I met two comrades, Safonov* and Filipov who were going to lifelong exile in Siberia after having served a period of penal servitude in prison. From them I learned for the first time that Malinovsky was accused of being a provocateur in the pay of the secret police. I was astounded at the news. I could not believe this monstrous charge, although deep down in my heart I began to feel that there was some grounds for it, for I began to recall my unexpected shadowing in Odessa and my arrest and first examination in Ekaterinoslav. It was only after he was exposed in the Duma that I understood why the four gendarme officers had betrayed such an interest in me; they had come to look at a member of the Central Committee of the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party and to humiliate me by compelling me to undress naked. It became obvious to me that the whole route of my tour and my secret addresses were then known to the gendarmes. They arrested me in the street so early because evidently they had feared that I would escape from them as I succeeded in doing in Odessa.

I arrived in Narym on the eve of May 1, 1914. For nine months I lived in the village of Togur, but I was removed to Narym, 110 kilometres further north, for "bad conduct and restless manner of life," as was stated in the formal order of removal. There were fewer inhabitants in Narym than in Togur,

* Comrade Safonov was killed in the explosion on the premises of the Moscow Committee of the C.P.S.U., which were blown up by the Anarchists in 1918.

but I was nearer to the authorities and they could keep me under observation there.

The liquidation of the first revolution which began in 1906 created the need for new territories to which to deport the Russians who had become "citizens."* The traditional places of exile like Archangel, Olonetz, Vologda and other gubernias in European Russia had become too crowded, and the authorities found the new Narym region very convenient for their purposes. A cold spring, a short stifling summer, vaporous marshes and swarms of mosquitoes and gnats, a damp autumn and a long severe winter undermined the health of the exiles, especially the southerners. The rows of wooden crosses over the graves in the churchyards of the wretched villages are evidence of the fate of large numbers of exiles in this dreadful region, about which even the local inhabitants used to say: "God created paradise and the devil created Narym." This devil-created region lies to the north of what was then the Tomsk Gubernia. It covers an enormous territory of 200,000 square kilometres of land almost unfit for cultivation. It starts at the south, 300 kilometres from Tomsk, and stretches to the north, where the borders of what were then the Tobolsk and Yenisseisk Gubernias met. On the west, it bordered on Tobolsk, and on the east, on Yenisseisk Gubernia. From south to north, the region is traversed by the River Ob, which in the spring floods an enormous scrub-covered territory of 57,692 square kilometres. During these spring floods the few and scattered Russian villages and Ostyak encampments nestling on the banks of the river represent a few islets in the midst of an immense expanse of water. The population consisted mainly of Russians (most of them descendants of deported

* An ironical reference to the "democratic liberties" which the tsar had proclaimed while ruthlessly suppressing the revolution.—*Ed.*

criminals), Ostyaks and Samoyedes. The Russians and Ostyaks were scattered mainly along the banks of the Ob and its tributaries, whereas the Samoyedes (locally called Tungus), a nomadic people, wandered in the wild, little explored, parts of the region. They came to the inhabited centres only rarely to exchange furs for tobacco, powder, shot, tea, sugar and vodka. The principal occupation of the inhabitants was fishing. The grain required for flour and bread was brought in from other parts of Russia. Owing to the short summer, the severe climate, and particularly because of the absence of land fit for cultivation with the primitive implements then available, all attempts to grow grain there failed. Only in the hillier parts was it possible to grow rye and barley in very small quantities.

In the summer, communication with the district was maintained by river steamer, and in the winter by sledges. In the spring and autumn, when the ground was turned into a quagmire, all communication was cut off for two or three months, not only with other parts of the country, but even between the scattered habitations within the region. In the whole region there were two post offices, which delivered mail once a week, except during the spring and autumn seasons, when no mail was delivered at all. In 1914 the telegraph was extended to Narym, but owing to the faulty way in which it was put up, this method of communication broke down for several weeks on end, especially in the spring and autumn.

Of medical service one might say there was hardly any. Over the whole extensive territory as large as Italy, with a population of 17,830, according to the census of 1899, there were only two hospitals, one with six beds situated in the village of Kolpashevo, about twenty kilometres from the southern boundary, and another, also with six beds, in the town of Narym, 120 kilo-

metres north of Kolpashevo. There was one doctor's assistant in the village of Parabel, thirty kilometres from Narym, and another in the village of Kargosok, sixty kilometres from Narym. The equipment of these hospitals was of the most primitive kind, very often the simplest medicines and bandages were lacking. In order to get a simple operation performed one had to travel to Tomsk, several hundred kilometres away, which was impossible for an exile. First of all one had to obtain permission to make the journey and had to wait three, four and even six months for a reply; most often permission was refused. And yet the conditions were such as to breed sickness and disease. A large percentage of the native population was infected with syphilis. Passing from generation to generation this disease made such ravages among the population that in many families there was not a single healthy person; they were all either paralyzed or idiots, totally incapable of engaging in any occupation. In such families all the work was done by the wife of the head of the family who had been especially chosen for her sound health.

Owing to the smallness of the government grants and the underfeeding due to this, there was a high percentage of sickness among the political exiles. But owing to the special conditions of life in exile, the difficulties of making long journeys because of the absence of cheap travelling facilities and the refusal of the authorities to provide a conveyance, the exiles were not even able to benefit by the scanty medical service that did exist in the region. I could quote numerous cases of exiles who died of illness that could easily have been cured had they obtained timely medical aid.

The cultural institutions in the region were not worth talking about. In the whole region there was only one public library, established by the municipality of Narym in 1915. This library

consisted of several hundred old books and tattered magazines donated by private persons, mainly exiles. Owing to the shortage of funds the library did not subscribe to a single newspaper or magazine or, of course, new books. In addition to this library, there were a few small libraries in the Narym Cathedral and in some village churches. The only subscribers to these books of a definite character and trend were children attending the local schools. There was absolutely no other form of cultural service. The only schools that existed were two-grade government and church schools, and these only in the larger villages. In Narym, the only town in the region, with a population of 2,500, there was only one two-grade government school and one church school. It was only the younger generation that had grown up in the period that the political exiles were sent to the region that was at all literate. The whole of the adult population was illiterate.

This wild country and wretchedly monotonous climate created a boorish, unsociable and extremely narrow-minded population. Owing to the absence of any other form of entertainment, the inhabitants gave themselves up entirely to drunkenness. In the first years of exile, when the "truly Russian constitutional regime" had not yet made itself felt to the extent that it was felt when I was there, the political exiles in the large colonies such as Narym and Kolpashevo had well-equipped theatres at which classical comedies and dramas and even opera were presented. These entertainments attracted large audiences not only of exiles, but even of the local population.

In this dreary region it was not only impossible to satisfy cultural requirements, but even material requirements. Although there was good steamship communication in the summer, the local shopkeepers were unable to make large purchases and lay in stocks for the winter. In the winter, provisions and other com-

modities had to be delivered by sledges. This was very slow, and above all, very costly. The journey from Tomsk to Narym took fourteen days with the thermometer registering 45° to 50° below zero. Besides, it was very difficult to calculate the amount of goods to be laid in. For example, in the beginning of 1915, owing to the large influx of political exiles, the region suffered from a food crisis. The small stocks in the possession of the shopkeepers were soon bought up. This was in the winter. Next autumn there were rumours of an amnesty and the shopkeepers hesitated to lay in large stocks for the following winter. In 1916 navigation on the rivers started two weeks later than usual and during the last month before navigation commenced we had to do without flour, kerosene, tobacco, sugar and other articles of prime necessity. Before the war it was possible to buy meat, milk and potatoes in sufficient quantities and fairly cheaply from the local population. With the large influx of exiles and a bad hay and potato harvest it became impossible to obtain these in sufficient quantities and the prices rose three and four fold.

In speaking of the general conditions of life of the exiles, reference must be made to the regulations that made life, hard as it was already, positively intolerable. The harsh "Police Surveillance Regulations," supplemented by Ministerial Circulars, Gubernatorial Orders and Police Instructions, were carried out by illiterate Police Inspectors and local "seniors" who made the life of a political exile a nightmare which only those who have lived in places declared in a state of siege can realize. On the outbreak of the war the region was declared to be under "reinforced guard," and this created wide scope for the "emergency" measures of the local authorities. Imposts on the local inhabitants and particularly on the native population, threats of three months' imprisonment or a fine of three thousand rubles for the slightest

misdemeanor, slight favours in exchange for bribes for the rich and even poor section of the non-political exiles—mainly foreign subjects who had been deported from the western and south-western gubernias on the outbreak of the war—and rough treatment and even the beating up of politicals, became the order of the day. The mere enumeration of all the villainies of Telioshevsky, the District Inspector of Tomsk, of Walter, the Police Inspector in Narym, of his assistant, Ishutenko, and of several senior warders, would take up a great deal of time.

It was under these conditions that the summarily exiled, *i.e.*, those exiled without trial by the tyrannical tsarist government, were compelled to live; and these people had been accustomed to more civilized conditions of life. The first group of summarily exiled arrived in Narym in the summer of 1906. The influx reached its peak in 1909, when four thousand persons lived in exile there. From that year the number gradually declined and just before the war there were only seventy to eighty there. Of these, about twenty were non-politicals who had been deported from the western gubernias in 1911-12 on suspicion of being smugglers. In December 1914 there was another large influx of exiles owing to the outbreak of the war. Among these were large numbers who had no connection with the revolutionary struggle whatever. Right up till the spring floods long caravans, containing the representatives of nearly all nationalities and all territories conquered by Russia at one time or other, trailed into the region. Half-naked and very often completely barefoot old men, women and children, packed into peasants' carts like so much baggage, dragged along for ten or twelve days in 50° of frost, buying such food as could be purchased for the ten kopeks per day the government granted them for the journey. They arrived at the stopping places after a thirty kilometre journey in a stupor with

half-frozen feet and hands. Sometimes frozen corpses were taken from the carts. Already exhausted by three to six months' wandering from stage to stage in Russia before the great trek to Narym, they arrived at their destination completely broken; and owing to the absence of proper medical treatment the death rate among these new arrivals was frightful. The large number of mentally sick people must also be attributed to the horrors of this journey.

In June 1915, the number deported for the duration of the war, or for the period in which the places from which they had come were deemed to be in a state of war, was 2,400, whereas those summarily exiled before the war, mainly politicals, was only 86.

Most of those in this "war" category of exiles had been deported by the local military and civil authorities on suspicion of being spies or of openly or secretly assisting the enemy. The next largest category consisted of criminals deprived of rights, such as thieves, owners of brothels, and small army contractors. The big contractors were never caught. There was a fairly large group of foreign subjects living in Russia who had been deported from districts occupied by the enemy; most of these were Polish hostages. Only about 160 politicals were exiled during the war. Among those exiled to this dreary country were many leaders of our Bolshevik Party such as Comrade Stalin, Kuibyshev, Rykov, Soltz, Yakovlev and others. Many of those who were exiled there have now passed away, such as Comrades Sverdlov, Lashevich, Holtzman, Svezdov, Dittman, Kardashev,* Ivanov,** N. N.

* Comrade Kardashev started his revolutionary activities in the beginning of the 1890's. He was one of the leaders of the Voronezh *Iskra* group. He was a staunch, well-educated Bolshevik. He died of typhus in Siberia in 1919.

** Comrade Ivanov was an old Bolshevik who joined the Party at the end of the 1890's. Had been a member of numerous Bolshevik Committees. Was shot by Kolchak in 1918. Further details about him are given later.

Yakovlev, Kulinich and Vassilyev who were shot by Kolchak in 1918, and Yermalayev and Goldstein who committed suicide in Narym in 1915. In Togur where I was sent, I found only two Bolsheviks: Comrades Poroshin and Grundt. Comrade Poroshin completed his term of exile in 1915 and went to his home in Kostroma, where he died of tuberculosis the same year, or the next. Comrade Grundt escaped soon after my arrival. In the neighbouring village of Kolpashevo, now the administrative centre of the Narym Region, there were only three Bolsheviks: Comrade Ivanov, his wife, and Comrade Zalezhsky.

Life was extremely monotonous. We spent all our spare time, and all our time was spare time, on self-education. We had quite enough books. Incidentally, I learned to read French and spent long winter evenings reading Victor Hugo, Alexander Dumas and other French writers in the original.

The outbreak of the imperialist war in July 1914 stirred the political life of the exiles. Endless discussions started between "defencists" and "defeatists." The majority of the politicals in Kolpashevo were Socialist-Revolutionaries, Mensheviks and Anarchists, who became defencists. Our Bolshevik group, Zalezhsky, Poroshin and I were defeatists. Comrade Ivanov had completed his term of exile before the outbreak of the war.

As I have already said, as a punishment for my "restless conduct" I was removed 110 kilometres north of the "town" of Narym. There I found a fairly large group of political exiles, most of whom were Bolsheviks. Many of the Bolshevik comrades whom I found in Narym now occupy responsible Party and Soviet posts. Among these were Comrades Rykov, Serebriakov, Kossarev, Gorbachev, Sturuya, Wegman, Hadjiev, Kwantalyani, Hafsky, Pakhomov, Danishevsky and many others. Several deserted the Party, many died, or were shot.

We lived together amicably. During the three years that I was there there was never any squabbling. Many engaged in self-education and studied foreign languages. Comrade Wegman organized an educational circle, the curriculum of which was equal to that of a high school. Many of the comrades who arrived semi-literate, left fully trained to lead underground circles. Mutual aid among comrades was fairly well organized. It was, of course, impossible to live on the government grant of seven rubles and twenty kopeks per month, and so a graduated income tax was imposed upon those who received financial assistance from their friends at home. For example, if anyone received a sum exceeding thirty rubles per month, he paid fifteen per cent into the mutual aid fund. Once in two years several of the comrades earned some money by collecting cedar nuts (usually cedar trees bear fruit once every two years). For example, in the autumn of 1915 my wife and I earned forty-two rubles in this way, which was a great help for our "household" at that time.

There were cases of escape from exile, very rare, and not always successful. Most often the escapes took place on steamers in the summer. Notwithstanding the close scrutiny of passengers on the steamers sailing on the Ob between Tomsk, Narym and Tumen, it was nevertheless possible to get away by this means. In such cases the fugitive disguised himself in local "Cheldon" clothes, sometimes "making up" his face, but not always very successfully. A funny incident occurred when A. K. Gastyev made his attempt to escape. He disguised himself as a local peasant and went to the pier about four kilometres from Narym long before the boat was due to arrive. There were no buildings on the pier in which it was possible to take shelter from the weather. As luck would have it, it began to rain and the boat was nearly twenty-four hours late. When at last the boat did arrive and

Gastyev boarded it, the Inspector burst out laughing and declared he was arrested. Gastyev was betrayed by the home-made paint with which he was made up, and which was smeared all over his face as a result of the rain. Comrade Zalezhsky managed to escape on an "oblaska," a rough canoe made of the hollow trunk of a small tree. To paddle over four hundred kilometres alone, against the stream, on a flimsy craft like this, was no joke. Comrade Zalezhsky was the only one, as far as I know, who managed to escape in this way. He is now a lecturer in one of our universities. Comrade Rykov made an attempt to escape while I was there, but he was caught shortly afterwards and brought back.

CHAPTER X. *THE FEBRUARY REVOLUTION*

MY TERM OF EXILE in Narym, where I had been since May 1914, expired on March 9 (new style), 1917. I left Narym under guard several days before my term ended and arrived in Tomsk on March 10. In reply to the Police Inspector's question as to where I wanted to go I answered, Petrograd. I was not permitted to go to Petrograd, however, as it was one of the fifty-two places I was prohibited from residing in. I was asked to choose another place, so I chose Kolpino, about twenty kilometres from Petrograd. To this the Inspector agreed and gave me the necessary papers. Before my departure I wanted to see the Narym comrades who had been conscripted into the army three months before and were now in Tomsk barracks.

The imperialist war, now in its third year, had created a demand for an enormous number of men. In its quest for cannon-fodder, the tsarist government was even obliged to conscript political exiles. We had heard of the impending conscription of political exiles as early as October 1916. The news caused a great stir among us and discussions began as to whether we should join up or not. After long disputes it was decided that we should join up, but to carry on revolutionary propaganda among the soldiers. In the middle of November about sixty politicals belonging to various revolutionary trends were called up for military service. On the initiative of the Bolsheviks a Military Socialist League was formed for the purpose of carrying on our revolutionary work in the army. Comrade Yakovlev was the most active in organiz-

ing the League, which consisted of the members of all the revolutionary parties represented in the Narym Region. We elected a Bureau consisting of Comrades Yakovlev, Smirnov, Kossarev, Wegman and myself, representing the Bolsheviks, and Sergey Kudryavtsev, representing the Socialist-Revolutionaries. After the departure of the conscripts, Wegman and I remained to maintain contacts, mainly with the comrades abroad.

On my arrival in Tomsk I immediately sought out Smirnov who lived in barracks. It is hard to say what induced the tsarist government to conscript a large number of political exiles into its army, but the fact remains that sixty very experienced revolutionary propagandists found themselves scattered among a garrison of seventy thousand men. The League was not long in starting its activities. Leaflets calling upon the soldiers to wage a revolutionary fight for the cessation of the slaughter began to appear more and more frequently in the barracks.

As soon as I arrived at the barracks where Yakovlev, Kudryavtsev, Smirnov, Zvezdov, Kossarev and others were quartered, we held a meeting, right there in the men's sleeping quarters, at which it was decided that before going to Petrograd I was to visit Novo-Nikolayevsk (now Novosibirsk) and Barnaul and to take with me a quantity of leaflets which the League had just printed in large numbers in its own printing press. The League had already established contact with these towns.

When I got to the station I learned that I would be able to get a ticket only in a week's time, for the transport of men and military supplies had necessitated cutting down the passenger service. I put up at a hotel to wait until I could leave and spent my days rambling about the streets of Tomsk and visiting my friends in barracks. On March 14, during one of my visits to the barracks, Anna Ivanova, whose term of exile had also just expired, rushed in

terribly excited and hardly able to speak coherently owing to her agitation, imparted to us the stupendous news that she had just got from the offices of the local paper *Sibirskaya Zhizn* that a revolution had broken out in Petrograd. She had not read the telegram, she said, but she had heard that the tsar's Ministers had been arrested and that a new Cabinet was being formed by the Constitutional Democrats,* which was to include Milyukov and his colleagues. The comrades immediately asked me to go to the editorial offices to learn the details and we arranged to meet afterwards in Smirnov's apartment together with the members of the Bureau of the Military-Socialist League. There we would discuss our future course of action. At the editorial offices I found a regular Babel. The corridors were packed, but nobody could say definitely what had happened. I just managed to squeeze into the ante-room of the editor's office, but my attempts to reach the editor himself proved futile. I got hold of the secretary and asked him to give me the details, but he refused even to stop to talk to me. I whispered in his ear that I was the Bolshevik Danilov, the representative of the Military-Socialist League, and demanded precise information. He looked at me in astonishment, then took me to the next room and showed me all the telegrams the newspaper had received. There could be no doubt about it, a revolution had broken out in Petrograd.

I went straight to the telegraph office, wrote a long telegram to Wegman in Narym and handed it to the operator. At first she refused to accept it, but did so after consulting someone about it. This was the first report that Narym received about the revolution.

I then dashed off to Smirnov's apartment. A few minutes later Smirnov, Yakovlev and Kossarev arrived. We began discussing

* The party of the liberal bourgeoisie.—*Ed.*

what we were to do next. I do not remember what measures were decided upon for the work in the barracks, but I do remember that we talked of the need for organizing a Soviet of Soldiers' Deputies, seizing arms, etc. I was instructed to go to the City Duma and there act in the name of the Military-Socialist League. The comrades gave me a free hand to act as I thought fit.

At the City Hall I learned that a special meeting of the City Duma had been called for eight o'clock that evening. I had arrived far too early and finding no one there whom I knew, I wandered up and down the gloomy corridors planning what to say at the meeting.

At eight o'clock the big hall was packed; the town-councillors were there in full force. The chairman read the telegrams received from Petrograd and asked the council to express their opinions. Three or four persons spoke. They all began by congratulating everybody on the great event, expressed their joy that Russia had rid itself of the criminal Ministers, hoped that under the wise guiding hand of Prince Lvov and Guchkov we would carry the war to a victorious finish and appealed to the citizens to maintain law and order. Only one of the town-councillors amazed me by his sober appraisal of what had to be done. This was Sergey Alexandrovsky,* a barrister, well-known throughout Siberia. His appearance somehow did not harmonize with his speech which, in essence, was revolutionary. He was quite corpulent and attired in a resplendent frock-coat. The glittering white, starched collar on his neck and the heavy gold chain stretched across a rather substantial stomach made him resemble

* S. V. Alexandrovsky—stranded in Siberia after the Soviet forces retreated, was arrested, first by the counter-revolutionary adherents of the Constituent Assembly and then by Kolchak and escaped being shot by mere accident. Now a Communist. Occupied a responsible post in the Supreme Court of the R.S.F.S.R.

the typical bourgeois caricatured in workers' newspapers. He began his speech by mentioning the Great French Revolution and cited a number of cases from the life of the French provinces, which reacted to the first reports of the revolution in Paris by immediately arresting the defenders of the old regime. "We must follow their example," he said. His speech was loudly applauded, chiefly by the local intelligentsia and the young students who were seated in the back of the hall. But it was like a bombshell to the town-councillors.

After Alexandrovsky had finished speaking I jumped upon a chair and moved that a special committee be elected to lead the movement and that it be authorized to carry on the current work of government and report to the City Duma. Boris Han, a town-councillor and barrister, seconded my motion and proposed that the committee consist of ten persons. Arkady Ivanov* spoke after him in the name of the "democratic organizations," in Tomsk and supported his proposal, suggesting that five be picked from the City Duma and five from the "democratic organizations." By the latter he meant the underground parties, such as the Social-Democratic Bolsheviks, the Social-Democratic Mensheviks, the Socialist-Revolutionaries, the Anarchists and the student organization. The motion was carried.

We dispersed to various rooms for the respective organizations to elect their members of the committee. The town-councillors remained in the hall.

At first the Bolsheviks and Mensheviks met in the same room, but after a few minutes we had to separate—the Mensheviks went to another room, while we, the ten Bolsheviks, headed by A. F.

* A. F. Ivanov, an old Bolshevik, who had worked in the Party since the 1890's. Served many terms of imprisonment, and was released from exile in Narym not long before the Revolution. He was shot by Kolchak in 1918.

Ivanov, remained. Under the pseudonym of Danilov I introduced myself as a representative of the Military-Socialist League and demanded a seat on the Committee for the League. Ivanov supported me and I was elected unanimously; he too was elected unanimously.

Ivanov and I then went to the Mensheviks, where I again introduced myself as the representative of the Military-Socialist League and Ivanov proposed that the Mensheviks recognize me as a member of the Committee; this was adopted without discussion. The Mensheviks had elected Denisov, a local intellectual. The Socialist-Revolutionaries also recognized me without discussion. They had elected a junior barrister named Anuchin. Passions rose high on the question of the fifth member. They had agreed beforehand (I was not present at the time) that one seat was to go to the Anarchists and one to the students. The Anarchists waived their vote and the question seemed to have been settled But at this juncture, the Bund (the Jewish Workers' League which had joined the Mensheviks) claimed the right to a seat on the Committee. None of us had known till then that the Bund had an organization in Tomsk and we were greatly surprised when it put in its claim. However, the Bund nomination was rejected and a representative of the students was elected.

The following were nominated from the City Duma: S. V. Alexandrovsky, B. M. Han, K. R. Eman, N. V. Petrushev and P. V. Sokolov. Alexandrovsky did not belong to any party, while Han had sympathized with the Social-Democrats before the revolution and had rendered the underground organization some assistance. By nature, he inclined more to the Mensheviks, but after the revolution, particularly when Yakovlev went on the Committee, he always voted with us Bolsheviks. The other three members had no definite political complexion and soon completely

retired from this dangerous activity. The nominations were submitted to the meeting of the City Duma and endorsed, after which the meeting broke up. The Committee, which styled itself "Committee for Public Order and Safety" withdrew to a large room adjoining the hall. It was quite late by the time we seated ourselves around the large table and proceeded to elect a chairman. I was nominated first, but desiring to retain a free hand I declined. Comrade Ivanov was then nominated and he too declined. Finally, Han, who was a popular local public man, was finally chosen.

A discussion began on what to do next. Someone suggested that we invite the Governor to come to our meeting. The chairman went to the telephone and in the name of the Committee requested that the Governor be informed that the Committee of Public Order and Safety desired to interview him and was waiting for him at the City Hall.

While we waited we talked of the French Revolution, the history of which Alexandrovsky knew very well. But our situation differed somewhat from that in France in 1789. We, for instance, sat there and wondered who would arrest whom—whether we would arrest the Governor or he us. We had no real force behind us yet. The Governor had the police, the Chief of the Garrison had the army; we had only the resolution of the City Duma.

Time passed and the Governor did not come. There was no news of or from him. In order not to waste time I proposed that we draw up some sort of "declaration." This was agreed to and Ivanov was instructed to write it. I suggested that the first definite measures we should pass should be the abolition of bread rationing and the removal of the restrictions on the sale of meat. In the conditions prevailing in Tomsk the rationing of bread and restricting the sale of meat were absurd, for both could be ob-

tained on the quiet at the ration price and in unlimited quantities. My proposal was accepted and was introduced as one of the measures of the new government.

After the "declaration" had been written and unanimously approved, we all signed it and sent it to the printers to be printed. Next morning it was posted up in all the streets of the city.

Again we sat wondering what to do. Han once more telephoned the Governor, but this time the answer given was that the Governor was sick and could not come. At last, past three in the morning, the Chief of Police arrived. He approached the table, drew up to attention, saluted, reported that all was well in town and announced that he was completely at our service. Naturally we did not let him see how surprised we were. Our mood changed instantaneously—we ordered him to take extra measures to maintain order and warned him that no excesses whatsoever were to be permitted.

We learned later that a conference of all the gubernia officials had been in continuous session at the Governor's house and that they had discussed, among other things, the question of our arrest. A telegram from Petrograd, however, forced the tsarist satraps to change their tactics and to send the Chief of Police to us. On the latter's departure we decided to begin action in the morning. Our first duty would be to arrest the Governor, the Chief of Police, the gendarmes, and the like. Then we would have to arrange with the Chief of the Garrison to have the military forces in Tomsk take the oath of allegiance to the new government, to have a militia organized, etc., etc. We elected five of our members to arrest the Governor.

Our conference lasted till the morning; and then delegates from various groups began to arrive. Besides these, individuals came on their own personal affairs, and many others purely out

of curiosity until the rooms and corridors were filled and the City Duma clerks complained that they were unable to go on with their work. In a word, confusion reigned. At ten o'clock five of us went to call on the Governor, leaving the other five committee members in the City Hall. A guard stood at the entrance to the Governor's house and barred our entrance. A few minutes later an official came out, asked us what we wanted and when we told him who we were he went back to inform the Governor. He returned a moment later and asked us to come in. We were taken to the reception room and after waiting a few minutes the Governor appeared. He bowed politely and asked what he could do for us.

I do not remember which one of us spoke, or whether he spoke in the name of the revolution, or of the new government, but we informed the Governor that he was relieved of his duties and that he would have to make a written statement to the effect that he was transferring his powers to the Committee of Public Order and Safety. The Governor assured us that he had handed in his resignation two weeks ago and he presented what he alleged was a copy of his letter of resignation. He agreed to write the statement we asked for immediately, and, if I remember rightly, did so. He addressed Alexandrovsky, Han and a third member of the City Duma by their names and patronymic, but he looked curiously at Ivanov and me, probably wondering what sort of creatures we were. However, when I announced that we were obliged to arrest Monsieur, the Governor, his curiosity was transformed into respect. He did not express particular surprise at this unpleasant news. Evidently, after the arrests of the Ministers, gendarmes, generals and other officials in Petrograd, he took it for granted that he too would be arrested. He made no protest, but requested that he be allowed to remain at home

under guard, since his wife had given birth to a child the day before and could not be left alone; the servant had gone off since morning, he said. We were in good humour and permitted him to remain at home under guard, but we warned him that it would be useless for him to make any attempt to escape. We called the Chief of the Guard and ordered him to guard the ex-Governor who was under arrest. He replied: "I obey."

On our return to the City Hall we could barely force our way through the crowds and found the place a regular Tower of Babel. Everybody imaginable was there; but the university students predominated. They were forming squads of threes and fives to guard the city, for the policemen had fled.

We were greatly disturbed by the fact that the enormous garrison of seventy thousand men was in the hands of the tsarist officers. Measures had to be taken to win the garrison over to our side. From Yakovlev, Smirnov and the other members of the League, I had not a word.

At the meeting of the Committee of Public Order and Safety, which was in continuous session, although never in full force, I proposed that a delegation be sent to the Commander of the Garrison, Colonel Byron, to negotiate with him. Suddenly, one of the members got the idea of arranging a military parade next day, at which we could announce the overthrow of the tsarist government and present ourselves as the new government of the region. This proposal was unanimously accepted. Alexandrovsky and I were authorized to conduct negotiations with the Commander of the Garrison.

We telephoned Colonel Byron and requested that he come to the City Hall. He arrived soon after, accompanied by two officers. He did not oppose the parade we proposed; in fact, he considered it an extremely good idea, for it would help to allay the excitement

among the soldiers. We decided to have several parades in different parts of the town, as there was no square in Tomsk big enough to hold one large one, and moreover, some of the barracks were situated at some distance from the city.

We very earnestly discussed the question of how we were to greet the soldiers and what their response was to be. I thought it would be quite wrong to greet them in the old fashion, with a "Zdorovo!" and everyone agreed with me. But my proposal to greet them with "Zdrastvuitye Tovarishchi!" was rejected on the grounds that the men would not understand immediately, and there would be confusion in the response. A simple "Zdrastvuitye!"* was finally agreed upon. But the question of what the soldiers' response should be proved to be a more difficult one. On parade the soldiers were accustomed to shouting in unison: "Zdravia zhelayem vashe prevoskhoditelstvo!"** To teach them in one evening (we had arranged the parade for eight o'clock next morning) to shout something different was out of question. In short, the difficulty assumed such gigantic proportions in our eyes that the whole revolution seemed to be in danger!

Finally, to everyone's relief, someone thought of "Zdravia zhelayem novoe pravitelstvo!"*** With this we wound up the discussion.

The students, organized in small detachments, had procured weapons somewhere or other and were busy all day arresting gen-

* "Zdorovo" means "Greeting," but is an expression of condescending familiarity when used in greeting inferiors; it was used by the commanding officers in the tsarist army in greeting troops on parade. "Zdravstvuitye Tovarishchi!" means "Greeting, comrades!" The word "Zdravstvuitye" is the polite term of greeting between equals.—*Ed.*

** The soldiers' response to the Commander's greeting: "Good health, Your Excellency!"—*Ed.*

*** Good health to the new government!"—*Ed.*

darmes, policemen and detectives; but there was no place to put them. The jail and the penal battalions were filled with criminals, and besides, we did not want to put the arrested officials there, for we feared they would be lynched. Finally we had to order the visitors in the only brick built hotel in the city to vacate the place and use it as a place of detention for our prisoners.

The whole day and the following night passed in feverish activity in building up the new government. At seven o'clock the next morning Byron sent us the regimental carriage to take us to the parade. Alexandrovsky, Ivanov, another comrade and I went. Two regiments were drawn up in a large square not far from the barracks. A raised platform had been erected at one end of the square and on this Byron and his officers had taken their positions. The company commanders of both regiments were stationed in front of the platform. The band struck up as we arrived; the order: " 'Shun!" rang out and Byron began to speak. Briefly and tactfully he explained the change of government that had taken place and introduced us as the representatives of the new government whom they, the soldiers, would have to obey.

When he finished Alexandrovsky stepped on to the platform and in a powerful voice shouted: "Greetings!" and the soldiers, in one voice, loudly responded: "Good health to the new government! Hurrah!" Alexandrovsky then delivered a speech, at the end of which I roared out as if possessed: "Long Live the Social Revolution! Hurrah!" Then the march past began. Standing on the platform and greeting the soldiers, I caught sight of many familiar faces in the ranks. There were Yakovlev, Smirnov, Kossarev, Levitan, Vassilyev (he was shot by Kolchak in 1919 together with Yakovlev and others)—all from Narym. They stretched their necks when they saw me and gazed at me in astonishment; they even turned round when they had passed as if

they could not believe their own eyes, and stared for all they were worth, so little did they expect to see me in the role of a high official. They had had no news of me and did not know where I was or what had happened to me since I left them three days ago. Although they knew the names of all the members of the Committee, they did not know that I was Danilov.

Nearly the whole day was spent at the parades in the various parts of the city and even outside the city. At the second parade where, also, two regiments had been drawn up, the response to Byron's greeting was not so unanimous and I even heard cries of "Down with him!" from the rear ranks. The response to our greeting, however, was very hearty. At the third place, where the militia were gathered, I think, cries of "Down with Byron!" were distinctly heard. Byron was quite put out and abruptly broke off his speech. While Alexandrovsky was speaking a soldier suddenly broke out of the ranks and dashed up to me. It was Kulinych* from Narym. I do not remember what he said to me, but I patted him on the shoulder patronizingly and advised him to return to the ranks. He obeyed my advice immediately. Byron did not dare punish him for this glaring breach of discipline.

Everything went off well with the Cossacks and the artillerymen. After the parade we all went to the nearby barracks and there we had to soothe the Chief of the Garrison, Byron, who was greatly upset and despondent. Suddenly an idea occurred to me which I immediately conveyed to Byron. I said that there was obvious discontent among the men and that some outlet had to be found for it. I therefore suggested that every battalion or company should elect one or two representatives to the Committee for Public Order and Safety. It is always better to deal with an organized

* Shot by Kolchak in 1919, together with Yakovlev, Vassilyev and others.

body than with the unorganized elements—I urged upon Byron. The idea had occurred to me in connection with the decision of the Bureau of our League to form a Soviet of Soldiers' Deputies. It would have been impossible to elect a Soviet of Soldiers' Deputies openly without the permission of the military authorities, and it would have been impossible to do so secretly as the discipline in the barracks had not yet been shaken. Byron agreed to these elections on principle, but would not sanction them on his own responsibility. He suggested that a meeting of the regimental commanders be called to discuss the question, at which we, of course, were to be present. We decided to call the meeting the following day.

When I came to the City Hall I found a note from Smirnov waiting for me asking me to come to a meeting of the Bureau immediately. When I arrived at Smirnov's I found all the members assembled. They had a good laugh at my rapid promotion and told me how amazed they had been on seeing me taking the salute at the parade. I reported in detail on what I had done during these days and received their full approval. Then I laid before them my proposal to elect a committee of soldiers with the view to transforming it later into a Soviet of Soldiers' Deputies. This was approved and we decided that the members of the League be informed of the elections and of their purpose that very evening.

Next morning Alexandrovsky and I went to the barracks where we had arranged to hold a general meeting of all regimental commanders. Byron welcomed us very politely and even made the usual, formal military report about the troops in his charge being in good condition. We were led into a room where we found fifteen officers already assembled. Among them were two Cossack officers, with ferocious countenances and fully armed, who particularly caught my attention. Byron introduced

us to the officers and seated us at the head of the large table. Surrounded by armed officers who barred our way to the door, we felt as if we were caught in a trap. After a short discussion I was given permission to visit all the barracks and call meetings of each company to explain the events that had taken place and to secure the election of two men from each company as delegates to the proposed soldiers' committee. They placed the regimental carriage at my disposal and I rode off to the barracks.

At each barrack I was met by the officer on duty who made the formal report that all was well, led me to company quarters, called " 'Shun!" and introduced me to the men. I told the soldiers briefly what they were to do, advised them to choose responsible enterprising comrades and then went on to the next company.

I visited four regiments in this way, in some cases organizing a joint meeting of two companies. At one of the barracks where recruits who had not yet received their uniforms were gathered I was met by a young silly-looking sub-lieutenant. With a queer slant to his mouth, he reported in an unintelligible mumble that all was well and led me in. When the lads (they could not be called soldiers, for they were actually young country lads still clad in peasant clothes) had gathered I mounted one of the bunks. I was somewhat surprised to see the sub-lieutenant jump up beside me. I explained the situation in a few words and asked the lads to elect their delegates to the Soldiers' Committee. The sub-lieutenant thereupon turned to me and, saluting, asked permission to deliver a speech.

"They did not understand you, Your Excellency," he said.

"What do you mean, did not understand?" I asked, staggered by the sub's statement.

"Exactly, they did not understand!"

"Well, go on, speak," I said.

"Attention!" he roared at the crowd.

"We now have a new government, do you understand?!" he bawled out.

"Yes, sir," the lads bellowed in one voice.

"A committee elected by the people is now in session in the City Duma. Understand?"

"Yes, sir, we understand."

"There are no soldiers there yet, but there will be. Understand?"

"Yes, sir, we understand."

"Have you anyone to elect?"

"Yes, sir, we have!"

He shouted a few more words in this fashion, then got off the bunk, helped me down and accompanied me to the door, assuring me that the lads now understood everything and would choose suitable delegates.

"You can rest assured," he said with a positive air as he seated me in the carriage, "they'll pick out the right people. They may be ignorant, but they'll pick out the right ones, don't worry."

In the City Hall, Babel was still in full swing. And what questions we had to settle during those days! Everyone who came with donations for the cause of the revolution was sent to me, and so I became the treasurer of the Committee of Public Order and Safety. From the very first day we needed money for office stationery, for the press, conveyances, etc., and we had none. At first we did not think of applying to the local Treasury for money and these donations saved the day. In a short time I had about three thousand rubles in my pocket, donated mainly by wealthy local liberals. I remember one handsome old man handing me five hundred rubles in a lump sum and refusing to take a receipt for the money.

Telegrams began coming in from Kerensky, dealing mostly with the amnesty; but these telegrams were addressed to the Public Prosecutor and he released prisoners without consulting us and then sent us a curt note informing us of what he had done. We ordered him to send all the telegrams he received from Petrograd to us and to carry out the instructions contained in them only with our sanction. I do not remember how it came to pass, but our Committee began to increase in membership. Barristers, teachers, professors, statisticians, telegraph operators, merchants, shopkeepers and, even priests, would call meetings of their respective professions and elect delegates.

When the membership of the Committee had expanded to thirty, we decided that a permanent Bureau ought to be elected to carry on the current work, while the Committee as a whole would meet once or twice a week. We brought this up at the next meeting of the Committee. The proposal was adopted without discussion and a Bureau of seven was elected consisting of the following: Yakovlev and I, representing the Bolsheviks, Sizikov* and Shatilov,** representing the Socialist-Revolutionaries, Han and Gutovsky—a professor in the Tomsk University who sympathized with the Social-Democrats irrespective of faction—representing the non-party committee members, and Denisov representing the Mensheviks. The latter afterwards vacillated between the Mensheviks and the Bolsheviks. Han was elected chairman of the Bureau. In the majority of cases Gutovsky and Han voted with Yakovlev and me in matters pertaining to current work.

* Sizikov—a war-time sub-lieutenant; killed while fighting the Red forces in 1918.

** Shatilov—later became a Minister in the government of the so-called "Constituents" in Siberia prior to the Kolchak government.

From the very first day we began receiving warnings that plots were afoot to assassinate us, but we ignored them. Tsvetkov, a Socialist-Revolutionary who had worked in the Tomsk Socialist-Revolutionary organization before the revolution and whom we had appointed Chief of the Militia, assured us that these rumours were groundless. Nevertheless, one evening, three or four days later, several shots were fired not far from the City Hall while we were in session. We learned afterwards that the shots had been fired at Comrade Rudakov. He was not hit; but his horse was killed under him. We ordered Tsvetkov to take measures to protect us. After that we learned that one of the regimental commanders, Staff Captain Kuznetsov, was organizing secret meetings of non-commissioned officers, and several voluntary informants even asserted that he was scheming to arrest our Bureau. We decided to arrest Byron and all the regimental commanders, and this was approved by the Bureau of the Military-Socialist League when Yakovlev and I informed them of it.

We did not dare go to the barracks to carry out the arrests, for we had no armed forces at our disposal in case the officers offered resistance (we felt no misgivings about the soldiers). We therefore decided to summon them to the City Hall by 'phone and arrest them there. Alexandrovsky and I were charged with the arrangements of the matter. A room was prepared near our Committee room. We two waited in this room alone, neither of us being armed. When the first officer arrived, we told him without preliminaries, that we had information to the effect that certain officers were plotting a counter-revolution and that the Committee of Public Order and Safety had decided to arrest all the officers. The other officers began to arrive, and I ordered them to surrender their arms. Some of them began to protest,

others requested that they be permitted to keep their swords, but most of them submitted without a word. We then called the guard—we had a guard at the City Hall, usually a student, on duty day and night—and he conducted the arrested officers to the next room. When Byron arrived we told him what we had told the others; he said that he had expected this. As he began to take off his sword I noticed that he was labouring under great emotion and that his hand was even trembling. On the impulse of the moment, without consulting Alexandrovsky, I told Byron he could keep his sword. He gave me a look full of gratitude. The officers behaved in a dignified way and did not complain or plead. There was one exception, however, a staff-captain, about forty years of age whose conduct filled us with disgust. The moment we told him he was under arrest and asked him to surrender his arms he began to fawn and cringe, quickly unfastened his sword and revolver, and cried, stretching out his hands to us entreatingly:

"For Christ's sake don't put me in with the others. Give me a separate room—any kind of room as long as it is a separate one. Hide me somewhere!"

I suspected that he was a "hound"* and decided not to put him in with others. But we had not anticipated such an event and we had not prepared a "dog's kennel," so we had to leave him in the big hall with a militiaman to guard him.

Next day we sent all the arrested officers to the hotel which had been converted into a prison.

During the first two days, while we were busy with the garrison, we could do nothing for the exiles who had remained in the Narym Region, except to send telegrams informing them

* "Hound," the prison term for stool-pigeon or spy. They were usually isolated in a separate cell which was called the "dog's kennel."

about the amnesty. On the third day I went to the Governor's office to see Vologodsky* whom we had appointed Commissar. My purpose was to get an order sent down the line from Tomsk to Narym for the immediate release of all exiles and their despatch to Tomsk. Vologodsky refused to give the order on the grounds that he had no instructions to that effect from Petrograd. I said, to hell with instructions from Petrograd; by the time the instructions arrived the thaw would set in, the roads would become impassable and for six weeks the exiles would remain isolated from the revolution for which they had fought and suffered. All I got was a shrug of the shoulders. Nothing could be done about it, said Vologodsky. I cursed him roundly, called him and all those present bureaucrats and dashed off to the telegraph office. I sent off a telegram in which I, in the name of the Committee of Public Order and Safety, of course, authorized Rykov, Wegman and Smolyansky to take measures to have the political exiles sent to Tomsk immediately at no matter what expense, even if it meant paying the coachmen fifteen kopeks a verst (the legal rate was three kopeks). At the same time I wired them three thousand rubles for expenses. I also sent telegrams to places along the road, requesting that all possible assistance be rendered the political exiles on their way to Tomsk. In addition, I sent a special Commissar, Comrade Shapshal, with a small detachment to meet the exiles and gave him money and extensive powers. As we learned later, it was only due to these measures that the exiles managed to get to Tomsk before the thaw began; they travelled the last stage of their journey in water, which had seeped through over the ice almost a foot deep.

The following day a student hurried into my room in the City

* Vologodsky, a Socialist-Revolutionary. Was Prime Minister in the Siberian Socialist-Revolutionary Government and under Kolchak.

Hall and announced that about forty soldiers had met in the Pushkin Library and that several officers were delivering speeches against the Committee. One of our men had just telephoned to inform him of this and asked one of the members of the Committee to come over. I immediately told Yakovlev and Alexandrovsky of this and they suggested that I go. I hired a carriage and left for the library. Just as I arrived, five young officers, one of whom was a lieutenant, were coming out of the front entrance. I went up to them and introduced myself. The lieutenant seemed glad to see me and shook hands with me. I asked him what meeting they had been holding and he answered that there had been no meeting; several army men, having learned that something was brewing in town, particularly among the government officials and the old officers who had not yet been arrested, had discussed what was to be done and had decided to go to the Committee and lay the matter before it. His words were corroborated by the four young, clean-shaven sub-lieutenants who were with him. I saw none of the soldiers the student had spoken of. I asked the officers to accompany me back to the City Hall and they consented. As we passed a two-storey house not far from the library, the lieutenant told me that a company of infantry was quartered here and that it would be a good idea to use it to guard the City Hall. The sub-lieutenants seconded his suggestion and added that the Committee was in danger in meeting at the City Hall. Recalling the attempt on Rudakov's life and the weakness of the student guard, I decided to call a meeting to explain the state of affairs to the soldiers and to transfer them to the City Hall. We entered the building, asked for the company commander and explained why we had come. The company commander only had the rank of sub-lieutenant and kept saluting the lieutenant continuously, but he refused to comply with our

request to call the men together. In doing so, however, he was only carrying out the order of the Committee, for shortly before that the Committee had issued an order that no military unit was to leave its quarters without its written sanction. In an extreme case a member of the Bureau could call out troops from their barracks, but only if he were personally known to the commander of the unit.

I asked the commander whether he knew me. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, I ordered him to call the company out in full kit and to line it up in the street outside the building. Three or four minutes later the company was led out and lined up in the street. I greeted them and briefly explained why they had been called out. Then the lieutenant spoke and, as senior in rank, took command of the company. Yakovlev passed us in a carriage at this point and, catching sight of me, got out and came up to find out what was the matter. I explained and, introducing him to the lieutenant, told the latter that he would now be under the orders of Yakovlev. Having handed over the company to Yakovlev, who was a military man and more conversant with military matters, I took his carriage and left for the Duma.

In the bustle of Committee work I forgot about the company I had called out until two soldiers with rifles appeared in my room. They were accompanied by an old man clad in semi-military uniform.

"What is it?" I asked as they approached the table.

They put a small leather bag filled with copper coins on the table and one of them announced, standing to attention:

"We've brought you an arrested man, your honour."

"Where did you arrest him, and who sent you here?"

"He was arrested at the post-office. The lieutenant sent us here."

The prisoner was an old government official, and in reply to my questions he said that he had not been arrested at the post-office, but in the office of the Commissariat and was taken to the post-office afterwards. He added that not all the money that had been taken from him was in the bag, the officers at the post-office had kept a good part of it.

I could not make head or tail of this and while I was trying to investigate two more soldiers arrived with another arrested man. I sent the prisoners into the next room for the time being and rushed to the telephone to try to find out what it was all about. On the way I was told that I was wanted at the 'phone. Picking up the receiver I found that it was the commander of the regiment Kulinych—the comrade who left the ranks to run towards me at the parade—served in. I had seen and talked with this commander a second time when I visited the regiment for the election of delegates for the Soldiers' Committee and I remembered him as a nice man about forty-five years of age. His rank was that of a Staff-Captain, but he resembled a school-master more than a military man. He was the only commander we had not arrested. I have forgotten his name.

"A lieutenant and three subs with a company of soldiers have just come to me," he said over the 'phone, "and the lieutenant demands that I place a battalion of armed soldiers at his disposal. In accordance with the Committee's order I cannot comply with his demand. If it is your order, as he says, please be good enough to send it in writing, or please come over yourself."

I felt that something was wrong, and when I heard that Yakovlev was not there with them I asked the commander to send the lieutenant with his men to the City Hall.

By this time five or six arrested men had been brought to my room and I put them all in the next room.

Soon after I was called to the big hall and there I saw the lieutenant whom I had put in charge of the company, the three sub-lieutenants, the company commander and also the Staff-Captain with whom I had talked on the telephone. The lieutenant's answers to my questions as to why he needed a battalion, and why he had not brought the company directly to the City Hall as he had been ordered, were confused. Nor could the young sub-lieutenants give clear answers. They had simply arrested anyone who looked suspicious to them, they said. At this point, Anna Ivanova, the woman who had first informed us of the revolution in Petrograd, came in. She approached our group and, catching sight of the lieutenant, threw up her hands and exclaimed:

"Why, this is Zayonchkovsky!"

I scrutinized the lieutenant closely and saw that this was indeed the former Narym exile, Zayonchkovsky. The political exiles there suspected that he was a spy and at their insistence he had been removed from Narym to Kolpashevo and then to Tomsk. I immediately ordered his arrest and bade the soldiers tear off his epaulettes. The soldiers gleefully obeyed my orders. I thanked the Staff-Captain, went out with the company commander and sent the men back to their quarters, retaining twenty men to guard the City Hall. The men arrested by Zayonchkovsky were immediately released.

Zayonchkovsky was the first spy we arrested and we did not know where to put him. We did not want to put him in the prison, for he would have been killed there, and we considered it unwise to put a spy with the officers in the hotel. However, we soon found a small prison (I do not remember whether it was a military prison or a preliminary detention house) next to the Governor's house. Here we put all the provocateurs we arrested. We learned later that Zayonchkovsky's plan was to arrest the

whole Committee of Public Order and Safety and to release the officers whom we had arrested.

About a week later the Committee moved to the Governor's house and the Bureau of the Military-Socialist League took a wing of the house for its headquarters which hitherto had been in Smirnov's apartment.

The League called a meeting of the soldiers' delegates at which they constituted themselves into a Soviet of Soldiers' Deputies. Thus, the first Soviet in Tomsk was a Soviet of Soldiers' Deputies. There were no workers or peasants in the Soviet for a long time. All the members of the Bureau of the Military-Socialist League and several rank-and-file members were elected to the presidium of the Soviet. Thereafter the Committee of Public Order and Safety invariably conferred with the presidium of the Soviet on all the more or less important questions.

About a week later the Narym exiles began to arrive. One of the first was Rykov who, I believe, left the same day for Petrograd, or Moscow. Many of the exiles remained in Tomsk for several days, and two days later we arranged a banquet in their honour in the students' dining room. About two hundred were present at the affair, representing the various social organizations.

The criminals also began arriving after the political exiles and they caused us a considerable amount of trouble. Not long before the revolution a large number of convicted criminals had been exiled to the Narym Region, and at the beginning of the revolution their number reached several hundred. Their arrival in Tomsk created uneasiness among the inhabitants, and from time to time there were cases of theft and even robbery. The Committee of Public Order and Safety had to take special measures to get them out of Tomsk and it managed to do so fairly

quickly, due to the fact that the Railroad Administration undertook to transport them free of charge with special passes issued by the Committee. Similar passes were issued to war deportees who were returning to their homes. There were several thousand of these deportees in Narym at the time the revolution broke out. Among them were the notorious adventurers Cornet Savvin, alias "Count Toulouse de Lautrec," and Rzhevsky, the friend of Minister Protopopov and of Mitka Rubinstein. We detained two women of this company, who had been deported in connection with the Myasoyedov spy case, and we even put one of them in prison in Tomsk.

From the moment the Committee of Public Order and Safety was formed the question was raised of convening a conference of people's representatives of the whole gubernia. This we now proceeded to put into effect and we decided to adopt universal, direct and equal suffrage and secret ballot for the election of the representatives. We were to call the conference "The Constituent People's Assembly of the Tomsk Gubernia." I do not remember what the rate of representation was, but the number of delegates was not to exceed four hundred. Very soon, instructions, ballot papers and the agenda were prepared and sent to all districts. The agenda contained all the questions that would have to be discussed at the future All-Russian Constituent Assembly, even including the separation of the church from the state. Our action was greeted enthusiastically in the various localities and soon the elections were in full swing. The election campaign took up a great deal of our time, for we had to explain and answer thousands of questions in connection with our instructions, which were not as clear as they might have been.

News of our campaign reached Petrograd very quickly and telegrams poured in on us ordering us to stop the election, but we

paid no heed to them. In fact we ignored all orders from Petrograd, and we did not even answer their enquiries. Our separatism evidently annoyed the Ministers, for we began receiving telegrams quite often ordering us to annul orders that we had issued. The Provisional Government decided to force us into submission by means of a "financial boycott." When we finally did need money—up to this time our Committee had been able to carry on with the donations we had received—and applied to the local Treasury, they refused to give us any on the ground that they had received instructions from Petrograd not to do so. But this did not deter us. We ordered the Treasurer to give us the money and threatened to take it by force if he refused. Han found a way out of the difficulty in this way: on the Treasurer's suggestion a minute was drawn up stating that the Chairman of the Committee of Public Order and Safety had appeared at the Treasury Office at the head of a company of armed soldiers and had demanded so many thousand rubles, threatening to resort to arms if he were refused. Han had no soldiers with him, of course, but he got the money. When we needed money for other things, such as paying the daily allowance and fares of the four hundred delegates, who demanded seven rubles a day for their work in the Assembly, we obtained it in the same way.

In the first days we paid little attention to the files of the Tomsk Secret Police and Department of Gendarmes which we had confiscated on the first or second day. A week later, however, we had them brought to the Governor's house where they were dumped in disorder into two small rooms. Later we found that the files of the Secret Police contained rich material. Among it were the dossiers of nearly all the prominent revolutionaries and several comrades took theirs with them when they left Siberia. When we finally found time to examine the

files we found much of interest there. Arkady Ivanov was the most frequent visitor to those rooms and he browsed among the papers for hours at a time. Once he brought us a letter from the Chief of Militia, Tsvetkov, a Socialist-Revolutionary, which was actually a report on the work of the Military-Socialist League, giving the names of nearly all the members of the organization. The letter was dated end of February. We decided to arrest Tsvetkov immediately as a provocateur. When he was brought before us he categorically and indignantly denied the charge. Later it was revealed that the first thing he did on being appointed Chief of Militia was to go through the files of the Secret Police Department of Gendarmes in search of documents incriminating himself. On being shown the letter he could do nothing but confess his guilt.

We appointed a Menshevik, whose name I do not remember, he was the Chief of the Tomsk Fire Brigade, in place of Tsvetkov, but he, too, turned out to be a provocateur. After we arrested him, Arkady was appointed Chief of Militia.

During the next two weeks the Committee for Public Order and Safety grew to eighty members and our Bureau of seven was at a loss as to what to do with them. There were all sorts of people among them: property-owners, shopkeepers and even priests sat side by side with professors, lawyers and teachers. They demanded that we report to them on our work and even expressed dissatisfaction with us for not obeying the instructions from Petrograd. Whether we liked it or not, we had to deliver reports, which were always followed by a resolution approving our activity. We usually achieved this by emphasizing the fact that all our work was done in consultation and agreement with the Soviet of Soldiers' Deputies. Yakovlev and I, the Bolsheviks, were nearly always appointed to make the reports, and I must

confess that we adopted a rather supercilious tone towards this respectable but impotent assembly of Tomsk notables.

We appointed a middle-aged Major-General named Kalin to take Byron's place as Chief of the Garrison. He was an honest and conscientious soldier and worked hand in hand with us the whole time he held this position. One day we were informed that a group of people had gatherd in a house under the black flag of the Anarchists and were preparing for an armed demonstration. The new Chief of the Garrison and I went to the house unarmed. There we found a regular bandits' den. Black flags with skull and crossbones and revolvers and bombs painted on them were draped around the walls. We were met with hostility and insolence, but when the General categorically told them that if they attempted to make an armed demonstration stern measures would be taken against them, and that he would not hesitate to shoot them down, they became subdued. Later we discovered that this crowd had no connection whatsoever with the Anarchists and that it consisted entirely of criminals with whom Tomsk swarmed at that time. After my departure from Tomsk the criminals did make an armed demonstration against the new government, but they were sternly dealt with; during the shooting scores of them were killed.

At the time the revolution broke out there were over three thousand criminals confined in the Gubernia Prison and in the penal battalions in Tomsk, whom we "forgot" about during the two weeks. On March 15, while our Bureau was in session discussing current business, the Governor of the Gubernia Prison and some warders rushed into our room greatly excited, and announced that a riot had almost broken out in their prison. There were about a thousand prisoners in that jail, among whom there were several hundred serving terms of penal servitude and twen-

ty-five who had been sentenced to death but had their sentence commuted to penal servitude for life. The guard had discovered that a tunnel was being dug from the cells of those serving life sentences, and five of them had been put in solitary confinement. This had caused an uproar and the prisoners had called for the Governor and threatened to wreck the prison unless a member of the Committee of Public Order and Safety came to see them. They gave him a time limit of three hours. The Governor, almost on his knees, begged us to send someone. I was chosen and, together with the Governor, I left for the jail. At the prison gates the warders were drawn up to form a guard of honour. We went to the office and there discussed what I was to say to the prisoners and how I was to behave in front of them. I announced that I would begin with the life-sentence men, whereupon the Governor urged me to be very careful as they were desperate men and he could not answer for what they might do. I calmed his fears and assured him that I knew this sort of people for I had been in prison more than once. The life-sentence men were confined in the ground floor cells. I entered the corridor and ordered one cell to be opened. The Governor and the warder remained in the corridor, while I entered the cell. Before me stood a middle-aged man, shackled hand and foot. At first I hesitated, not knowing what to say, but I recalled how the Governor or the Public Prosecutor used to visit me when I was in prison and ask whether there were any complaints, and so I put that question to this prisoner. However, he refused to talk with me alone and demanded that I bring all the prisoners together. I left him and entered the next cell. Here there were two prisoners, also in chains. They gave me the same answer. I went out of the cell and ordered that all the cells facing this corridor be opened and that all the life-sentence men be brought out. The Governor and

Chief Warder were startled, tried to dissuade me from my intention and warned me that it was dangerous. Nevertheless, I insisted on the cells being opened and asked them to leave the corridor. The Chief Warder opened the cells with trembling hands and hastened to the grating leading to the next corridor where all the officials had assembled. With chains clanking, the prisoners arranged themselves opposite me in a triangle, cutting me off from the exit to the other corridor.

"Well, let me hear your demands," I said when they were all together.

"We refuse to talk until the five prisoners are released from solitary confinement," several voices answered.

I ordered their release. It is difficult to describe the appearance of those prisoners when they were released. As they stood before me, their faces a pallid hue, their hands trembling in their fetters, their damp clothes clinging to their bodies and a terrible glitter in their eyes, it seemed to me I was gazing at apparitions in a nightmare.

At this point one of the prisoners drew a batch of papers from his bosom and said that he would read all their demands. This was a regular declaration in which pretty nearly the whole history of penal servitude was recounted and the tortures to which the prisoners were subjected were enumerated. The document took him forty minutes to read and toward the end my head was swimming. During the interminable reading, everyone stood silent, their eyes fixed on me. The declaration ended with a list of ten demands. The main ones were: immediate removal of chains, open cells, collective exercises, the right to see visitors, to receive books, writing materials, etc.

When he had finished, I promised that the chains would be removed; I also agreed to have the cells opened, but in one corri-

dor. Exercise time would be extended, but they could not all go together, they would go in threes and fours.

The official part of the negotiations at an end, I recounted to them the events that had occurred outside. I told them of the time I had spent in one of these cells three years ago and asked several why they were serving time. I then announced that I would have to hurry to the other cells where I was expected, said goodbye and turned to the exit. But they suddenly fell upon me in a body. For an instant I was frightened. The thought flashed through my mind that this was all a plot arranged by the Prison Governor, that this was the end, that in a moment they would tear me to pieces. But in that moment a dozen hands seized me, I was tossed almost to the ceiling amidst a tremendous shout of "Hurrah!" and I felt ashamed of my thoughts. They carried me out to the astounded warders and begged me to return within a week to settle their other demands.

I went to the penal servitude corridor. There almost the same thing occurred. I made the rounds of the men's section and went to the women's section. The women turned out to be more exacting, and when I refused to release several on the spot they went off into hysterics.

A week later we received an order from Petrograd saying that all prisoners who wished to enlist in the army were to be drafted immediately. When they heard this, practically every prisoner expressed his desire to join the army. A few days later some of the life-sentence men came to see me at the City Hall and expressed their deep gratitude to the new government for the humane way in which it treated them.

These episodes of the first period of the revolution have remained in my memory vividly. However, the rapid liquidation of tsarism soon began to lay bare the tangle of class contradictions

which began to reveal themselves more clearly every day. Our attitude toward the other parties was too conciliatory. Almost complete harmony reigned on our Bureau and on the Soviet of Soldiers' Deputies, despite the presence of Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionaries in both. Lenin's arrival in Petrograd and his first speech stirred even our Bolshevik ranks in Tomsk and helped to reveal to us the true state of affairs. Disagreements became sharper, the bourgeois members of the Committee for Public Order and Safety began to treat Yakovlev and me with barely concealed hostility, and the donations which had flowed in fairly generously up to now gradually ceased.

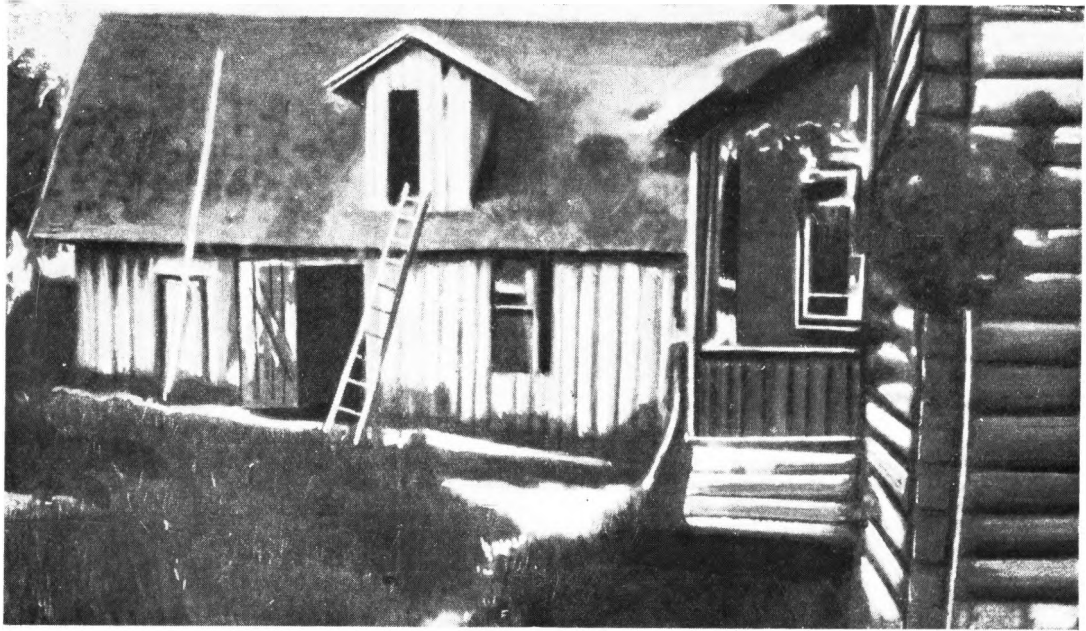
When we were able to read the report of Lenin's speech, in which he proposed, among other things, that we rename our Bolshevik Party the Communist Party,* Wegman, Yakovlev and I sent a joint telegram to Lenin, addressed, I remember, to "Petrograd—Lenin" (we learned later that he had received it) in which we greeted him and supported his proposal that our Party change its name. We waited impatiently for a Party conference to be called and when we learned the date on which it was to be called, we delegated Comrade Smirnov to it.

I believe it was in the middle of April that we learned that the liberal Zubashev, an ex-member of the tsar's State Council, was coming to Tomsk as Commissar of the Provisional Government. He was sent to restore order in the Gubernia which, in the opinion of the Provisional Government, "was going too far." We decided that if he tried to invalidate our decrees, which the Government considered very radical, we would give him a strong rebuff. We sent a company, or battalion, of soldiers with a band to meet him. He was met at the station with great ceremony, but

* Until then the Party had called itself "Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party (Bolsheviks)."—*Ed.*

at the Committee's headquarters we "took him down" somewhat. He declared that our decree convening a People's Assembly —the Tomsk "Constituent Assembly"—was illegal, that such questions as the separation of the church from the state were not within our jurisdiction, that we would have to submit to all the orders of the Government without question and he hinted, although very delicately, that our method of borrowing from the Treasury was robbery. We replied that we would continue to govern as we thought fit. If he opposed us we would be obliged to send him back to Petrograd. After this first conversation he never approached our Bureau again, and when he attempted at a full meeting of the Committee of Public Order and Safety to criticize the Bureau's activity, he met with a rebuff from several members, particularly from the military members. The majority of the Committee probably agreed with him, but they were too cowardly to support him in opposition to the Bureau which had the Soviet of Soldiers' Deputies and a garrison of seventy thousand soldiers at the back of it.

The Commissar stayed in Tomsk about two weeks, if I remember correctly, pouring out his troubles in intimate talks with Vologodsky and the other disgruntled Socialist-Revolutionaries and liberals. Finally, we gave him to understand that he had better leave if he wished to avoid trouble. He took our hint and left for Irkutsk, having achieved nothing. His reception there was much like that in Tomsk.



Yemelyanov's House in which Lenin Was Concealed in July 1917

CHAPTER XI. *BEFORE OCTOBER*

I LEFT TOMSK for Petrograd at the end of May. I was accompanied by Han, whom the Committee for Public Order and Safety had sent to "straighten out our relations with the Provisional Government." Two or three days after my arrival in Petrograd I met Lenin at our printing press on Kavalergard Street. A rotary printing press, which our Party had purchased from the Finnish Social-Democratic Party, was being installed in the shop at the time and Lenin was so eager to get the press started that he kept hurrying the comrades, headed by K. M. Shvedchikov, engaged in installing it. Then, remembering that I was a mechanic, he asked me whether I would not take a hand in the work.

The room I met Lenin in was evidently used for impromptu meetings of the Editorial Board of *Pravda* and the Central Committee. Lenin was in a good humour; he joked a great deal and laughed heartily at the jokes the others made. He laughed very heartily when I brought to him a somewhat threadbare jacket that I found lying about and said with a serious air that, if I remembered rightly, he had worn this jacket at the Second Party Congress.

I do not remember at the moment what had to be done there, but it was necessary for a Bolshevik representative to go to Helsingfors. Lenin suggested that I should go, since I knew Finnish. I pleaded that I had not done Party work for a long time and would prefer to stay in Petrograd and suggested that Comrade

Kollontai, who knew Swedish and was as well acquainted with Finnish life as I, should go. Lenin agreed. Meanwhile, we installed the press as a result of which *Pravda* was able greatly to enlarge its edition.

I shall not describe the Petrograd events during the Kerensky period, for they have been described in adequate detail elsewhere. I took part in all our demonstrations at which I shouted myself hoarse, together with the others, with the slogans: "Down with the Ten Capitalist Ministers!" "All Power to the Soviets!" and so on.

As is known, from the very moment he arrived in Russia at the beginning of April 1917, Lenin began preparing the proletariat for the overthrow of the bourgeois government and the whole capitalist system. His appeals to the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers aroused the furious hatred of the bourgeoisie and its hangers-on, the Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionaries. Trying to cling to power, the bourgeoisie and the Mensheviks were determined to get rid of Lenin in the hope of saving themselves. They were afraid to arrest or kill him, for they felt that they would pay dearly for that, since the overwhelming majority of workers and soldiers were already marching loyally behind their leader. Some other means had to be used to get rid of him, and so they resorted to an old and tried bourgeois method—calumny.

The workers and soldiers had completely lost faith in the Guchkov-Milyukov Government and in the pernicious policy of the compromising Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionary parties. On July third the armed masses came into the streets and demanded the cessation of the war, the transfer of the land to the peasants and of the factories and works to the workers, that is, they came out with the slogans which Comrade Lenin had

issued to the broad masses from the day he arrived. This was the moment the bourgeoisie chose to strike a blow at the growing proletarian revolution.

To accomplish this vile aim they used that "creature that once was a man," G. Alexinsky, formerly representative of the St. Petersburg workers in the Second State Duma. This blackguard, in conjunction with the Minister of Justice—the "Socialist" Pereverzev—and a police agent, drew up a document accusing Lenin of being a German spy. The charge was so vicious, so absurd, that even the All-Russian Central Executive Committee of the Soviets, on which the Mensheviks then predominated, prohibited newspapers from printing the "document." Nevertheless, a Black Hundred gutter rag did print it in spite of the prohibition, and the other "respectable" newspapers could not restrain themselves and they followed suit.

To do the bourgeoisie justice, it must be said that they chose the right moment. The three-day shooting on the streets of Petrograd after the July Days had strained the nerves of the populace to the utmost, and in this tense atmosphere this fantastic calumny, which would have been absolutely ignored in normal times, found favourable ground. Not only did the lie deceive the man in the street who was frightened by the red bogey of the proletarian revolution, but even a section of the war-weary soldiers, who did not clearly understand politics, believed it. The bourgeoisie took advantage of this and, together with the Socialist-Revolutionaries and Mensheviks, began an onslaught upon the revolutionary workers and soldiers.

They organized numerous meetings at which infuriated petty-bourgeois orators inflamed the hatred of the property-owners towards the proletariat. The middle-class townsfolk, frightened by the revolution, gathered at street corners in the centre of the

city, and mysterious persons moved among the crowds spreading the most incredible lies about the Bolsheviks. Many of the workers who spoke at those street meetings in defence of our Party were arrested, and some were even killed.

Armed officers and Junkers truculently paraded through the working class districts. The editorial offices and the printing press of *Pravda* were wrecked. Our Party printing press on Kavalergard Street, not far from the Taurida Palace, was razed to the ground. Comrade Voynov, a worker-revolutionary, was caught with some Bolshevik manifestoes not far from the press and was murdered in cold blood. The central parts of the city were occupied by squads of officers and Junkers and bourgeois rifles and machine-guns were turned upon the working class districts. As a finishing touch, most of our District Party Committees' headquarters were wrecked and our Party workers, and even several members of the Central Committee, were arrested. Sinister rumours were afloat that our arrested comrades would be shot.

Such was the atmosphere after the workers' and soldiers' demonstration of July 3-5, 1917.

Weighing up the situation, the Central Committee of our Party sent a number of Party workers to the provinces to explain what had happened. I was sent to Helsingfors. I found that the vile calumnies had managed to reach that place. The officers and bureaucrats of the Baltic Fleet tried to spread the calumny among the sailors, but they were unsuccessful. When I gave a report on the July Days to a mass meeting of twelve thousand sailors on the Senate Square, there were a few provocateur cries of "Down with the German spy!" from the back, but the overwhelming majority of the meeting drowned these cries with cheers and shouts of "Long live the Bolsheviks!"

I returned to Petrograd on the 10th or 12th of July. At the Taurida Palace I met several members of the Central Committee. Among them was Comrade Orjonikidze, who informed me that the Central Committee had charged me with the task of conveying Comrade Lenin to a place of safety. Up to that time, I, like many other Party workers, had been ignorant of Comrade Lenin's whereabouts and had felt anxious about him. Comrade Orjonikidze informed me simply that Lenin was in hiding in the home of Comrade N. Yemelyanov in Sestroretsk, that it was not safe for him to stay there long, and that it was necessary to convey him to a safer refuge. He directed me to Comrade Zof, through whom the Central Committee kept in contact with Lenin, and told me that Zof would give me the proper address.

Entrusted with this responsible mission I decided to go to the address given me that very day. I had to go by rail to Razliv, about twenty-five kilometres from the city. Fearing that I might not find my way, Comrade Zof had sent a Sestroretsk worker, who knew Comrade Yemelyanov's house, to guide me there. Night was falling by the time we arrived at Razliv. We walked some distance from the station and reached a back street. Pointing to a cottage in a row of suburban villas, my guide said that that was where Comrade Yemelyanov lived, and left me.

Comrade Yemelyanov was not at home when I got to the house and the door was opened by his wife. I gave her the password and told her what my errand was. She asked me to come in and we sat down and talked. She began relating in a vivacious manner how they had concealed Lenin, how he felt, what he was doing, and so on. She told me that he was living under the name Konstantin Petrovich Ivanov. The Yemelyanovs had four or five children, the eldest, a boy about fourteen or fifteen years

of age named Alexander, and they took an animated part in our conversation. My hostess assured me that Vladimir Ilyich felt very well and that his only complaint was that the newspapers were not delivered regularly.

Despite the very serious danger this woman subjected herself and her children to in concealing Lenin, she did not betray the slightest sign of fear or perturbation as she told me all this. And yet the bourgeoisie would have given anything for Lenin's head, and would have shown no mercy to the person who had sheltered that head.

In the course of conversation I learned from this comrade that Lenin was not in the house; he had to move to the woods, she said, for she had heard that detectives were prowling in the neighbourhood and there was danger of discovery. I had to see Lenin that day at all cost, so my hostess called her son Alexander and bade him lead me to the hiding place. Although it was quite late (about 11 o'clock), the lad readily agreed to do so. He led me by back streets and alleys down to the bay. There we got into a boat, and with the boy at the rudder and I at the oars, we rowed through the rushes in the moonlight toward Lenin's hiding place. We rowed for about half an hour and then got out and made our way through marshy scrub. After a ten-minute walk we came upon an enormous hayrick built in a glade.

The boy gave the signal and a man emerged from the hayrick. It was quite dark by this time and only the faint light of the moon illumined the figure wrapped in a winter overcoat which came toward us and which I barely recognized as Lenin. He greeted me warmly and when we had seated ourselves near the hayrick he showered questions upon me. It was strange seeing Lenin clean shaven. I was told later that Comrade Stalin had shaved him before he went to Comrade Yemelyanov's house.

I had known Lenin since 1903 and I was accustomed to seeing him with beard and moustache. I found Lenin in a good humour and he jested merrily about the position he was in. We sat there for a long time and discussed many topics before we turned in for the night.

Before setting out on my journey I visited the Petersburg District Party Committee headquarters which were then on the Viborg Side. The workers in the Viborg District and the Moscow Regiment billeted there were wholly on the side of the Bolsheviks; consequently, the officer and Junker squads did not venture to show their faces in that district after the third of July. The members of the Central Committee still at liberty also preferred to meet in the Viborg District. In the course of conversation the question of the further development of the revolution came up. I remember that the late M. M. Lashevich was very optimistic whereas several other comrades expressed the fear that Kerensky would succeed in driving our Party underground for a long period. Defending his point of view, Lashevich incidentally remarked: "Wait, you'll see, Comrade Lenin will be Prime Minister in September."

Relating the news about the Petersburg District to Comrade Lenin, I told him what Comrade Lashevich had said and he quietly replied: "There is nothing surprising in that." I must confess that the reply somewhat puzzled me and I looked at him in amazement. He noticed my astonishment and began to explain to me in detail how the Russian revolution would develop. I greatly, regret that I did not jot down what he said; but now, recalling the conversation in the hayrick near the shore, I am convinced that Vladimir Ilyich foresaw much of what came to pass after the October Revolution. After all, his famous pamphlets *On Slogans*

and *Can the Bolsheviks Retain State Power?* were written in the hayrick at that very time.

An amusing incident connected with the pamphlet *On Slogans*, which was printed very hurriedly, recurs to me. I was bringing Lenin a printed copy of the pamphlet, the manuscript of which I had taken from him several days earlier. Reading it while in the train I came across the following sentence: "In Russia at the present time there is not a single party that would consistently defend the interests of the working class" (I quote from memory). On my arrival I pointed this passage out to Lenin and asked: "But what about the Bolshevik Party?" He clutched his head aghast, but an instant later he burst out laughing and said: "Well, we'll correct it in the next edition. The printers have messed it up."

It was in the hayrick that he made notes in an ordinary school exercise book and jotted down the main ideas which he later expanded into his famous *State and Revolution.*

We talked long and earnestly that first night, sitting near the hayrick. But although it was July, the damp night air of the marsh was chilly. The cold penetrated my light summer clothes and I shivered. We went into the hayrick, which the solicitous hand of Comrade Yemelyanov had fitted up as a bedroom, and we lay down to sleep. I was so cold that I could not fall asleep for a long time although I was covered with a winter overcoat.

I visited Lenin almost every other day for the next two weeks and I kept him supplied with provisions, newspapers, etc. When I arrived he would seize the newspapers with feverish haste, read them with avidity, make notes, and then sit down on the grass and begin to write. So far as I know, only one other comrade, Comrade Tokareva, a woman worker from the Petersburg Side of Petrograd, brought him supplies—linen, provisions and the

like. In spite of the fact that the provisions brought to him were very scanty and that the piercing cold and damp would have made a woolen sweater and warm socks very welcome, he never asked for anything in the way of food and clothing. I confess that it never occurred to me that he needed things of this kind. The only thing he insisted on and demanded persistently was the regular supply of all newspapers and the pamphlets, leaflets and the like issued in connection with the July events.

Meanwhile we searched for a safer hiding place where he could stay longer and in more comfortable quarters. In our first conversation we decided that he should cross into Finland where I hoped with the aid of Finnish comrades, to be able to fix him up in a safer and more comfortable place. Difficulties arose in choosing a way of getting him across the border, for it was being very strictly guarded at that time.

Although Comrade Lenin had been in hiding for about two weeks, the newspapers continued their campaign against him with unabated fury and both the Black Hundred newspapers and the liberal sheets insistently demanded his arrest. In addition to Kerensky's secret service agents and criminal detectives, police-dogs, including the famous blood-hound Tref, were called in to track down the elusive Lenin. Hundreds of bourgeois philistine amateur detectives voluntarily helped the police and the dogs in the search. One day a notice appeared in the papers announcing that fifty officers of the Shock Battalion had taken an oath to find Lenin or to die in the attempt.

While the police, the police dogs and detectives were engaged in the search and I was busy devising a way to get Lenin safely across the border, Lenin himself was engrossed in the work of the Sixth Congress of the Bolshevik Party, whose work he guided from his inconvenient hiding place. The late Comrade Sverdlov

presided at the Congress, and in putting the resolutions, written in Lenin's hand, to the vote, he incautiously announced that although Lenin could not attend the Congress personally, he was invisibly participating in it and even guiding its work. All the newspapers immediately raised a howl and began demanding Lenin's instant arrest with renewed vigour. The Congress delegates were followed and watched more persistently. I had been a delegate to the Congress, and so I had to be more cautious than ever during my trips to Sestroretsk to prevent the spies from getting on my trail.

We had to get Lenin away from this place immediately, for his stay in the marsh was becoming dangerous. Hunters appeared in the vicinity now and again and there was the danger of their coming upon Lenin accidentally so he kept inside the hayrick all day and came out only at nightfall; but this was becoming unbearable. At first we thought it would be possible to find an intellectual who had sympathized with the revolution to give Lenin refuge in his home, but the general atmosphere created in the city by the arrests, the newspaper campaign, and the sinister rumours we had heard destroyed all hope of being able to arrange this. Most of the active and experienced Party workers had either been arrested or sent to the provinces on the instructions of the Party Central Committee, while the comrades who remained at liberty in St. Petersburg were spied on constantly. In choosing comrades to help to find a hiding place and aid in crossing the border, we had to be extremely cautious, for the slightest carelessness would have led to Lenin's arrest, and that would have meant certain death at the hands of the infuriated Kerensky agents.

We had several schemes for the crossing, and we went over and discussed each one with the greatest care. It was finally de-

cided that Lenin was to cross the Finnish border disguised as a worker. Quite a number of Russian workers worked in Sestroretsk and lived on the Finnish side of the border, and these had simple permits instead of passports to show on crossing. Comrade Yemelyanov was instructed to secure one of these permits from one of his comrades at the factory where he worked and when he had got it, all we had to do was change the photograph on it. We encountered unexpected difficulties in obtaining a wig for Lenin. In their zealous search for Lenin the Kerensky secret police had forbidden the barbers to hire out or sell any wigs to anyone unless the person presented a certificate of his identity. To get out of the difficulty, I obtained a certificate from the Dramatic Circle of the Finnish Railway Workers' Club on the Viborg Side, to say that I was a member, and armed with this I was able to purchase a wig at a barber's on Basseyni Street.

Cleanshaven and in his wig, Comrade Lenin was almost unrecognizable. Comrade Leshchenko photographed him in his "illegal guise." Before we started on the journey I was instructed to ascertain how carefully the frontier guards scrutinized documents. For this purpose I had to procure a permit from Kerensky's General Staff to cross to Finland and back. I obtained this without great difficulty, since I was a Finnish subject. To make more certain, however, I decided to get an assistant. I asked Comrade Eino Rahya,* a Finnish worker selflessly devoted to the revolution, to help me. He too procured a permit at General Staff Headquarters and we set off to "reconnoitre the frontier." We proceeded on foot from Belo-Ostrov and made our way southward to Sestroretsk, crossing and recrossing the frontier at various points. With each crossing we became more convinced of the hopelessness of this plan, for the frontier guards examined

* Later the celebrated Commissar of the Finnish Red Guard.—*Ed.*

our documents and photographs with minute care. When we informed Lenin of this he rejected this method of crossing and finally we adopted a plan which Comrade Rahya and I had drawn up "in reserve" in case the first plan proved unfeasible.

According to this plan Lenin was to cross to Finland on a locomotive, disguised as a stoker. He was to go to Comrade Kalske's house first and spend the night there. In the evening he would go to Udelnaya Station and get on the engine while Comrade Rahya and I travelled in the same train as far as Teriyoki on Finnish territory. An apartment had been prepared a few versts from the station where Lenin could hide in safety.

I had arranged with Comrade Yalava, an engine driver whom I had known since childhood, to put Lenin on the engine. In the course of the conversation I told him that it would be a dangerous undertaking for him, but he only smiled with true Finnish imperturbability and assured me that "everything will be all right." When all arrangements had been made Comrade Rahya and I went to the marsh to get Lenin. Comrade Yemelyanov and his son were already at the hayrick bundling up the newspapers that had accumulated during the three weeks and packing up Lenin's coat, blanket and the like. Comrade Rahya and I proposed that we go as far as Ozerki by the Sestroretsk Railway and from there on foot along the Viborg Chaussée or the Finnish railway embankment to Comrade Kalske's apartment, which was six kilometres from Ozerki. Comrade Yemelyanov had another suggestion—to walk to Levashovo Station and there take the train to Udelnaya, which was about one kilometre from Kalske's apartment. We weighed the pros and cons of both suggestions and decided to adopt Yemelyanov's plan.

When everything was packed, Yemelyanov's son carried the bundles to the boat and rowed home. We five started through the

scrub along the shore of the bay in the direction of the Finnish Railway. It was after nine and already getting dark, and we had a distance of ten or twelve versts to go. Yemelyanov, who knew the road, walked in front and we walked silently behind in single file. Our spirits rose as we emerged on to a country road, the going was easier and not a soul was in sight. Following Yemelyanov we turned off the road to a narrow path.

At one point we strayed from the path in the dark and stumbled on a stream, and we had to take our clothes off to wade across. Searching for the road at another point we blundered into a swamp and as we encircled it we suddenly found ourselves in a scorched peat-bog. We roamed about in search of the road for a long time, pushing through the smouldering scrub half asphyxiated by the acrid smoke around us. We were in danger of sinking into the hot peat under our feet at any moment. At last we wandered on to a path which led us out of the "burning bush." After having gone through fire and water, as it were, we suddenly realized that we had completely lost our bearings. We groped our way forward in the wake of Yemelyanov who kept assuring us that this was the first time he had got lost here.

At last we heard a train whistle in the distance. We sent Yemelyanov and Rahya off to explore the ground and we two sat down under a tree to wait for them. I found three cucumbers in my pocket, but it had not occurred to me that bread and salt might come handy with them. We ate them nevertheless. Our scouts returned ten or fifteen minutes later to tell us that from what they could see we were near Levashovo Station. Let it be said to Lenin's credit that he rated us soundly for organizing the escape so badly. We should have procured a road-map, he said. Why had we not made ourselves thoroughly familiar with the road before starting out? The "scouts" also got their share. Why

had they not found out exactly what station we were near to and not tell us "what they could see"? Trying to find all sorts of excuses we headed for the railway station.

At the station we found that we were not at Levashovo, but at Kibuna, seven versts away from the Finnish border; not a pleasant situation by any means. We might have stumbled on the frontier guards making their rounds in the woods and we would have been immediately arrested on suspicion, for respectable people would not be rambling about near the border, far from human habitation, at one o'clock in the morning. We learned from the station guard that the last train to Petrograd would leave at 1:30 a.m. It was now 1:15. We crossed the tracks and sat down at the far end of the platform. Comrade Rahya was sent to the station to make sure that no suspicious persons were around. He returned looking worried and informed us that ten Junkers armed to the teeth were patrolling the station. We were in a bad fix—they might come up to ascertain who the people were who had suddenly appeared on the empty platform. I suggested that Lenin and Rahya climb down the slope of the embankment where the darkness would hide them, and Yemelyanov and I would remain sitting where we were.

They had just managed to slip down when a Junker, rifle in hand, approached us and asked Comrade Yemelyanov what he was doing here. Comrade Yemelyanov was evidently unprepared for such a question and gave some fantastic explanation which failed to satisfy the Junker. The latter asked Yemelyanov to come with him. Apparently, being more respectably attired, the Junker had no suspicions about me, for he inquired very politely whether I was a local resident and whether I was waiting for the Petrograd train. Just as politely I replied in the affirmative, whereupon he clicked to attention, turned smartly and went

off with the arrested Yemelyanov. I barely had time to recover from the shock of this narrow escape when the train came in.

"What am I to do?" thought I. Finally, I decided to remain in the woods the rest of the night and all next day and to take the others to Udelnaya in the evening. Just as I reached this decision a man appeared before me; he was armed, but he wore the uniform of a high school student. Politely but firmly he said: "This is the last train. There won't be any more today. Are you taking it?" I had no other choice but to board the train.

All this happened so suddenly that I was stunned, so stunned in fact that I got off at Ozerki instead of Udelnaya, and I only discovered my mistake after the train had left. I had to walk six kilometres to get to Kalske's house, and it was three in the morning before I arrived.

I entered the room and could not believe my eyes: on the floor lay Lenin and Rahya howling with laughter at my look of bewilderment. It appeared that, clinging to the side of the embankment and looking over the edge, they had seen Yemelyanov being arrested and me being forced into the train almost at the point of the bayonet. The train was longer than the platform and when it stopped the rear car stood just above where they were crouching. Not losing their heads as I did they quickly clambered up the slope, swung into the car unperceived and quite calmly rode to Udelnaya. While I was trudging from Ozerki to Udelnaya they were having an enjoyable supper and had almost fallen asleep when I arrived.

Weary with excitement and my long tramp I immediately lay down beside Lenin. As I did so he gently put his arms round my neck, and Rahya's, pressed our heads together down to his breast and chided us in a fatherly way; and then, animatedly, he went over the more exciting moments of our recent adventures.

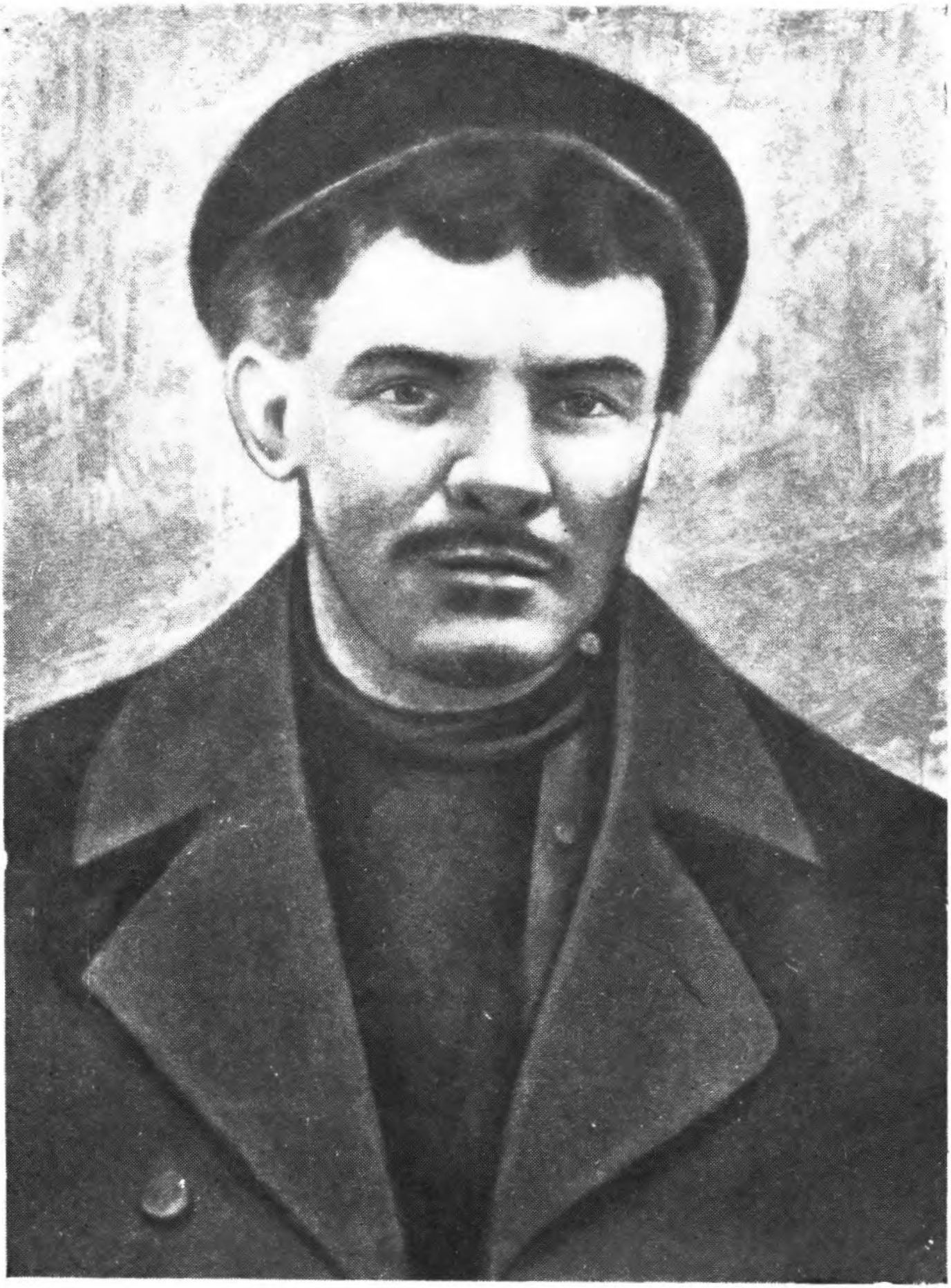
Lenin was in high spirits that night and as he painted a verbal picture of Kerensky's countenance and those of the other members of the Provisional Government when they learned of the prey that had slipped through their fingers he laughed heartily and infectiously.

Lenin was greatly concerned about Yemelyanov's fate. Yemelanyov's wife would have to be warned immediately, he said, to remove all traces of his stay with them in case their house was raided. Since, as Lenin understood, Comrade Poluan who lived in Shirokaya Street on the Petersburg Side knew Yemelyanov's address, he asked me to go to her house immediately and tell her to take the first train to Razliv and help clear up Yemelyanov's apartment.

I had a hasty bite and left. It was six in the morning by the time I reached Comrade Poluan's apartment. I gave her the necessary instructions and then went to see Yalava on the Viborg Side, for according to our plan he was to take Lenin to Finland that day.

In the evening Lenin, Rahya and I went to the station. With our hearts in our mouths we stood waiting on the platform for the train. At last it arrived. On the engine we caught sight of the familiar figure of the engine driver. We approached the engine and took leave of Lenin with a handshake. Cleanshaven and in his wig, he looked like a real Finn. He climbed on to the footplate, removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves and set to work throwing logs into the furnace.

All went well. We got into the train, but at every station Rahya and I, with pounding hearts, would jump off and cast anxious glances at the engine. The train approached the border station of Belo-Ostrov at which there would be a twenty-minute stop and a careful examination of documents. Sometimes they



Lenin Disguised For His Escape to Finland in July 1917

even searched the persons and belongings of the passengers here. The train barely came to a halt when the quick-witted Yalava unhooked his engine from the train and drove it away into the darkness beyond the station . . . to take water. We almost burst into cheers. Comrade Yalava kept "taking water" as long as Kerensky's gendarmes were in the train examining documents. Just before the last bell the engine returned, sounded its whistle and fifteen minutes later we were safely on Finnish territory. Rahya and I hurried to the engine and joyfully wrung Lenin's hand.

Before he climbed into the engine at Udelnaya Lenin had given me a blue-covered exercise book. As we now know, this exercise book contained the basic ideas of his book *The State and Revolution*. As he handed it to me Lenin repeatedly urged me to guard it with my life and that if he were arrested it was to be given to the member of the Central Committee, Comrade Stalin. The moment we came up to Lenin he asked whether the exercise book was safe and when I gave it to him, he hurriedly tucked it into his bosom.

At the station we found Lydia Parviainen waiting for us with a cab; an apartment had been prepared for Lenin at her father's house, fourteen kilometres from the station. I left Lenin in the care of Rahya and Parviainen and took the first train to Helsingfors to make arrangements for Lenin to continue his journey to that city and to prepare an apartment for him there.

Next day I sent two Finnish comrades to Teriyoki to take Lenin to Lahti, a small town 130 kilometres from Helsingfors. He spent two days there at the apartment of a Finnish worker, whose wife, formerly a woman worker who had worked on the Petersburg Side, took great care of him.

With the aid of an old acquaintance of Lenin's, a member of

the Finnish Diet, I arranged for Lenin's further journey to a place nearer to Helsingfors. Lenin's last refuge before he arrived in Helsingfors was in the house of this member of the Diet, about fifteen kilometres out of town.

Both at Lahti and at this house I visited Lenin to see whether the comrades were taking the necessary precautions. Credit is due to the Finnish comrades for carrying out my instructions to the letter, and Lenin was highly satisfied with the comrades about him during this period. Only once did he express dissatisfaction, and that was when a comrade came from Helsingfors to Terijoki to "disguise" him. When Lenin caught sight of his face in the mirror in the train he was horrified and hastened to wipe off the make-up as best he could, for he had no cold cream or vaseline with him. Afterwards he said, laughing, that had the stupidest detective seen him in the car at the time he would have arrested him instantaneously, or at best would have sent him to a lunatic asylum.

In Helsingfors I had to seek for a safe and convenient apartment for Lenin among my acquaintances. I chose that of an old friend from the Petersburg Side, Gustav Rovio, a worker. At that time he was "Chief Constable" of Helsingfors, as we called him in jest. After the February Revolution in Russia the Finnish Social-Democrats succeeded in getting their own people into responsible positions in the city government, and they replaced the Helsingfors Chief of Police by their own man, renaming him the Chief of Militia.

I introduced Rovio to Lenin as the "Chief Constable" of Helsingfors, but he did not seem to be in the least disturbed or surprised at this. He shook hands with him, exchanged a few words, and catching sight of Rovio's Russian books, a rich, well-selected Marxist library, he plunged into them without more

ado. Comrade Rovio placed his well-furnished room at Lenin's disposal and Lenin spent his days there working and using Comrade Rovio's excellent library.

The first thing he did was to ask that reliable contacts with Petrograd and the regular delivery of newspapers be arranged. Comrade Rovio did this very well and Lenin began receiving newspapers and correspondence. Here, in complete security, he wrote the book *The State and Revolution*, and corresponded regularly with the Central Committee of the Party and with Comrade Krupskaya and others. Here, too, Lenin received the first news of the revolutionary revival among the Petrograd workers after the July defeat.

He keenly watched the elections to the City and District Dumas in Petrograd and Moscow and was overjoyed with the majorities of working class votes, which, as is known, our Party was winning. Highly elated, he showed me the tables he had drawn up showing the votes cast for the Bolshevik Party. In addition to these signs of revolutionary revival among the workers a very significant sign of the rise of the tide of revolution were the resolutions adopted by the workers in the factories demanding that power be transferred to the Soviets. In the army voices were heard more and more loudly demanding the immediate cessation of the war. This news excited Lenin immensely. He became persistent in his demand that I arrange for his return to Petrograd, for decisive battles were imminent, he said, and he could not be away at such a moment. I informed the Central Committee of his insistent demands and I remember how prolonged was the discussion on the question. Everybody was of the opinion that Lenin should return immediately, but after I related the dangers he had encountered in crossing to Finland, how carefully the frontier was guarded and how strictly passengers' documents

were examined in crossing, particularly from Finland to Russia—the Central Committee decided to postpone Lenin's return for the time being, but instructed me to proceed to make such arrangements as would secure his return with absolute safety.

One fine day, without informing the Central Committee or me, Lenin with the assistance of Comrade Rahya, travelled from Helsingfors to Viborg, evidently with the intention of going on to Petrograd. When I learned of this I immediately went to Viborg and found him at the apartment of a Finnish writer, Comrade Latukka, in a terribly excited state. "Was it true," he asked me as soon as I entered the room, "that the Central Committee has forbidden me to come to Petrograd?" I replied that it was true, that in the interests of his personal safety it was absolutely imperative that he remain in Finland for the present. He demanded written confirmation of the decision. I took some paper and, half in jest, wrote the following:

"I, the undersigned, hereby certify that the Central Committee of the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party (Bolsheviks), at its session of such-and-such a date resolved: that Vladimir Ilyich Lenin be forbidden to enter the city of Petrograd pending a special order of the Central Committee. Signed!"

Lenin took the "document" from me, folded it carefully and put it in his pocket. With his thumbs stuck in the armholes of his vest he began pacing the room with rapid strides, muttering again and again:

"I won't let the matter rest here, matters shan't rest here!"

Gradually he became calmer and began to question me in detail about what was happening in Petrograd, what the workers were saying, what the various members of the Central Committee thought of the elections to the local Dumas, the sentiment prevailing in the army and so on. He showed me tables he had drawn

up indicating the tremendous growth in the number of Bolshevik adherents, not only among the workers and soldiers, but even among the urban petty bourgeoisie. Kerensky's wailing about the disintegration of the army and the peasant disturbances also indicated, he said, that the country was obviously on our side. Therefore, our main task was immediately to organize our forces for the purpose of seizing power. I tried to argue that it was not yet possible to seize power, that we were not yet prepared for it technically, that we lacked the people able to guide the complicated state apparatus, and so on, and so on.

Evidently, intentionally simplifying the question, the only reply he made to all my arguments was: "Nonsense! Any worker could master the work of any Ministry within a few days; no special ability is required for this. It is not necessary to know the technique of the work in the first stages, this is the business of the officials whom we shall compel to work in the same way as they compel the skilled workers to work."

I was convinced that it was impossible for us to seize power at that moment and several times I tried to argue with Lenin about it and advanced hundreds of arguments which seemed to me to prove my case. But Lenin swept my arguments aside and it became more and more difficult for me to argue with him. Some of his explanations seemed so fantastic to me that I did not think it worth while objecting to them and it seemed to me that Lenin himself did not make them seriously. In reply to some of my tiresome questions about the difficulties that might arise he simply said, brusquely: "We'll see when the time comes!"

As we had plenty of time at our disposal and Lenin quite willingly entered into an argument about the question of insurrection, which was the main question before us at that time, I confess that I clutched at every trifling point that Lenin raised. I remem-

ber particularly, that I was very much disturbed by his proposal that we abolish both tsarist and Kerensky money.

"Where shall we get such a pile of money to replace it?" I asked, anticipating victory on this question.

"We'll put all the rotary presses into action and we'll print the amount needed in the course of a few days," he promptly answered.

"But then every crook will be able to forge as many of them as he likes," I argued.

"Well we'll print them with various complicated designs. In any case, that's a matter for the technicians. What's the use of arguing, we'll see when the time comes!"

And again he began arguing that this was not the problem, that the problem was to pass and carry out laws that would make all the people see that the new government was their government. Once they understood this they would support us. The rest would come of itself. The moment we seized power we would put an end to the war. And the moment we did this the war-weary soldiers would undoubtedly support us. We would confiscate the lands of the tsar, the nobles, the landowners and the church, and transfer them to the peasants—surely the peasantry would whole-heartedly support us then! We would take the factories from the capitalists and transfer them to the workers—to the workers' own government. And bending close to me and screwing up his left eye he peered intently at me with a slight smile and exclaimed: "Who will oppose us then!" "The thing is not to let the opportunity slip by," he repeated again and again urging me to accelerate the arrangements for his return to Petrograd.

One day, while on the Finland Station in Petrograd on my way to Viborg to make one of my regular visits to Lenin, I met

Rahya. With a cunning smile on his face he informed me that there was no need for me to go to Viborg, as Lenin was already in Petrograd!*

Lenin settled in the Lesnoy District and from time to time met members of the Central Committee at Kalinin's apartment or at the apartment of N. Kokko, a worker at the "Ivas" Works. Usually he left the house only when it was dark, but even in the daytime it was hard to recognize him cleanshaven and in his wig.

On his arrival in Petrograd Lenin took over the direct leadership of the preparations for the October Revolution, and not a single important question was settled without the Central Committee first conferring with him. On the 10th of October the Central Committee adopted a resolution in favour of the immediate seizure of state power. Two Party Conferences, Petrograd City and Petrograd Regional, were convened at which the main question was that of seizing power. Both Conferences voted in favour of seizing power. I remember that the discussion centred around the question of whether power should be seized immediately or whether the seizure be postponed until the Second Congress of Soviets, which was due to be held two weeks later. Not a single voice was raised in opposition to seizing power in principle. Most of the delegates who spoke, however, opposed the immediate seizure of power. After this it was decided to call a special meeting of the Central Committee and to invite a number of responsible Party workers to it. I do not know on whose initiative this proposal was made, most probably it was Lenin's.

* At a meeting of the Bolshevik Central Committee on October 3-16, 1917, a decision was taken "to ask Lenin to return to Petrograd, to enable regular and close connection to be established" (Minutes, p. 85). After this decision was taken Lenin returned to Petrograd.—*Ed.*

Comrade Sverdlov and I were charged with organizing the meeting.

We had to find suitable premises in which thirty persons could meet without attracting attention and to which Lenin, who was still in hiding, could safely come. I chose the Lesnoy District Duma situated not far from Murinsky Prospect. M. I. Kalinin was chairman of this Duma and it was within his power to place the premises at our disposal. I decided to arrange an evening meeting so that Lenin might be able to come without fear of detection. This question satisfactorily settled, I went early in the morning to No. 19 Furshtad Street, the headquarters of the Central Committee, and suggested that the meeting be held that evening. A list of the comrades to be invited to the meeting had to be drawn up and they would have to be informed before evening. As the meeting had to decide a matter of supreme importance it had to be a small and a very secret one, and for the same reason the list had to be drawn up with the greatest care and discrimination. The task of drawing up this list was given to Comrade Sverdlov.

As usual, from early morning Comrade Sverdlov was besieged by throngs of people from the districts and from all parts of Russia. I had a great deal of trouble dragging him out and getting him into another room so that he could draw up the list unmolested. There were no chairs or tables in the room, so I found a table in one room, grabbed a few chairs from under people who were sitting on them in another, and brought them into the room. The late Yukka Rahya * came in soon after and I locked the door from the inside. The three of us then proceeded to draw up the list, to which Comrade Stalin later added two or three names. I cannot remember definitely whether or not this list was officially

* Eino Rahya's brother, killed in Petrograd in 1918.

endorsed by the Central Committee. We drew up a diagram indicating the locality and exact situation of the premises at which the comrades were to meet in the evening and decided on who was to inform whom. I left after that.

At about six in the evening Rahya left me to meet Lenin and bring him to the meeting. We agreed to meet in an hour's time at the corner of Viborg Chaussée and Murinsky Prospect. The night was dark, there was a fine drizzle, and a strong, gusty wind was blowing. At seven sharp Lenin and Rahya appeared at the corner.

Just before we reached the District Duma we turned into a side street. We decided that before going any further we would reconnoitre the building to make sure that everything was safe and also to see whether the other comrades had arrived. While we walked along the deserted sidestreet Eino Rahya related to us a slight incident that had occurred on the way from Lenin's quarters. As they were walking along the streets a gust of wind blew Lenin's cap off . . . and with it his wig. Fortunately it was dark and no one was near and so the incident passed off without serious consequences, except that Lenin's handkerchief was somewhat soiled with the dirt he had wiped from the wig. We laughed heartily over the incident, Lenin laughing more heartily than either of us.

I left them on the sidestreet and went to see how the land lay. There was nothing to rouse any fears and I entered the building. Only five or six comrades were there. I returned to the sidestreet and reported the results of my investigation. Fifteen minutes later we sent Comrade Rahya to investigate and he came back to say that ten comrades had assembled. We decided to stay until all the comrades had assembled and we spent an hour walking up and down the sidestreets of Lesnoy, Rahya and I taking turns

on going to the Duma to investigate and report progress. Meanwhile Lenin, in no uncertain terms, expressed his extreme displeasure at the lack of punctuality of responsible comrades.

At last Rahya returned from one of his visits to the Duma with the news that twenty comrades had assembled. We decided there were sufficient for the meeting and went in by the back entrance and made our way to a small isolated room on the second floor. We were soon followed by Stalin, Sverdlov, Eino Rahya and another person whom I do not remember.

They decided to open the meeting. A discussion arose as to whether Lenin should go in with his wig on or not, and it was decided that he should remove it. Most of the comrades had not seen him since the July days and everyone was impatient to see him again. When he entered the meeting room they rushed upon him, each one trying to get to him first; they wrung his hand, several kissed him, and everybody showered questions upon him. After chatting and joking with the comrades for a few minutes he suggested that we start the meeting.

The clamour died down. Lenin modestly seated himself on a low stool at the end of the room. He pulled out some closely written notes from his pocket and from acquired habit lifted his hand to smooth his wig. Catching himself, he smiled in amusement. Everyone waited tensely for his report "On the Present Situation."

"Comrade Lenin has the floor," announced Comrade Sverdlov.

Lenin began by saying that the Party was now immediately confronted with the question of seizing political power. He drew a detailed picture of the situation prevailing in the country and pointed to the undoubted sympathy the Bolsheviks enjoyed among an enormous section of the working class which was

proved by the figures of the City and District Duma elections in Petrograd and Moscow. Events at the front and in the rear clearly showed that the army no longer wanted to fight and that a proletarian government alone could secure peace for the country. The numerous cases of wrecking of landlords' estates indicated that the peasantry would not wait any longer for land, and that the only government that could give land to the peasantry was a proletarian government.

At first Lenin spoke in a calm and restrained tone, but later he warmed up and continued in his habitual style, interspersing his arguments with sallies of wit and hard blows at his opponents whose views on the question of seizing power he had learned from correspondence or conversation with them. Sometimes he would get up from his seat and pace up and down the room, thumbs stuck in the armholes of his vest, stopping now and again to emphasize a particularly important point.

His speech lasted two hours and was listened to with breathless attention. When he finished several seconds passed in absolute silence. The comrades seemed to have been hypnotized. During my twenty years' acquaintance with Lenin I had occasion to hear many of his reports and speeches, but this was the best of them all, and my opinion was endorsed by the comrades present at the meeting who had also known Lenin very well for many years. Lenin drove home the conclusion to be drawn from his report by repeating several times that we must take power immediately, every day lost was tantamount to death. "History will not forgive us if we do not take power now!" he declared.

I took the floor immediately after Lenin and, I regret to say, opposed his proposal to take power immediately. I argued again and again that technically we were totally unprepared to seize power, that "if anything happened," we would not even have

telephone connections or horses. All this had to be arranged, and it could be arranged if Lenin would allow us one week for preparations. But to take power immediately, tomorrow, was utterly impossible, we would be courting certain failure! Nobody was opposed to seizing power, but everyone was opposed to seizing power immediately. Ask the military organization, they could say whether it is prepared. Of course it is not! In short, I tried to subdue Lenin's ardour and to induce him to delete the word "immediate" from his resolution.

Lenin took the floor after me and . . . simply smashed my arguments to smithereens! With biting irony he simply rode over my arguments about "horse connections" and argued that if we approached the revolution in the manner I approached it we would require not a week but years, because we could not create our own telephone system underground in a week, etc., etc. When he had finished I felt utterly crushed.

Nearly everyone present took part in the debate. Heated speeches were made for and against Lenin. The latter listened very attentively, jotted down notes, occasionally shaking his head, smiling or glancing at the speaker with a quizzical look. The debate continued till seven in the morning. During the course of the debate several comrades dispersed to different rooms and stretching out on the tables, or even on the bare floor, took a short nap. At about seven o'clock Lenin's resolution was put to the vote. Nineteen persons voted for the resolution, that is, for immediate seizure of power, two voted against * and four abstained.

* The two who voted against were Zinoviev and Kamenev. They did not believe that socialism could achieve victory in a single country, and in their opposition to the Central Committee's decision to seize power they acted as traitors and scabs. As Lenin said, "They betrayed to Rodzyanko

Lenin left the meeting first and E. Rahya and I accompanied him to his house. The others left afterwards. We spent the next days in feverish preparation for the insurrection, but of these I have retained only vague recollections. I remember that Eino Rahya brought Lenin to the Smolny on the 24th of October (old style) after the Red Guards had dropped the bascules of Liteyni Bridge. Only members of the Central Committee and several responsible Party workers knew that Lenin had arrived at the Smolny in the evening. His appearance at the session of the

and Kerensky the decision of the Central Committee of their own Party to seize power." They deserted from their posts in the hope that by this means they would create a crisis in the ranks of the Party and of the new government. During the whole period they belonged to the Party, Zinoviev and Kamenev wavered at the decisive and critical moments of the revolution; they fought against Lenin; on numerous occasions they shamefully betrayed the Party and the cause of the revolution and deliberately deceived the Party. At the time of the Fourteenth Party Conference in April 1925 they advanced the putrid Menshevik theory that the Soviet Union would perish owing to its technical backwardness. On the basis of their view that socialism could not be built up in a single country, they fought against the Party at the Fourteenth Congress in December 1925 and entered into an unprincipled *òloc* with the counter-revolutionary Trotskyists and other anti-Party and anti-Soviet groups. In conjunction with these they organized a treacherous anti-Soviet demonstration against the Party and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat on the eve of the Fifteenth Congress in December 1927. They were expelled from the Party by the Fifteenth Congress, but after they had recanted and admitted their errors they were reinstated. Nevertheless, they played a double game and continued their connections with the Rights in 1928-29, and with the counter-revolutionary Rutin group and other counter-revolutionary groups in 1932. They again recanted at the Seventeenth Party Congress, but at the very time they formed and led the so-called "Moscow Political Centre" which guided the treacherous, provocateur, counter-revolutionary work of the vile Zinoviev brood including the so-called "Leningrad Centre" the nursery of the Zinoviev trained bandits who assassinated Comrade Kirov. Such is the road of treachery, duplicity and betrayal of the Party which Zinoviev and Kamenev pursued and which eventually landed them in the camp of the counter-revolution.

Second Congress of Soviets on the 25th of October has been described in detail elsewhere.

Seventeen years had passed between the founding of *Iskra* (1900) and the October Revolution (1917). *Iskra* had kindled a flame which fired the hearts of millions of workers and peasants; it ignited the charge in the guns of the "Aurora." And it was amidst the roar of the "Aurora's" guns that, on the 25th of October, the Second Congress of Soviets appointed V. I. Lenin-Ulyanov Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars.